

THE New Movie

TOWER MAGAZINE

MAGAZINE

JUNE

10c

in Canada



MARLENE
DIETRICH

CLARK GABLE

ANSWERS "WHAT IS YOUR POWER OVER WOMEN?"

MAE WEST-
Is her influence
GOOD or BAD?



A transparent, entirely pasteless, simply ravishing color that Savagely clings to lovely lips

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed South Sea night! Yes, Savage does exactly that, for it colors the lips without coating them with charm-destroying paste. Apply like ordinary lipstick . . . rub it in . . . nothing will remain on your lips but ravishing, transparent color . . . color that clings . . . *savagely!*

SELECT YOUR PROPER SHADE BY ACTUAL TEST

You can't possibly obtain your most suitable shade of lip color without actual trial on your own skin. Savage invites you to test all four shades on your wrist . . . at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever this thrilling new lip color is sold.

20¢ TANGERINE . . . FLAME . . . NATURAL . . . BLUSH
AT ALL LEADING FIVE AND TEN CENT STORES

**LARGE
SIZE
SAVAGE**

In exquisite silver case, may be obtained at the more exclusive toilet goods counters.

\$2



The SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR
In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of LIX (lipstick stain remover) and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided. SAVAGE . . . CHICAGO



Isn't it a Shame?

Bright girl... good company... but her teeth are dull... her gums tender!



Don't let
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

SHE has the kind of personality that *clicks!* She has the spark. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her charm.

It's a case of people not seeing the personality for the teeth.

Yes—it is a shame. But it is more than that—it is a warning. The "pink" which appears so often upon her tooth brush should tell her that *brushing the teeth is not enough.* Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may not be far off.

Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

The Answer Is IPANA

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth, healthy gums—to have your charm *shining through*, unhampered by teeth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods, too soft to keep the gums firm. But—clean your teeth and *massage your gums* with Ipana, and these soft, modern foods won't harm your smile.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana



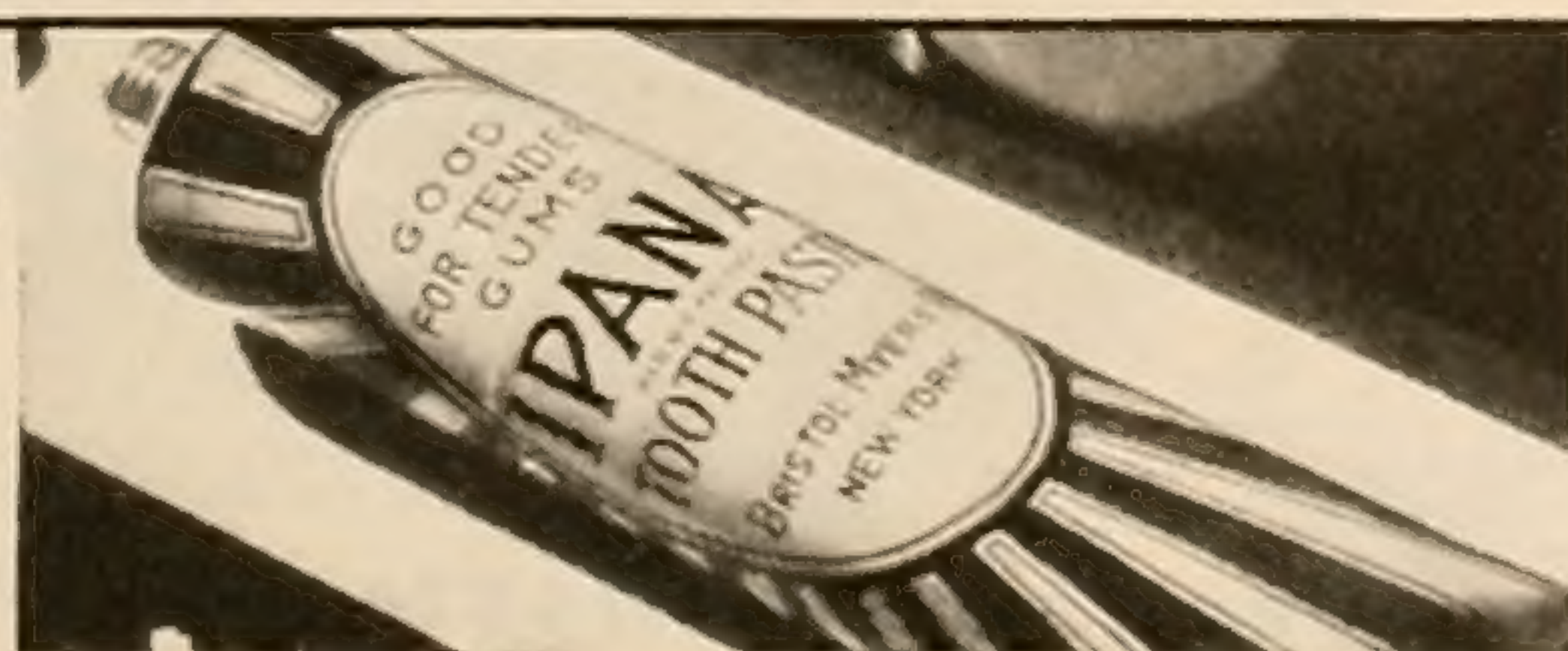
gives the teeth the lustre of health, and helps keep "pink tooth brush" at bay. Start with-Ipana today!

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-64
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



GOOD OR BAD?

Is Mae West a destructive influence on minds of today's movie-goers? Read first part of life story of the real Mae West starting in this issue of NEW MOVIE



THE **New Movie** MAGAZINE

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

VOL. IX, No. 6

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

JUNE 1934

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JOHN C. MITCHELL, *Western Editor* • MARY MARSHALL, *Director of Home Service*

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OFFICERS

Catherine McNelis, *President*
John P. McNelis, *Vice-president*
Theodore Alexander, *Treasurer*
Marie L. Featherstone, *Secretary*

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ON SALE AT WOOLWORTH STORES AND NEWSSTANDS THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

CAROLE LOMBARD AGREES WITH Cupid



CUPID: "Hello, angel face, you look as though you'd just washed in morning dew."

CAROLE: "I've just washed in something much nicer—and it's your own prescription, too."

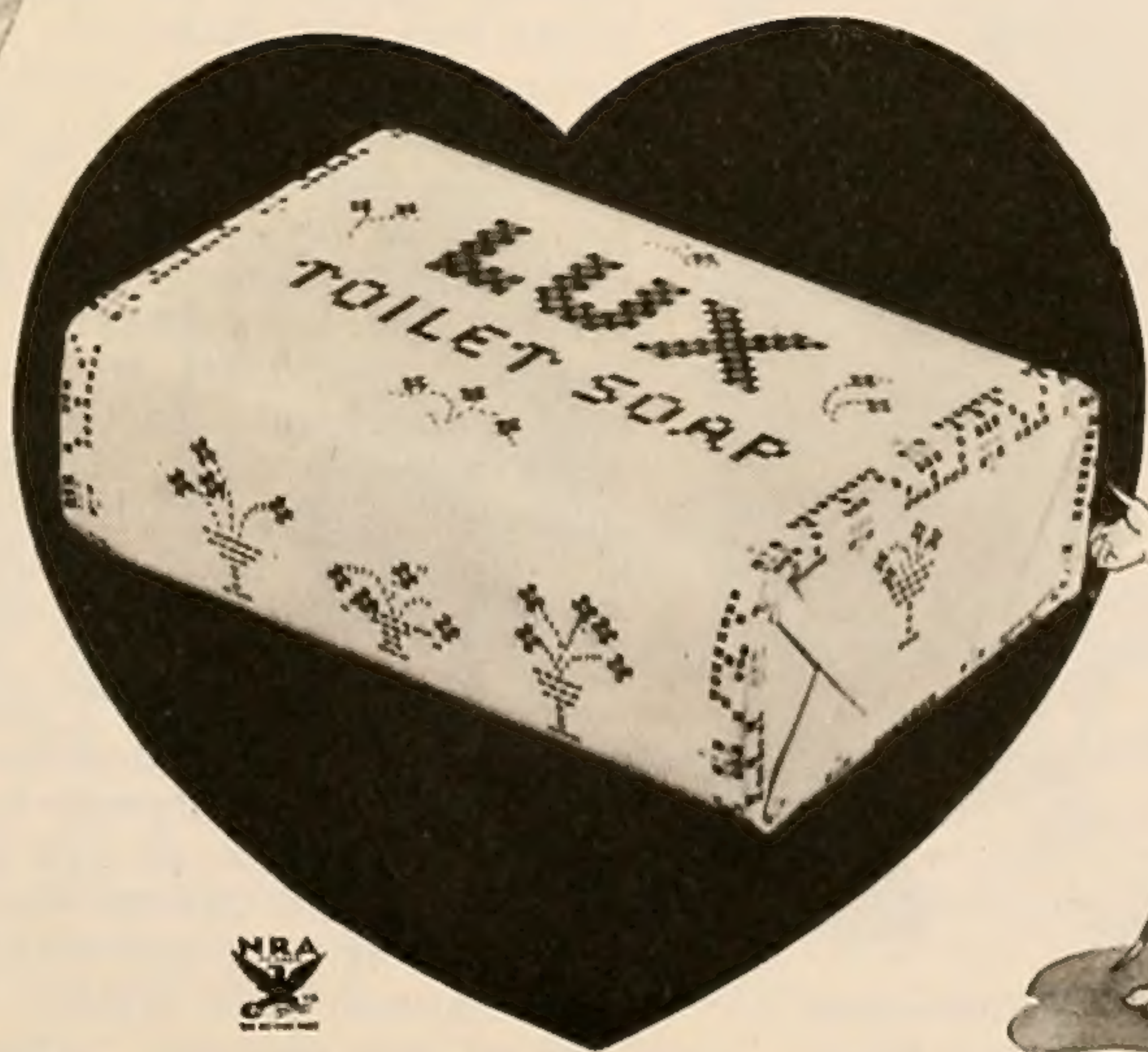
CUPID: "When did I prescribe for you? You've turned men's hearts and heads so often that I can't remember when you needed my advice."

CAROLE: "Well, once you told me always to use Lux Toilet Soap—and I agree that 'it's a girl's best friend'—those were your words, Dan."

CUPID: "You're not the only girl I've seen surrounded with admirers after taking that same advice of mine!"

Charming star of
Paramount's
"We're Not Dressing"

And how angelically smooth and fresh is your skin? If your complexion doesn't make hearts flutter, why not do what 9 out of 10 screen stars do—use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap? Cupid's prescription will work for you, too—give you a romantically lovely skin, and the love that goes with it.



"MY GREATEST ALLY"



Hollywood's Younger Set

All the latest gossip about the doings of the youthful crowd of the motion picture capital

By

HENRY WILLSON



Tom Brown and Jean Parker, of Filmdom's younger set. At the right, Mary Carlisle.



GIRLS who aspire to screen stardom, please note the sizzling ambition of Jean Parker, the petite M-G-M ingenue. Here is a first-hand report of her busy program:

"I want to continue with my dancing and also keep up my art work, and just as soon as I finish in pictures," remarked Jean, as if finishing in pictures was something that would happen soon, "I want to travel and eventually have a chateau in Southern France, where I will write a novel on my own philosophy. Also, I hope to perfect myself in singing and learn to play the piano."

So you see, it's fortunate she is so young, for Jean has much to achieve before her happiness is complete. Then, there is Pancho Lucas—she'll have to sandwich in some time for him somewhere along the line, as they plan to be married in five years. Pancho has given up the screen and is studying law at the University of Southern California.



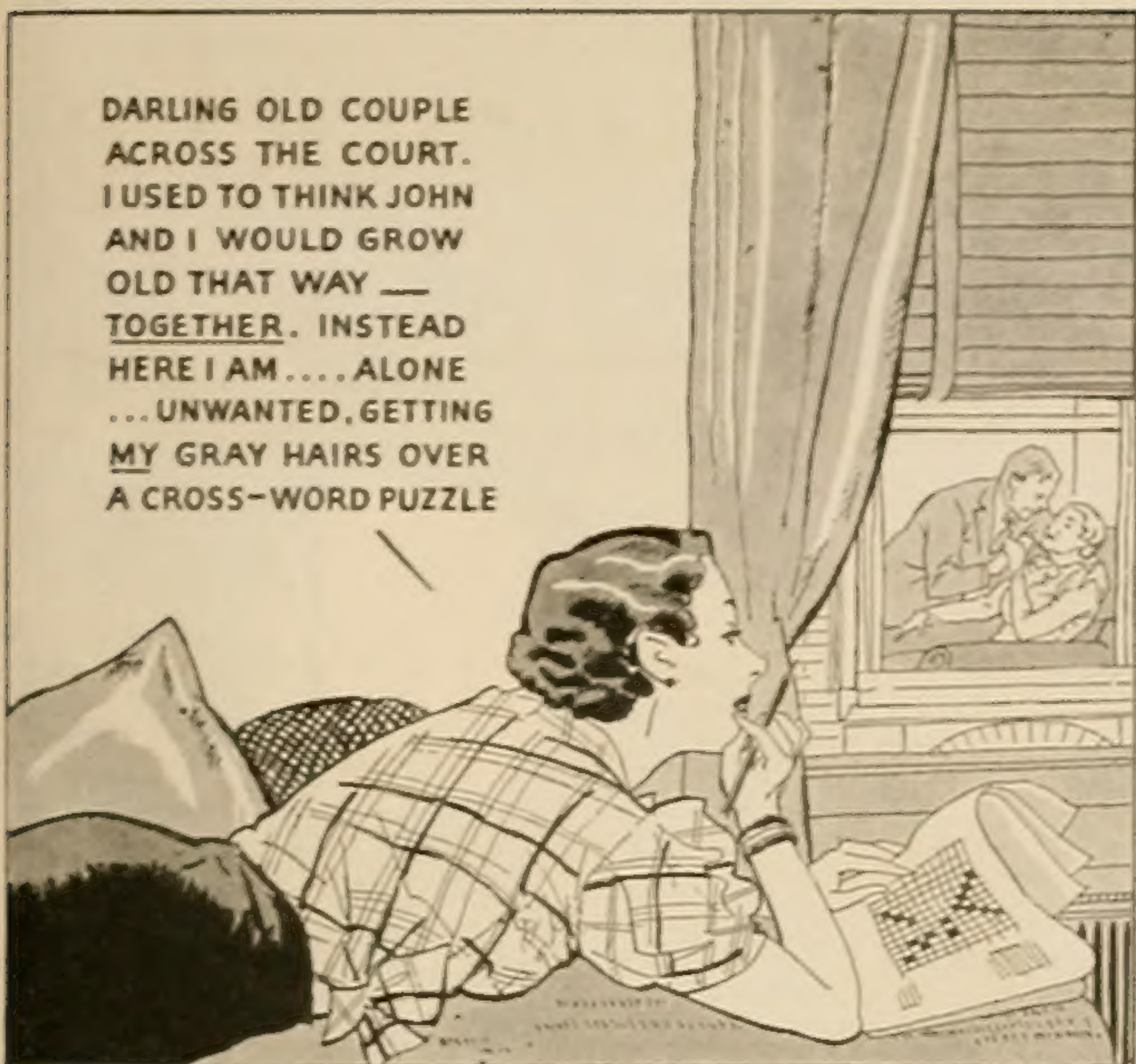
Frances Dee, the bride of Joel McCrea, has been working steadily since her marriage, making films.

MANY movie stars have other accomplishments than just acting, and as you may know, Richard Cromwell was first recognized in Hollywood for his painting. It's more of a hobby than a business with Dick now, and when he has a few hours to himself he goes to his room and paints. His latest effort had him stumped. At first it was going to be just a portrait of a beautiful girl of whom he had a mental picture, but for some unknown reason, the face that appeared on the canvas was that of Myrna Loy. The picture was finished the day Katharine Cornell, in the "Barretts of Wimpole Street" arrived in Los Angeles. Dick saw the play and was so infatuated with Miss Cornell that he hurried home and started to repaint the picture as Katharine Cornell. His effort turned out exceptionally well, I thought, but Dick wasn't satisfied.

"It's worse than ever," he said laughingly. "So I thought I'd black it out and do a Madonna with a babe in her arms." As he looked quizzically at his work, he continued: "I painted a pretty good picture, but much to my surprise, the babe bore a striking resemblance to Myrna Loy—so I decided the best thing to do was to get rid of this complex and do a portrait of Myrna Loy." And he did.

"Since it was not losing the love of Frances Dee that caused Eric Linden to leave Hollywood," writes one of our readers, "what (Please turn to page 64)

DARLING OLD COUPLE
ACROSS THE COURT.
I USED TO THINK JOHN
AND I WOULD GROW
OLD THAT WAY —
TOGETHER. INSTEAD
HERE I AM....ALONE
...UNWANTED, GETTING
MY GRAY HAIRS OVER
A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



LATER — *a friend drops in — helps
solve the puzzle —*

THEN CONNIE, FIVE DOWN
MUST BE "B.O." — ODOR OF
LONELINESS. HOW SILLY!
IF PEOPLE ARE LONELY
BECAUSE THEY HAVE "B.O."
WHY THEN I'M THE WORLD'S
WORST OFFENDER

OH...ER...I SUPPOSE
EVERYBODY SHOULD
PLAY SAFE. I'M CRAZY
ABOUT LIFEBOUY, MYSELF



NEXT DAY

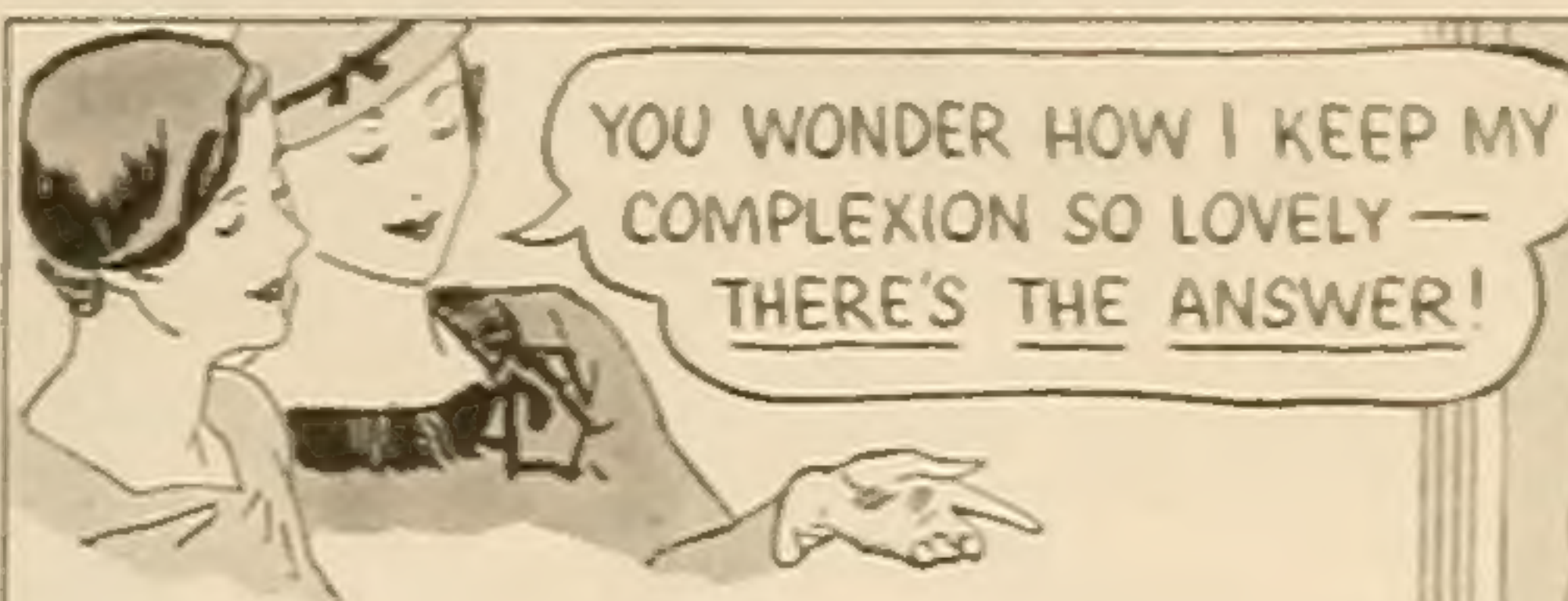
I TOOK CONNIE'S
ADVICE — CHANGED
TO LIFEBOUY. IF BY
ANY CHANCE "B.O."
WERE THE REASON
JOHN CHANGED—I'M
SURE I COULD WIN
HIM BACK NOW



"B.O." GONE —
her bachelor days over!

JOHN, DARLING, I'M
GOING TO TRY SO
HARD TO MAKE
YOU HAPPY

DON'T HAVE TO
TRY, HONEY. JUST
STAY AS YOU
ARE NOW



YOU WONDER HOW I KEEP MY
COMPLEXION SO LOVELY —
THERE'S THE ANSWER!

SO SAY thousands upon thousands
of women. Lifebuoy keeps their
complexions clear and fresh—let it do
the same for yours. Its gentle, searching
lather penetrates pores—coaxes out
clogged wastes—adds soft, youthful
radiance to dull skin.

The richest lather ever

Lifebuoy gives *handfuls* of creamy
lather whether the water is hard or
soft, hot or cold. Wonderful for your
bath! Its quickly-vanishing, hygienic
scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra*
protection. Its deep-cleansing lather
purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops
"B.O." (body odor).

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

SHE HATED WASHDAY UNTIL



MARRIED A MONTH
AND CRYING!
COME ROSALIND
—TELL ME WHAT'S
WRONG?

OH! I HATE
WASHDAY
SO!



I WORK LIKE A
SLAVE SCRUBBING
AND BOILING —
STILL THE CLOTHES
NEVER LOOK
REALLY WHITE

SILLY CHILD! CHANGE
TO RINSO—IT SOAKS
OUT DIRT. CLOTHES
COME 4 OR 5 SHADES
WHITER WITHOUT
SCRUBBING



NEXT MONDAY EVENING

I'M SO HAPPY, JIM! I'M USING
RINSO NOW—FOR THE WASH,
FOR THE DISHES AND ALL
CLEANING.
IT SAVES SO
MUCH WORK

IT SAVES YOUR
HANDS, TOO,
ROSALIND
—THEY'RE
LOVELY!



DO YOU BLAME ME FOR BEING
PROUD OF MY WIFE?

NO WONDER he's proud of her! She
doesn't scrub clothes threadbare—she
soaks them 4 or 5 shades whiter in Rinso suds.
Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer!

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend
Rinso. Safe for colors—easy on hands. A
little gives a lot of rich, lasting suds *even in
hardest water*. Wonderful for dishes and all
cleaning. Tested and approved by Good
Housekeeping Institute. Get Rinso today.





Ray Jones

Romance

"Give me the moonlight, give me the girl—" With this setting it is little wonder Bing Crosby sings beautiful love songs to Carole Lombard in "We're Not Dressing." This is the first time Bing and Carole have been together. From the looks of things we hope it is not the last.



JIMMY DURANTE



LAUREL & HARDY



LUPE VELEZ



JACK PEARL



POLLY MORAN



CHARLES BUTTERWORTH



FRANCES WILLIAMS



TED HEALY



MICKEY

YOU ARE INVITED TO THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY

R.S.V.P.- Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium



IS IT MARCO POLO?
OR DURANTE'S INFERNO?
-WELL ANYWAY IT'S A
CLASSIC.



A LAUREL TO LUPE-
AND OLIVER'S
ALL OF A TWIST!



THE "BARON" SAID MEET
PING PONG - THE SON OF
KING KONG. MICKEY SAID,
OH, A CHIMPANZEE AND
THE FIGHT WAS ON!



NO MAN IS A
HERO TO HIS VALEZ -
AND JIMMY IS
KNOCKED FOR
A LUPE.



SCHNARZAN AND
HIS MATE - SHE
PROVES TO BE A
BUST.



HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON
IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND
BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.



WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO
POLLY - WHEN POLLY WANTS A
CRACKER? - A WISE CRACKER.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



HAVING FUN IN HOLLYWOOD



Wide World

Upper left, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale chat with Marcel Achard at the beautiful party given by Harry Lachman and his charming wife. Just above, an informal group of the Lachman guests.



Wide World

Louis Calhern joins Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan for a toast to their host and hostess, the Harry Lachmans.

**Harry Lachmans entertain. Dorothy Dell's
coon hunt. Van Dyke has unique party**

By GRACE KINGSLEY

IT looks as though Hollywood hostesses will soon be taking lessons from a certain Oriental hostess—Mrs. Harry Lachman, to be exact, who is a beautiful young Chinese woman, and whose parties are rapidly becoming known for their charm. Mr. Lachman is a Hollywood director.

Mrs. Lachman was a concert singer in Europe, and she combines the *savoir faire* of the Occident and the Orient.

Being a perfect hostess anywhere is something of an achievement. In Hollywood it is more difficult than anywhere else in the world.

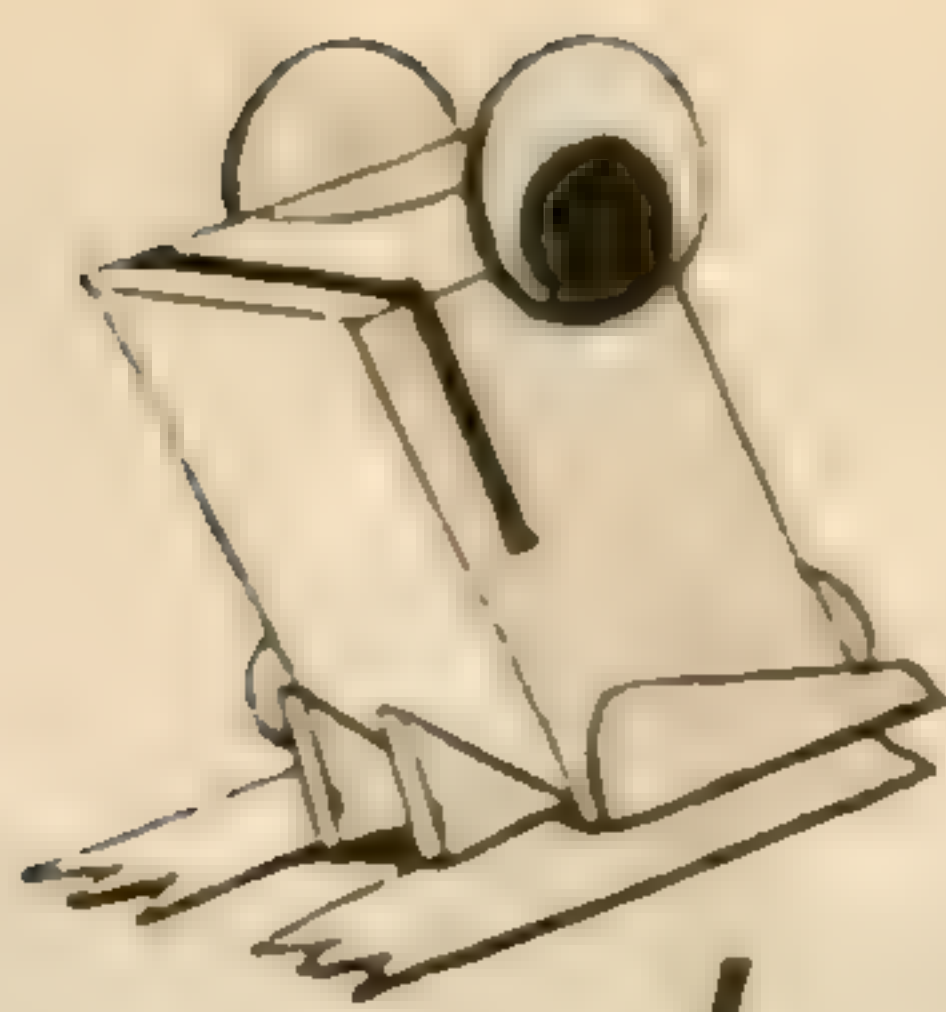
* * * * *

Kay Francis and Maurice Chevalier are denying romantic rumors about each other. All the same, they are seen about together, and came to the Lachman party together.

What an odd, silent, retiring personality Chevalier is in private life!

He appears to adore pretty women, however, but even with them there is no apparent effort of pursuit. Whatever pretty woman is nearest him, he talks to.

If there is anything in opposites attracting, Kay and Maurice should certainly be devoted to each other, for Kay is the
(Please turn to page 12)



It was a handsome frog!

Marilyn Albright ...of Chicago, who writes:
"I am a little girl seven years old. I read *Tiny Tower* and like it very much. I made the frog bank in *Tiny Tower*. It was a handsome frog."

OF course it was a handsome frog because Marilyn made it herself—from a page in *Tiny Tower*. Right there is the secret of this new magazine's sure popularity with small boys and girls: the many delightful things it gives them to DO and MAKE.

Let's look at the June issue. There's the magic page and the Funnywigs to color. A treasure box to make and hidden objects to find. There's a fairyland game and the most fascinating new "picture secrets" you can imagine! Plus stories, rhymes, a song, picture strips—everything children like

The June issue is now on sale at F. W. Woolworth stores and on selected newsstands. After your children have had so much fun

with one gay, colorful issue, you'll want them to have a year's subscription (\$1.00). The coupon below will start it for you.



TINY TOWER • 55 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send a year's subscription for *Tiny Tower* to the child whose name appears below. I am enclosing \$1.00 for the twelve issues.

Child's Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Your Name and Address.....

HAVING FUN IN HOLLYWOOD



The start of Hollywood's first coon hunt. Dorothy Dell, center, originated this idea.



Jack Oakie has two girls—Ann Sothorn and Mimi Jordan—but just for a moment or so.



"The boys" at Harry Lachmans' party. Eddie Robinson is bantering with Ernst Lubitsch, to everyone's enjoyment.

(Continued from page 10)

very soul of vivacity and friendliness.

Kay and the Frenchman danced together just once at the party, then Chevalier went back into his shell.

* * * * *

Then there was young Jesse Lasky, Jr., seeking an introduction to Kay, and paying ardent court.

They established a sort of little game, Lasky starting it by pretending to be a celebrated bull-fighter, while Kay was Carmen. Then he courted her as a Russian, and last as a Chinese! Kay played up, and it was amusing.

* * * * *

Very torchy indeed about each other are the newlyweds, Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer, and entirely sweet and engaging, too.

We asked Pat why she and Charles didn't get married in Los Angeles.

"Oh, we just couldn't wait," she said.

"Then why didn't you fly to Yuma, instead of motoring? You could have saved about four hours," we reminded her.

But it seems that fear of flying had overcome even Boyer's love ardor.

They have a house, of course—a house and many acres—and so they didn't really need a honeymoon trip.

Pat says she made up her mind in just ten minutes about getting married.

"So we really never were engaged at all—we were just married! As soon as I consented Charles said, 'Well, when shall we start?' And off we went to Yuma."

* * * * *

Janet Gaynor, whose name has been linked with that of Winfield Sheehan, was to have been present, but wasn't there.

The Fox executive brought the lovely French actress, Ketti Gallian, who has mastered English during the few months since she came from France.

Ketti's feet hurt her so much from dancing, that she betook her to a bedroom, took off her shoes and stockings, and went home barefooted!

* * * * *

Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale came together, and stayed together most of the evening, as they invariably do.

* * * * *

The Lachmans always have interesting guests of honor. This time the honored guest was Marcel Achard, noted French dramatist.

* * * * *

A Hawaiian orchestra furnished the music, and the Edward G. Robinsons assisted in receiving, Gladys Robinson having adorned herself with a lei made of carnations and gardenias.

The entire guest list was a distinguished one, including besides those mentioned above, Odette Myrtil, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Sol Lesser, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Gladys Unger, Albertina Rasch, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wolfe, Louis Calhern, Diana Wynyard, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kane, Arthur Richman, Lillian Mav Ehrman, Max Reinhardt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, Boris Lovett-Lorski, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rockett, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Wurtzel, Ernst Lubitsch, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Vojda, William Hawkes and Bessie Love, Mrs. Koerner and others.

* * * * *

Some of the costumes were unusually beautiful, the hostess's being the most interesting.

Mrs. Lachman has managed to combine the Chinese costume with the Occidental in the most charming manner. She wore a blue and silver dress, which, while it suggested the flowing lines of the Chinese coat, still managed to be a lovely western gown, with its (Please turn to page 66)

GOIN' TO TOWN



Hal LeRoy learned dancing from the darkies. His mother guided him to fame

By

HARRY N. BLAIR

Twenty-year-old Hal LeRoy, whose success is a tribute to the devoted mother he lost three years ago.

THE curtain descended on a brilliant night audience and another Ziegfeld star was born. Jaded sophisticates had clapped well-manicured hands and shouted themselves hoarse in praise of a mere boy. A boy whose nimble feet and charming, unaffected personality had gleamed like a rare gem in the tinselled setting of Broadway's greatest show. Thus Hal LeRoy became the last star to be crowned by the master himself who was so soon to feel the shadow of the final curtain.

The shy, seventeen-year-old boy upon whose slight frame fate had so suddenly placed the mantle of greatness, lingered in his dressing-room to receive congratulations from friends, old and new. Deluged with invitations to attend parties given by some of the biggest names in America, he declined them all. Once out into the summer air of Sixth Avenue, he turned to the middle-aged man who had remained constantly at his side. "Let's go for a little walk, Pop," he said, quietly.

Silently the man and boy walked through the deserted paths of Central Park. With them, sharing in their triumph was an unseen figure. The person of Anna Schotte, mother and wife of the two, lingered over them. The valiant, always courageous woman who had passed on but a month before seemed as close as the very air which they breathed. Before her tired eyes had finally closed she had seen

the contract which was to make her son a famous name in the world of the theater. She had lived to see a dream that was over eight years in the making finally realized. That she could not be there in person made the triumph less sweet but the victory was her's as much as the son she adored.

Hal LeRoy, in the intervening three years has traveled to even greater fame as a motion-picture star. His performance in "Harold Teen" won him a long-term contract with Warner Brothers. Yet, every step of the way, his mother's presence has been there to guide him aright. Hal, for all his success, is just as fine and clean as his mother would wish him to be. Not a prig, in any sense. Just a natural, level-headed youngster lacking in affectation, seriously engrossed in making the success his mother had expected of him.

Wherever Hal goes, be it to Hollywood or a long personal appearance tour, there goes with him an enlarged snapshot of his mother and himself. It reveals a fine-looking woman in her late forties standing beside a chubby-faced boy of fourteen. Framing the picture is a cellophane border fashioned by a convict of Sing Sing. Made with careful (Please turn to page 78)



Your HANDS in Hollywood



The Garbo hand is long and strong, with a magnetism all its own.

Charming indolence is revealed in Madge Evans' hand.



1. Dorothy Jordan's gentleness and highly sympathetic nature are indicated in the graceful contours of her lovely hands.

NO girl ever failed to make good in Hollywood just because she had ugly hands. No director, let us say, ever said to an ambitious young woman: "You have real dramatic talent. You have a magnetic manner and charming personality. Your face is appealing and your figure is better than the average—but you can never hope to succeed because your hands are not beautiful." The fact is that among the stars and near stars of Hollywood the average of perfectly proportioned hands, wrists, fingers and finger nails is no greater than it is anywhere else. Stars are not chosen for their beautiful hands and yet they all manage to have hands that look lovely. That is unless they are girls like ZaSu Pitts who do character parts and deliberately set out to make their hands look awkward and amusing.

Beautiful hands in Hollywood are not the result of special selection but of diligent care and careful management. They show conclusively what any girl can do to make her own hands lovely if she only tries.

Take nails first because they receive so much attention and because their shape and color have so much to do with the apparent proportions of the rest of the hands.

Expert manicurists in Hollywood have bent their heads over the manicure table with well-known actresses to produce effects that will give most beautiful results. And yet the tools and cosmetics they have to work with are of the simplest most usual sort, simply scissors, or clippers, files, emery boards, orange wood sticks, nail creams, polishes and enamels that almost any girl counts in her own nail beautifying equipment.

There is no cream nor other application that will make short nails long or that will give a graceful oval to nails that are naturally squarely shaped. But careful, regular and gentle treatment of the cuticle at the sides and base of the nails will enormously improve the general contour. Use of creams and oil will keep away hangnails and broken or calloused corners. The entire shape of the nails and fingers can be improved through the way the end is shaped with

the help of file and emery board, and there are numerous tricks that every girl should know about the use of nail enamel.

Hollywood has and still does endorse the use of deep-toned enamel. In fact on the screen and off, well groomed women in Hollywood are more generally inclined to use the deeper rose tones than they are, let us say, in Chicago or New York. Still not all stars go in for brightly colored nails. Mae West, for instance, whose hands are definitely short and plump, wears deep rose enamel from the base of the nail to the very tip. A girl with the long strong fingers of Greta Garbo would hardly choose to follow this example, and on some types of short hands any sort of deeply colored enamel would emphasize the end of the fingers and so make them seem short. And almost invariably short finger nails are improved if allowed to grow fairly long. Something of a point, or a long oval, adds to the illusion. On the other hand, long slim fingers that are inclined to look awkward or too lean, are improved by a shorter cut. Greta Garbo's hands are a good example of this.

Hollywood sets a high standard in manicure operators and one rarely finds one who will use scissors or clippers actually to cut back the tender cuticle at the side of the nails, as fastidious women realize that this thickens and coarsens the fingers and causes hangnails that may lead to real infection. It is at best only a temporary way to get rid of excess cuticle. The regular careful use of antiseptic liquid for removing cuticle and the application of softening creams to the skin around the finger nails is the best answer to the problem.

It is especially important for stars in Hollywood to care for the skin on the hands, since roughness or excess dryness is so sure to cause wrinkles. The climate of Hollywood itself, during the warmer season, generally tends to dry the skin.

In cases of extreme sensitiveness an oily cream is applied occasionally at night, or at any other time when the hands can be kept in cotton gloves for several hours. An oil or cream massage may be used on the hands and fingers, and as a part of the everyday routine hand creams are used extensively—lotions and creams of the sort that, once rubbed into the skin, leave no trace of grease.

To keep the hands generally supple and to help develop a graceful method of handling them, motion picture actresses follow the same general methods that are usual to actresses anywhere.

A favorite exercise to give the hand the relaxation needed for beautiful gesture consists of simply pulling of the fingers, one at a time. The idea is that by a slow pulling manipulation of this sort the tenseness and energy are actually pulled out of the fingers. Try this yourself sometimes when your hands feel tense. Following out this suggestion daily over a long period would have a tendency to lengthen the fingers, and if the tips are gently pinched with each pull it will tend to give a tapering line to the fingertips.

Then, of course, there is the shaking exercise, known to every actress. This can be done from the wrist, from the elbow or from the shoulder. It not only makes the fingers and hands limber, but causes a general circulation that takes down any possible bulging of the veins.
(Please turn to page 65)

**Choose your type of hands—
then learn from Hollywood
how to keep them beautiful**

By ANN BOYD



2. Anita Page's hands are temperamental.

3. Norma Shearer has vivacious hands.

4. Raquel Torres' fingers show strong will.

5. Mary Carlisle has warm, friendly hands.



Joan Crawford once again falls frantically in love with Franchot Tone in "Sadie McKee."



Marion Davies and Gary Cooper take us back to Civil War days in "Operator 13."



NEW FILMS

IN THE MAKING

EARL CARROLL brings his own play, written by him, with the assistance of Rufus King, direct from Broadway to the screen.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES

Paramount.

except, of course, the real lady killer.

Director Mitchell Leisen wouldn't even tell *me* who was responsible for the dirty work and . . . ps-st! just between you and me, he didn't look any too sure himself!

Jack Oakie is pinch-hitting for Earl Carroll who is supposedly ill in Florida. It's a tough spot, what with police lieutenants hounding him for passes to the show, dead bodies cluttering up the joint, dizzy dames, in various stages of undress, and one thing and another.

Carl Brisson starts the whole shambles by announcing that he intends to marry Kitty Carlisle directly the final curtain hits the boards.

This aggravates his ex-sweetie, Gertrude Michael, so much that she starts slinking around in dark corners with scissors, hatpins, poison, knives and guns tucked in the belt of her G-string. But just about the time you make up your mind that she's out for no good, Jessie Ralph, the wardrobe mistress, begins ducking up alleys, tossing ver-rry suspicious glances over her shoulders, and you have to get out your erasers and start all over again.

We know one thing, though . . . *we* didn't do it. And if Police Lieutenant Victor McLaglen starts anything with *us* he'll have a pretty fight on his hands.

THE RETURN OF THE TERROR

Warners

the "fleurexray" for themselves.

Escaping from the bug house, he returns to his own sanitarium and, when a pair of unscrupulous thugs pursue him (Object: Murder), he climbs on a table, turns on the "fleurexray" and all the bad mans can find is a pile of human spare ribs.

The unusual plot was inspired by the late Edgar Wallace's book "The Terror" and Howard Bretherton effectively directs the spooky details.

More dead bodies this month! Robert Lord contributes a few more in his story "Without Honor," and gore hits a new high for the season.

It's Jimmy Cagney again, in a "public enemy" role, the like of which boosted him to the top of the stellar ladder a few years ago.

Bad boy Lee Tracy is with us again as a demon reporter in "I'll Tell the World."

Keeping you up-to-date on latest pictures being filmed in the movie capital. Ronald Colman and Lee Tracy return to the screen

By
BARBARA BARRY

Fresh out of jail after a three-year stretch for safe-cracking, Jimmy frames the guys who were responsible for his excursion "up the river."

When Jimmy is on the spot and about to be taken for a ride, along with Joan Blondell, he does the one decent thing of his life. Convincing the vengeful gangsters that Joan is an innocent by-stander, he sends her back to Victor Jory, her fiance, and goes heroically out to decorate somebody's alley with his perforated carcass. Nice talk. But it's a gruesome finish and I'm just preparing you for the worst. Lloyd Bacon directs.

SADIE McKEE

This story is taken smack dab, practically word for word, from Vina Delmar's story of the same name.

M-G-M

If you read the story, you'll know that Joan is in love with a "love-'em-and-leave-'em" expert, played by Franchot Tone. Franchot is a sweet kid but unreliable and addicted to playing the field. When he breaks her trusting heart by going to town with another girl, Joan ups and marries Edward Arnold, millionaire All-American tank.

Edward not only looks on the wine when it is red, but goes out and rounds up a flock of pink elephants every odd Tuesday. He's really a super-colossal mess, until Joan takes him in hand, prunes the John Barley-corn out of his system, and, with that job well done, returns to Franchot, who is dying on account of he hasn't lived right.

HOLLYWOOD PARTY

Jimmy Durante as Schnarzan, quarrels with his Jungle Woman, Lupe Velez. And quarrels. AND quarrels.

M-G-M

Jack Pearl, still the Baron, arrives on the scene with a boat-load of wild, vicious animals. Jimmy wants the beasties, but, before he can get loose from the fish-hooks in his pockets, Charles Butterworth, eccentric millionaire has bought up the whole load, and, only by making love to Butterworth's wife, Polly Moran, can Schnozzle accomplish his purpose.

Allan Dwan directs the hilarious hi-jinks and the cast is really colossal.

OPERATOR 13

M-G-M

Whether you like it or not, period pictures are still going strong. This time, Marion Davies dives into a hoop skirt, Gary Cooper hauls on a pair of Confederate pants, and . . . presto! change-o! . . . the Civil War is upon us!

AS "OPERATOR 13," Marion takes the place of her brother who has been killed by a rebel bullet, suh, while spying on the southern army.

Hieing herself to the center of martial activities, she dons a southern accent and plays ducks and drakes with the whole Confederate army, until Gary smells a "nigger in the wood pile" (Please turn to page 106)

Ronald Colman returns to films in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," with Loretta Young.



Jimmy Dunn is with Janet Gaynor, but "The World Is Ours" has Charlie Farrell, too.



William Powell and Edna Best form two-thirds of a triangle in "The Key," with Colin Clive.



Marjorie finds Fun in Life for she has a lovely **CAMAY COMPLEXION!**



1 "Men were always pleasant and courteous to me. But it ended there. My life was dull, and so was my skin. Then I tried Camay. Almost at once my skin improved. Now I'm a prettier and more popular girl."

2 "Now it no longer makes me unhappy to look at myself in my mirror. I'm mighty proud of my complexion."

Do you get the fun and favors in life—or only the grief and troubles? It's the girl with a lovely fresh Camay Complexion who gets admiration and praise.

LIFE IS A LONG BEAUTY CONTEST

Like Marjorie, the girl above, you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest. It may be at a party, or at some informal gathering of friends that your beauty and your skin will be judged. And you are

competing with other women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin that is fresh as a flower's petals. Then the eyes of everyone you meet will look at you approvingly.

For Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is gentle as dew on your cheek. Try Camay, faithfully, for one month. The change in your skin will delight you!

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



Copy. 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women



THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

JEAN PARKER

pauses to reflect. A real
hit in "Little Women."
Next to do "Lazy River."

GALLERY of STARS

Clarence Sinclair Bull



Ernest Bachrach

FRANCIS LEDERER — This promising young Czecho-Slovakian has been under wraps in Hollywood. Literally, for he played the blubber-eating Eskimo hunter in that yarn of the Arctic, "The Man of Two Worlds." He is soon to have another screen story, but meanwhile he has done nothing really to fulfill the Broadway cheers for his romantic playing in "Autumn Crocus."



Ernest Bachrach

GINGER ROGERS—A hit in a number of musical films. You liked her in "Flying Down to Rio" and she should win new plaudits opposite the deft-dancing Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorce," a giddy matrimonial tangle set to music and words. Ginger has verve and piquancy—and she knows how to sing and dance, thanks to her apprenticeship on the Broadway stage.



The REAL

THE FIRST REAL LIFE STORY

THE history of motion pictures is replete with stories of colorful personalities who have risen from obscurity to world-wide fame in an incredibly brief span of time, but Mae West is the only one who made herself a star with her opening entrance.

All the others—Rudolph Valentino, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, and the late Wallace Reid—served an apprenticeship before the cameras of at least two or three pictures—in some instances, years—but when Mae West, blonde, bold, bad and buxom, swaggered onto the screen for the first time, 20,000,000 people started listening to her song.

The scene showed her checking in at a swanky night club. The check girl admired her jewels.

"Goodness," she exclaimed, "what beautiful diamonds!"

"Goodness," retorted Mae West in that insinuating drawl of hers, "had nothing to do with them, dearie."

Mae West had only a "bit" in that picture, but it was her name that went up in electric lights, and she was the reason "Night After Night" was re-booked in 5,000 motion-picture theaters.

She started an era—the Mae West era. She brought a rowdy spirit to the films, which made Hollywood blush, but which made her the sensation, not only of America, but of Europe, too. She took Paris by storm—fastidious, critical Paris, the rendezvous of the elegant, the suave, la politesse. Somehow, through her utter frankness and honesty, her double meanings are not offensive even to the most sensitive.

She shattered every tradition of the screen as well as the box office, and has contradicted every theory of stardom by her unconventionality, her ribaldry, her boisterous philosophy. She doesn't believe that sex should be taken seriously, but with a laugh. She is unconventional, she says, because Joan of Arc was unconventional, and look at what she did for France.

But unconventional as she certainly is, Miss West, as we shall see, has a code of her own. She has a reason, as well as a wisecrack, for everything.

Mae West's success was not an accident. A lifetime, with all but five years (the first five) spent tirelessly in the theater, lay behind that first entrance upon the screen—years of experience, incessant labor, well-directed energy, firm adherence to purpose.

Is she a
GOOD OR BAD
Influence in Pictures?

MAE WEST . . .

OF THE BROOKLYN BLONDE WHO STARTED A NEW ERA ON THE SCREEN

in the face of many discouragements and setbacks, in spite of which she never lost sight of her goal.

Mae West's strong individuality and her firm will are as responsible for her success as her inherent talent—a talent which was as apparent at the age of five as the strong little personality which bossed all the children on the block, and was the terror of the brownstone house district of Brooklyn—the Bushwick Section.

MAE WEST the child, as with Mae West the showwoman, never allowed anything to swerve her from her purpose. During her long career, which has taken her into all phases of the theater, stock, vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy, producer of her own plays, Miss West, as I said before, never forgot that her aim was to reach the very top. And there is something else she never forgot—something many women do forget in the bitterness of struggle for success. She has never forgotten to be a woman, and it is this warm, gracious quality which has helped her to become the celebrity she is today.

Despite the fact that she is now a world-wide figure, those who knew Mae West "when," and "after," find her the same kindly, unaffected, hard-working woman she was when she first became known in show business. Her success on Broadway never changed her, and her success on the screen has not made a particle of difference in her attitude toward life in general and toward those less fortunate than herself whom she frequently has encountered in her long journey into the various phases of the theater.

Mae West has a level, as well as a clever head, on her shapely shoulders, and I have never known anyone representing a worthy cause to ask her for financial help that she did not immediately reach down into her stocking—which serves as a bank—and roll off a banknote from her wad.

Ostentatious in her love of jewelry, she contributes large sums unostentatiously to worthy causes. The only party she ever gave in Hollywood was for the little orphans at the circus, where pink lemonade and peanuts were the refreshments.

She is a woman of great sympathies, great courage, and is remarkably abstemious in her private life. (She never smokes or drinks, yet being feminine, she's scared to death of a mouse.)

Mae West the woman is just as *(Please turn to page 74)*

BY AILEEN ST. JOHN BRENON

Prizes for Your Opinions

What do you think of Mae West? Do you think her influence upon motion pictures has been good or bad? Is she a gusty, invigorating force? Is she a rowdy, damaging influence? Has she helped or harmed the screen? There is no question but that Mae West hit films hard, that her personality cannot be discounted.

NEW MOVIE wants your opinion. For the two best letters in 250 words, answering the question, "Is Mae West a good or bad influence?" NEW MOVIE will pay \$25. NEW MOVIE wants the best arguments on each side. Address your opinions to Mae West Contest, NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Letters must be mailed by June 1st.



Above, Mae in "Diamond Lil" when the star was crowding Broadway theaters.



Mae swaggered into "Night After Night" and captured 20,000,000 fans with a tiny bit of acting.

NEW

THEIR FILM DEBUTS HAVE

Eugene Robert Richee



EVELYN VENABLE



RUSSELL HARDIE

Russell Ball

Evelyn Venable is just twenty, new to movies, yet has the privilege of refusing a role if she decides it lacks professional dignity. She will be seen in "Double Door."

Broadway to Hollywood. That is actually what Russell Hardie did, and he played a part in the picture of that name. Watch him in "Operator 13," his next film.

Alice Faye is known to radio audiences as the singer on the Fleischmann hour. When Rudy Vallee went to Hollywood for "George White's Scandals" Alice went, too.



ALICE FAYE

FACES

MADE THEM COMING STARS

William Walling, Jr.



AGNES ANDERSON



DOROTHY DELL

Clarence Sinclair Bull



NELSON EDDY

Clarence Sinclair Bull

One out of nine thousand. That is the title of Agnes Anderson who won a screen test in a contest of that many. Her movie debut is in "Hollywood Party."

Only nineteen years old, Dorothy Dell is making her mark in the film world. For her good work in "Wharf Angel," Dorothy has a nice role in "Little Miss Marker."

Nelson Eddy has sung at the Metropolitan Opera House. His debut in pictures was a small part in "Dancing Lady." His next film role is in "Prisoner of Zenda."



Clarence Sinclair Bull

JEAN HARLOW—What gallery is complete without a picture of the Platinum Lady? Miss Harlow has been a long time between pictures, due to a little studio argument. In her last film, "Blonde Bombshell," she played a temperamental film star. Her next will be "Age of Larceny," which sounds intriguing. Jean is too vivid a film personality (and they're rare) to be inactive.



Frederick Buckner

JOEL McCREA— One of the handsomest of Hollywood's young actors. Also one of movieland's favorite leading men. Best role to date: the young waster who falls in love with the hula heroine of "The Bird of Paradise." His latest appearance was opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "Gambling Lady." But you have yet to see Joel in his big role for 1934, the hero of "Green Mansions."

"MURDER AT

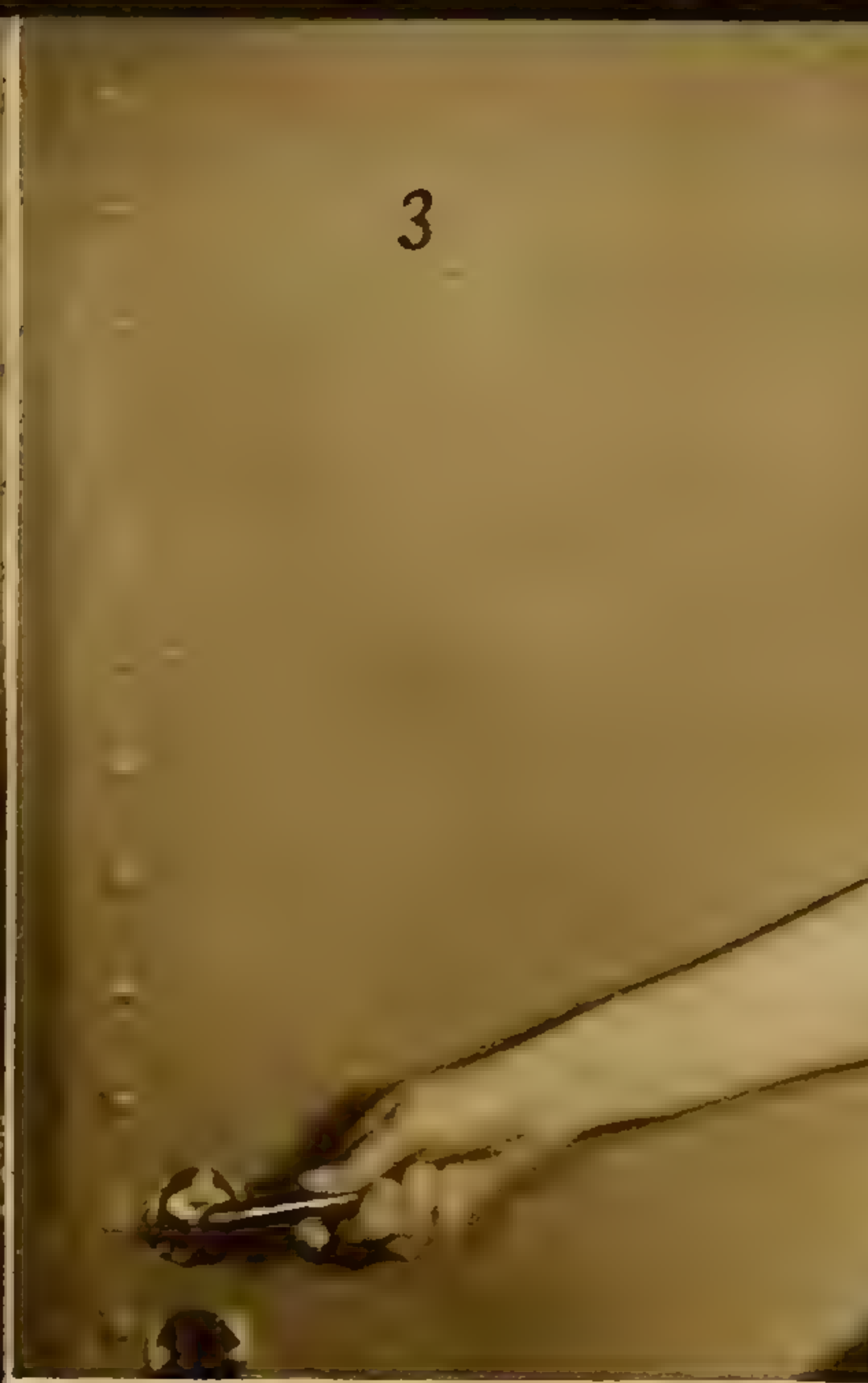


1. BERYL WALLACE — One of Earl Carroll's attractive young charmers.

7. ANYA TARANDA — Dancing daughter of Russian refugees.



Photos by
William
Walling, Jr.,
and Ray Jones



3



2



2. IRIS LANCASTER — Red-headed Florida girl who loves movies. Birthplace, St. Petersburg.

3. WANDA PERRY — Youngest of Carroll squad. Only sixteen. still goes to school.

The New Movie Magazine, June, 1934



4



5



6

6. CLARA LOU SHERIDAN — Winner in "Search for Beauty" contest.



8

9. ERNESTINE ANDERSON — Another picturesque redhead.



9

8. LAURIE SHEVLIN — Scotch, and with a real heather accent.

4. RUTH HILLIARD—Won Carroll's attention when she captured "beautiful eyes" contest.

5. EVELYN KELLY—The "Lucky Strike" girl. You've seen her face on billboards.



HELEN TWELVETREES—No young actress aroused greater expectations when she appeared on the film horizon. Somehow or other, she never has realized that early promise. The lady with the sad eyes encountered a lot of bad roles, lost her stellar position. Let's hope that her next appearance in the Fox film, "All Men Are Enemies," offers a real chance.



Lupe Velez is the most
misunderstood star in the film colony

That Mad Mexican

By GURDI HAWORTH

I TROTTED happily after the man who was to take me to Lupe Velez' dressing-room. There had been many telephone calls and elaborate transactions made to prepare for this interview with the Mexican star. I had several potent questions written out to ask her. It was going to be both clever and beautiful—I was going to put little touches of opposition into the conversation to bring out her true feelings about Garee and Johnnie. I was going to entitle the interview either "Two Loves Had I" or "Poor Little Clown."

The man knocked on the door of Lupe's dressing-room. An elderly woman with a gentle but slightly harassed face opened the door. She asked if I were who I was and I said "yes" and she admitted me but not the man. I was conducted through a brief hall and then into the dressing-room. On the opposite side in front of a large dressing-table something moved. I could only see a little something so I looked helplessly around for the maid but she had disappeared. I zipped the zipper in my purse and it made a little noise. With that the little something at the table turned around and grinning broadly cried how was I and shook my hand, when I had got over close enough, and slapped my arm affectionately.

So this was Lupe! Her auburn hair was bound tight up on top of her head and her face was covered with brown grease-paint. She didn't have any lipstick on and it was startling to see her mouth open. She was putting on her eye make-up and was turning the trick with a hairpin. . . . I sat (*Please turn to page 76*)

"The best thing
to do in Holly-
wood is to fight,"
says Lupe.

CLARK GABLE

answers "What is Your



CLARK GABLE, the woman's choice from Maine to Zanzibar, came East for his first vacation from films in three years, but . . .

He had to cut his vacation short, to return to Hollywood for a rest, a victim of his own mysterious allure for women, an allure as devastating as dynamite.

What it takes, he has, although he says, a little dazed still by his recent encounter with perfervid femininity *en masse*, "I don't know when I got it, and I can't explain it."

Gable, tempted during his New York visit into a series of personal appearances at the Capitol Theater, created as much havoc in feminine bosoms as an explosion in a glass factory. You could hear hearts breaking right and left with the rat-a-tat-tat of machine-gun bullets against a steel shield.

Women fought to get into the theater, and the frantic management fought to get them out after one performance.

The Battle of the Main Stem, where the lights go red and green at Broadway and Fiftieth Street, waged by women from Flatbush, Flushing, the Bowery and the Bronx, has not been equalled in New York since the fans said good-bye to Valentino. *Le roi est mort.*

The first day of that hectic week, before he knew better—for Gable is a modest fellow, continually surprised by his success—he left the theater between shows. Each time he came out the stage door and tried to get back in, he was caught in a surging mass of shouting, squealing women and girls who yanked at his coat tails, grabbed for his handkerchief, his tie, his hat, his shirt, risking their own arms in an effort to get close enough to their idol just to touch him—and maybe snip off a lock of his hair or part of his clothing for a souvenir.

The second day and for the remainder of the week he remained between shows in his second floor dressing-room, eating sandwiches, drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes and pacing up and down his narrow cell from before noon until after midnight.

In the street below, five thousand women milled around, breaking through police lines and causing New York cops to perspire in

Chivalry Forgotten As Men Battle Women Over Clark Gable
Feminine Hearts Flutter as Clark Gable Arrives

GIRLS IN LINE,
HURRY TO SEE
CLARK GABLE



Power Over Women?"

zero weather as they struggled to keep the fervid fans from tying up Broadway traffic in Cupid's bow knots.

"I never saw anything like it," moaned one young officer. "It's worse than them Union Square riots."

Every time the stage door opened, it set up an atmospheric tension that was followed by a gasp of disappointment. "It's not him! It's not Clark Gable!" they'd moan.

THE crowds diminished a little when the word got around that Gable was staying indoors all day. The third day, when he was breathing a little easier in his dressing-room cell, two girls appeared at the window.

"Hi, there, Clark! Autograph these, Clark, will ya?"

The intrepid pair had broken through the lines and climbed the icy fire-escapes.

Inside the theater, the scene was reminiscent of the Chicago stockyards, except that the squeals were feminine rather than porcine. The minute Gable appeared on the stage there was an eeee! from the packed house. The crescendo squeal started so high it couldn't get up any higher, and it subsided into a rapturous purr only when Gable held up his hand to speak.

Theater executives rubbed their hands so hard in glee that sparks flew; the ushers wore scratches, black eyes and torn uniforms, symbols of the Gable power over women; the management grew more frantic trying to induce women to leave after one performance and make room for the mob outside, clamoring to get in. Some brought their lunch and supper and stayed all day, and eventually the Capitol theater, for the first time in its history, adjusted its schedule and per-

suaded the harassed Gable to make six appearances a day instead of four.

When it was over, he fled to the Waldorf with Mrs. Gable, and they threw their things into bags and made for the Grand Central Station.

There, aboard the 20th Century, Gable confessed that he couldn't understand it.

"It'll be a long time before I care to go through all that again," he said with definiteness. "I'm going to stay in California."

"Of course, I'd be ungrateful if I didn't appreciate such demonstrations, for it shows that the things we work for on the screen are really worth while. But I wouldn't care to do it as a daily diet. I've lost five pounds since I came here," he finished, with a rueful look at his concave middle.

"He glanced then at his watch. It showed ten minutes before departure time. Gable pulled down the window shade and took a deep breath.

"It won't be long now," he grinned. "I won't feel safe until we're under way."

There was a knock on the compartment door.

"The conductor, I suppose. Come in," he called.

The door was opened by a tall, sad-looking girl, with a gleam in her eyes and a package under her arm. She held the package out stiffly to Gable, never taking her eyes off him.

(Please turn to page 80)

At top, Clark Gable being mobbed by New York women. Below, Clark with wife who says, "Women's appreciation of Clark is a tribute to my judgment."

On his first trip to New York since entering films, Clark Gable became a sensation

By
IRENE KUHN



Sheik Gable and Brave Cops Repulse 'Attack' of Stars

Gable Girls Mob Police And Protest

Girls Get Giddy After Glimpse at Gable Say Sight Well-Worth Wait in Cold

Gable Guards As Girls Riot

Feminine Fans Shout Cops Outside Capitol as Mob Mills to Glimpse Idol

WOMEN STAMPEDE 4000 Rush Theater Where Gable Is Playing

Hollywood Pays its

SEVEN years ago came the talkies. Al Jolson's voice poured forth from a motion-picture projection machine. The Jazz Singer cried his wares from a hundred talking silver screens—and the Four Horsemen rode over Broadway with their forebodings of doom. Not the four of the Apocalypse but the Four Horsemen from Hollywood: Science! Money! Fame! Sunshine!

In Hollywood there was consternation, confusion, and even panic. The handwriting was on the wall. With uncompromising ruthlessness the finger of fate was writing *finis* to dozens of careers.

Hundreds of famous players stared at that handwriting. And wondered. And waited; while the earth shook under them, and the fickle pendulum of public fancy prepared to strike with the fatal cruelty of the guillotine. On the Great White Way the Hollywood trumpeters blew their horns; modern Gabriels summoning a new race of conquerors from behind the footlights to the new Paradise in the West. Everyone who had ever spoken a line in a play seemed to have heard the call and across the continent the bright lights of Broadway grew ever dimmer, with desolation but a pace away. Theaters fell into darkness.

First Ruth Chatterton went West, and surrendered body and soul to the waiting cameras. In quick succession Ann Harding succumbed, followed by the late Jeanne Eagles, Ina Claire, Leslie Howard, Kay Francis, Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney, Helen Hayes, Helen Twelvetrees, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Marilyn Miller, Claudette Colbert, Nancy Carroll, Lee Tracy, Barbara Stanwyck, Frank Fay, Lenore Ulric and Clark Gable. As the army grew Ethel Barrymore joined the Broadway emigres, along with Gene Raymond,

Once Movieland robbed the White Way of its stars, now the big names are migrating back

By RAMON ROMERO

Paul Muni, Mary Boland, Bette Davis, George M. Cohan, Joan Blondell, Jimmy Durante, Mae West, Otto Kruger, Jack Pearl, Ed Wynn, Alice Brady, Violet Heming, and others who were gilt-edge names in Manhattan's box offices. Of the big-time stars only Katharine Cornell, Eva Le Gallienne, Nazimova and David Warfield remained faithful to the living drama.

In pandemonic frenzy New York's theatrical magnates hastened to develop new stars. Katharine Hepburn blossomed out in her first lead in "The Warrior's Husband." Margaret Sullavan got her big chance, jumping from understudy to leads. Marguerite Churchill, Franchot Tone, Miriam Hopkins, Douglas Montgomery and others, were swept overnight into Broadway prominence.

But the Hollywood talent scouts were on the job. In a second invasion upon the depleted theatrical district the movie bosses captured the new finds for the Hollywood prison camps. Each Coastbound train carried some fresh captive to the Promised Land.

From 1929 to 1933 the situation on Broadway grew

Katharine Hepburn in the days when she was a stage novice. The scene below shows her with Jane Cowl in "Art and Mrs. Bottle."

Helen Hayes in her early hit, the little girl of Sir James Barrie's "Dear Brutus."



Debt to Broadway



Barbara Stanwyck was a hit in "Burlesque."

Franchot Tone in "Green Grows the Grass."

steadily worse. The theater fought a losing battle, with radio on one side weakening its structure, and Hollywood on the other, sapping its life's blood. Not only was there an irreparable loss of actors, but directors and playwrights as well exchanged their New York penthouses for Beverly Hills swimming pools, and their ideals for Hollywood dollars. In less than five years something was destroyed that had taken generations to build. David Belasco and Florenz Ziegfeld watched the theater they loved so much crack up under their feet.

These actors who prattle of their love for the theater, and bemoan its disintegration, what have they done to save it? How few, in the showdown, put their loyalty to the test. Ann Harding, Helen Hayes, Paul Muni, and perhaps one or two others, stopped long enough to listen to the death cry from the street that made careers possible for them.

Muni, in the face of magnificent offers from every studio in Hollywood, went back to do "Counsellor-At-Law," having just achieved film distinction in "Scarface." Instead of staying to capitalize on his new-found national success he returned to the theater that it might benefit from his wider popularity. The play attained significant success, marking the beginning of the recuperation of Broadway from an almost fatal talent-hunger.

In the meantime Ann Harding fought with her picture producers to allow her a lapse in her contract that she might return to the stage. But to no avail. Fired with the intense desire to do her part in some way for the rebuilding of the institution of the spoken drama, she has gone into Little Theatre work during her short vacation periods. In recent months she has appeared in plays put on by the Hedgerow Theatre of Philadelphia, where she made her stage debut, and in the Little Theatre of (Please turn to page 99)

Below, Claudette Colbert as the carnival girl in the stage version of "The Barker," with Norman Foster.



HOW TO HOLD A HUSBAND

Three Thousand Miles Away

I DON'T know that I hold him. He holds me. He has made himself over for me!"

Irene Dunne and I were talking about how to hold a husband three thousand miles away. And I had told her, "It just doesn't happen, this long-distance-happy-marriage thing."

You know Miss Dunne's husband, Dr. F. D. Griffin, lives most of the time in New York, while she stays in Hollywood. This has been going on for years—this intermittent marriage—and everybody is amazed at its success.

But she doesn't hold him, she says! How dare even Irene Dunne to destroy old traditions like that? Why of course it's the wife who holds the husband. Everybody knows that. But Irene went on to explain.

"We didn't try to make each other over. Instead we tried making ourselves over for each other. And my husband succeeded. I'm afraid he made too much of

a success of it—that is, I might have tried harder if he hadn't succeeded so well at his own job of making himself over.

"You see at first he hated everything about the stage and actors. I gave up my career when I married him. Now he likes my world. He has joined an actor's golf club, and he said to me only recently, when he was in Hollywood, 'I love every one of them!'"

"Ziegfeld was responsible for my husband's change of heart. He came to us both—" (now, did the canny Irene arrange that, I wonder?)—"and put it up to us about my playing in 'Show Boat.' We both decided I couldn't miss such an opportunity."

"All the same he is very strict with me," she said. "When I was late on the set one time, he was very much agitated, because I had kept everybody waiting, instead of being very nice and taking my part, he said, 'You know you were late,' and he said it sternly, too."

By GRACE KINGSLEY



Above, Irene Dunne is pensive when her husband, Dr. F. D. Griffin, is across the continent, but (right) vivacious when he is with her.

"We made ourselves over for each other," says Irene Dunne, and that explains why a 3,000 mile separation causes no rift in her happiness





Irene Dunne, lovely stage and screen star, who played in "Ann Vickers" and "If I Were Free," whose next appearance will be in the forthcoming "Stingaree."

And I accepted the remark just as he gave it to me. "No, there's not much babying in our family, on either side."

So one rule for a happy married life is not having too much sentimentality.

Yet Miss Dunne seldom speaks of Dr. Griffin by his name, but nearly always as "my husband." It sounds charming.

"We both really make big sacrifices to make our marriage a success," she smiled. "Only, if you care a great deal they don't seem like sacrifices. But then, doesn't every married person make sacrifices? For instance, my husband has installed capable assistants to carry on his practice when he comes West. He couldn't possibly give up his practice there and take it up out here. Too many are dependent on him, back in New York. I appreciate his efforts. And on my side, no matter how tired I am, or how hurried, I always go back to him when I can. Both of us spend lonely hours, though, when we are apart. We are together whenever possible. Won't it be great when you can fly to New York in thirteen hours. Then I can spend the week-ends with my husband!"

ANOTHER rule for keeping a marriage happy, though husband and wife are three thousand miles apart, is to be interested in each other's work.

"My husband keeps in touch with my work all the time. I send him my scripts to read, and I depend a lot on his judgment. He is my severest critic and I always listen to him.

"It's refreshing for both of us, being in different

worlds of thought. I'm interested in his work, too, but I don't meddle. It's an outmoded idea about wives, that they can help their husbands practically in their work. Only by being a good wife can a wife help a husband, except, of course, if they are really in business together. A husband needs relaxation at home.

"I wouldn't let my husband give up his work in New York if he wanted to. That's one way I hold him. Women should insist on their husbands doing their best in their callings, with no selfish feeling at all in the matter.

"We encourage each other in our work. Dr. Griffin, when he is here, always goes into the sound booth. When he comes out, if he doesn't say anything, I know I wasn't so good. But when he likes me he praises me."

My, what a test of love! I'll say that any actress who lets her husband criticize her work is at least fifty per cent sure of a happy marriage!

"By the way," Miss Dunne went on, "my husband loves to hear me sing. And I sing for him whenever he asks me to."

Rule umpty-ump for a happy marriage: Don't save your accomplishments for the world alone.

And Miss Dunne has made some song records for her husband.

"Don't you ever want to talk things over with him—nag at him in wifely fashion?" we asked.

"Why, of course I do!" flashed Irene. "We talk over the telephone an awful lot. It's dreadfully expensive, but after all that doesn't matter when it is so necessary to our happiness. And those chats are the only solution. It's very beautiful, (Please turn to page 72)



Drawing by
KEN CHAMBERLAIN



Mr. Insull had better not try Hollywood. They don't mind financial racketeers but they object to female impersonators.

The BOULEVARDIER

He looks over the passing show in Hollywood, welcomes Gloria Swanson back, worries about police guards for stars' kiddies and wonders what will happen next

By HERB HOWE

MY favorite of Hollywood's droll stories is that concerning an actor who mortally wounded a supervisor. With screams of indignation brother supervisors fluttered into war conference and demanded the actor's scalp (Indian for toupe). "Fire him!" was the raucous cry. The studio's head man listened in glum silence, gulped and with a helpless gesture mourned: "We can't fire him, boys. He's a gangster." After due deliberation a more dignified rebuke was decided on. The actor was called in and reprimanded with a new contract.

THAT reminds me of Gene Fowler's wide-eyed query. I was visiting "The Firebrand" set which was curiously infested with flies. After slapping myself sore I was moved to ask if Connie Bennett attracted them. No. It seems two jars of the pests had been released and two days spent—\$10,000 in overhead—getting one to walk around the rim of a wine glass. "Why didn't they get a supervisor to do it?" Gene asked. I understood then why the use of insecticide was not permitted.

Supervisors are Hollywood's official goats. They

correspond to Russia's OGPU. Some of them are really fine boys. Nevertheless, I'd rather see than be one.

SAM GOLDWYN spent a million dollars improving Anna Sten and the critics call her "earthy." "Real estate" would be a more respectful description, \$200,000-a-foot frontage to be exact.

John Cabot Lodge, the Boston aristocrat, proved to be an actor in "The Scarlet Empress" and further proved his aristocracy by falling off a horse. If he feels as I do after a royal tumble, and taping of two ribs, he'll now proceed to emulate H.R.H. by taking up petit point.

SALUTE to Gloria Swanson! It will be good to see her back again. (Beautiful back!) Though she never entranced me from the screen I'm fascinated by her swashbuckling adventures in person. Gloria's one serious mistake was in seeking to be an actress when the public wants only glittering Gloria. She's so much more exciting than the roles she plays. Thus I see acumen in de-mothing the matted old tiger skin of "Three Weeks" and currying it for Gloria, once Mme. Glyn's protégée. Also in casting ex-husband Beery with her. To make it more personal I helpfully suggest that the title be changed to "Among My Souvenirs." Again, hail Gloria; bright and constant star among five-year meteors.

I HOPE you won't think I've been indulging in marihuana if I go poetic on you and fail to mention Greta or Mae for a paragraph or two. Across the green bowl of valley there's a flight of almond blossoms on the haze of Palomar, the bowl is full of birds, and Hollywood is to hell and gone down by the sea.

I'm back in my adobe among the Cupa Indians. "Cupa" means lazy. I qualified for the tribe quite a while ago through heaven's gift. Just before my

Just a few strong-arm guards for stellar children at luncheon. If threats keep up, it may be necessary to call out the marines. Young Hollywood must be protected.



Some C.C.C. boys come to swim in Herb Howe's bathing pool, out among the Cupa Indians.

Leaves His Adobe Hut

return this week a forest fire plunged over the mountains on a snatch for my casa. It was crouched for the final spring when Felicita, my faithful Cupena, invoked the wind god's aid. The fire was blown back but not before that lecherous monster had snatched the little chic-sale study with its Sears-Roebuck literature. Felicita and the wind god admit some assistance from 125 C.C.C. boys encamped five miles away. They fought the fire five days, five nights. Now some of them come to swim in our pool. They are to be disbanded soon because we, the Public, can't afford to pay them a dollar a day any longer. One young pollywog, as agile an Adonis as Weissmuller, learned I was from Hollywood and brought me a clipping—an editorial observation that it would take the pay of 500 C.C.C. boys to equal the salary of the average picture star. He grinned. Not the least "Red." Said boy he'd give a million for Janet Gaynor, as with ecstatic whoop he plunged feverishly into the pool.

ONLY last week at dinner among old friends Janet Gaynor observed, along with the rest of us, the dissatisfaction of the Hollywood life. She said the trouble with her was that she was designed to be a small town girl. All the things she really enjoyed were village delights. She would like going to the drug store, climbing a stool and taking her time on an ice cream soda. Afterward she'd meander into the hardware store and handle everything. Hardware stores always fascinated her. She'd go to the post-office for the eleven o'clock mail, stop to ask Mrs. Pickles about all the little Pickles, then home to sit on the front porch and rock.

Her idyll snapped as she glanced at her diamond watch. It was ten o'clock. She had to be up for location at seven. Sadly she slunk into her mink and said good-night. The closed car with armed chauffeur raced frantically to a walled estate. Iron gates swung open, two armed guards stood on either side. The car sped in; gates closed. Small town Janet was home.

IN kindergarten days when chivalry surged the veins I panted to rescue little princesses who couldn't play as other children because of position and wealth. Perhaps I've gone balmy with the mountain air, the tweet of birds and yips from the pool. All morning I've had the squirrely notion of snatching Janet up here and introducing her to that admiring, yipping, young dollar-a-day pollywog. Doddering old match-maker! . . . guess I'd better go jump in the pool.

My mood is sympathetic with Helen Hayes who fled Hollywood with her child after witnessing a children's party where state troopers stood on guard against kidnapers. And, believe me, if I were the mama of a state trooper I'd fly to Hollywood with him before his duties were made to include the changing of didies.

IT was unfortunate, of course, that just as Katie Hepburn flopped in "The Lake" her mother should appear before Congress advocating birth control. Such legislation is unquestionably urgent, at least for Hollywood, if army expenses are to be kept down. Thus far, private guards and state troopers have been enough to keep off snatchers but any day it may be necessary to call the marines. In that emergency I hope the public will be tolerant as toward army pilots who were not trained for handling air mail. Surely our leather-necks, drafted into nurse-maid service, must be excused if they fumble with the unbuttoning and buttoning.

THE story of Hollywood children is precisely that of the little princes and princesses who peered pathetically through their bars at peasant children playing happily. The only solution I can think of is for papas and mamas to quit being kings and queens and embrace Father Roosevelt's plan for redistribution of wealth. Every day we're learning that pursuit of inordinate wealth leads but to jail, public or private.

(Please turn to page 87)

FIRST NIGHTS ON

Once again George Arliss gives an outstanding performance. Aline MacMahon excellent in first stellar role.

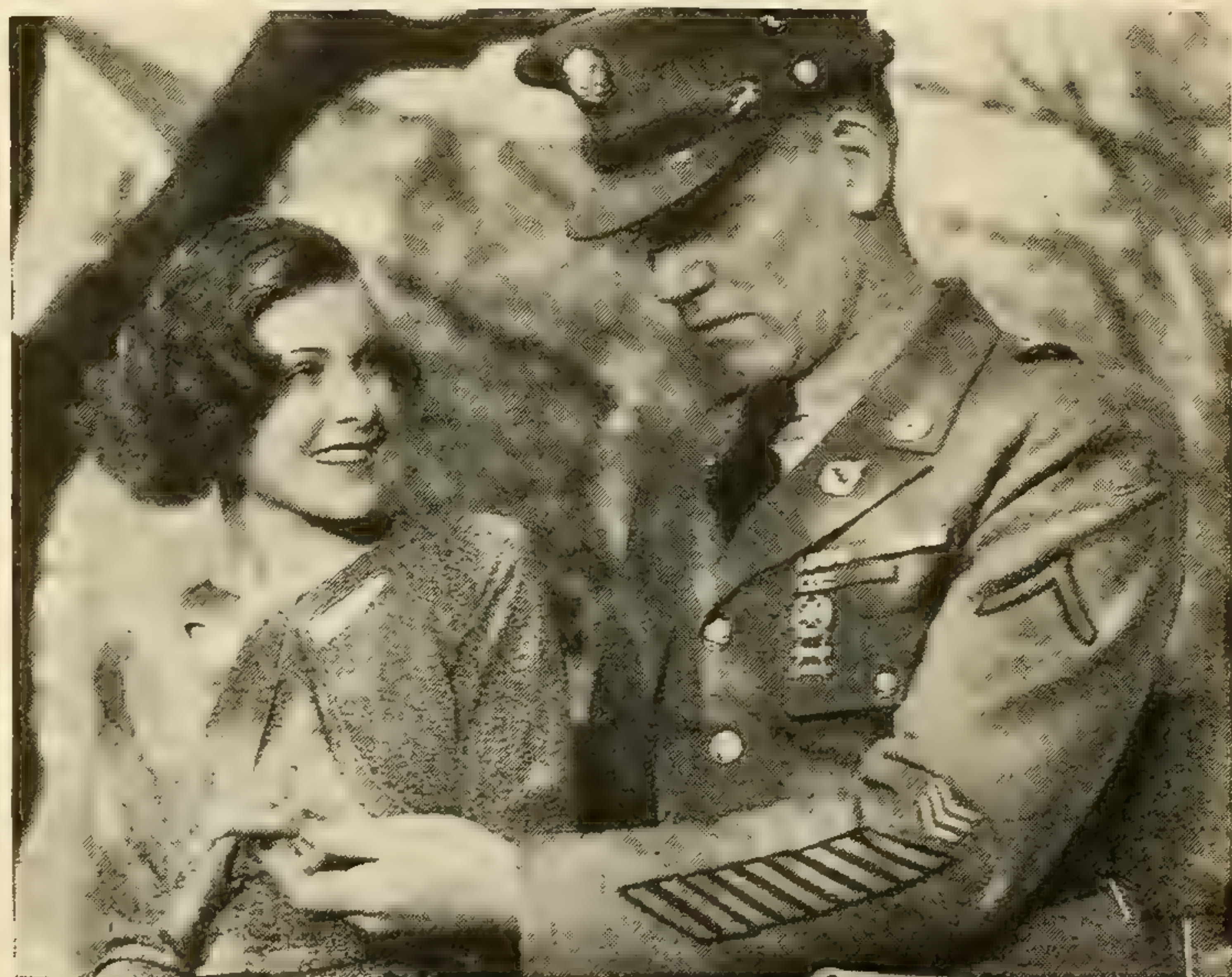
Ruggles funny as ever

By

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER



Ralph Morgan and Lois Wilson are the harassed parents of a little boy who belongs to a gang. Their troubles are portrayed in "No Greater Glory."



Above, Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles, once again the cut-up team in "Six of a Kind." Left, Walter Huston and Frances Dee as they appear together in "Keep 'Em Rolling."

The House of Rothschild—AA

Directed by Alfred Werker. Released by United Artists

GEORGE ARLISS has done this picture a couple of times before, but he improves with practice. Except for the element of Jewish persecution, a different period and a better cast than has supported him heretofore, "The House of Rothschild" is his "Disraeli" or "Hamilton" repeated and bettered.

The story, though laid in the time of Bonaparte, has its present day implications with Boris Karloff playing a Jew-baiting chancellor of Prussia and Nathan Rothschild (Mr. Arliss) as his people's and his country's chief defender. Apart from its timeliness, the film had other virtues. Chief of these is the smooth, significant acting of Mr. Arliss as Nathan and his fine character bit in the film's earlier sequences as Maier Rothschild, Nathan's father.

In the large supporting cast, Robert and Loretta Young supply the love interest and Helen Westley finally finds her feet in films, after a long stage career, as Gudula, strong-minded old mother of the Rothschild brethren. The film concludes with a glaring color sequence in which Nathan is honored by the Prince Regent just as Mr. Arliss's Lafayette was honored by Washington and his Disraeli by Victoria. As long as Mr. Arliss continues to make his favorite photoplay better and better, I don't care how many more times he does it.

High Spots: The tumult in the Rothschild household when the tax collector approaches. Nathan striking his enemies by beating down the bond market. Mother Rothschild in conference with her five sons.

The Show-Off—AA

Directed by Charles F. Reisner. Released by M-G-M

ONE film like this seems much more valuable to me than many miles of celluloid dedicated to spectacle. There are no ornate sets of breath-

BROADWAY

WITH THE
NEW PICTURES

taking sequences in this story of current, middle-class American people. "The Show-Off" merely tells what happens to an ordinary family when its daughter marries a wisecracking, noisy egoist, but it recites the simple story with a warmth and fidelity that, I believe, make it important.

Spencer Tracy at last has been taken out of the groove of tough-guy roles in which he has traveled for so long. Because he is a better and more flexible actor than most persons have suspected he makes Aubrey Piper, "The Show-Off," a flesh and blood, credible person. Despite Aubrey's continual boasting, dreary jesting and endless swell-headed bungling; despite moments when you'd gladly lynch him yourself, Mr. Tracy's fine skill makes him appeal to your sympathy. That, in itself, is no small job. It is, as a matter of fact, the best work Mr. Tracy has done to date.

The rest of the cast also appear as three-dimensional, living creations. Clara Blandick as Aubrey's long suffering mother-in-law deserves special mention for an acidly humorous minor role. Madge Evans is sincere and convincing as the Show-Off's wife. You'll laugh a good deal at this photoplay but you'll suffer a little too, thanks to the rare atmosphere of reality preserved on the screen.

High Spots: Aubrey attempting to charm prospective relatives-in-law with his personality. Consternation in the office at Aubrey's apparent reform. Aubrey rehearsing his speech to the president before the latter's office door.

This Man Is Mine—A

Directed by John Cromwell. Released by RKO-Radio

AN intelligent cast and first-rate direction lift this out of the ordinary run of pictures about wife and husband and the woman who comes between them. The story itself is about as novel as a buffalo nickel, but it is good entertainment because of what Irene Dunne, Constance Cummings, Ralph Bellamy, and the rest of the actors do with it.

"This Man Is Mine" demands all their ability. Besides its rubber stamp plot, it is filled with long, moralizing speeches that, if uttered less expertly, would just lie there and perish. Miss Dunne and her (Please turn to page 95)

MR. VAN DE WATER'S CLASSIFIED RATING OF CURRENT FILMS

(AA—Outstanding; A—Good; B—Fair;
C—Poor)

AA *The House of Rothschild*
The Show-Off

A *Coming Out Party*
Heat Lightning
This Man Is Mine

B *Keep 'Em Rolling*
Six of a Kind
The Crime Doctor

C *No More Women*
George White's Scandals

EARLIER BUT WORTH WHILE: *It Happened One Night*, *This Side of Heaven*, *The Cat and the Fiddle*, *Counsellor-at-Law*, *Dancing Lady*, *His Double Life*, *Duck Soup*, *Little Women*, *Eskimo*, *Design for Living*, *Berkeley Square*, and *Henry VIII*.



Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye sing pretty duets in the film version of "George White's Scandals."



George Arliss sadly looks on while daughter Loretta Young looks up lovingly to her sweetheart, Robert Young. All this is in "The House of Rothschild."

HOLLYWOOD

Latest news of intimate lives of stars in film capital. Advent of Brisson.

WHAT appears to be a very insignificant incident can sometimes prove the most expensive scene in a picture. Take, for instance, a scene in "The Firebrand" when Constance Bennett hands Fredric March a cup containing poison. The scene as you will see it, shows a fly alighting on the rim of the cup, sipping the poison and falling dead, but how that scene was made was not as simple as that. A bevy of flies were buzzing around in a glass jar and, one by one, were used in the scene in an effort to find one with sufficient histrionic ability to act his part. All known aids, such as honey, sugar, ether, chloroform were put on the rim of the cup in the path of the fly. The cup was wired in an effort to make the fly's work easier by electrocuting him. They tried greasing his feet so he could slip gently down into the soup. Hours went by while expenses mounted, nerves were frayed and dispositions, too. The studio doctor stood by but when the scene was finally photographed he had to use his medical skill in resuscitating poor Constance Bennett and Fredric March who had succumbed, not to poison but exhaustion!

A director's ingenuity is often taxed to make children cry in pictures. When little Shirley Temple was told to cry for a scene recently the tears refused to come. Shirley's mother, trying to get the child in a sad frame of mind, said: "Shirley, remember that poor little dog we saw run over the other day?"

Little Shirley said, "Yes, Mama, I remember. But that was the other day. We can't do anything about it now."

William Powell and Edna Best had a hard day recently when one scene for "The Key" refused to go right. Powell had a very long speech to make and each time he made it something happened to spoil it and the entire scene had to be made over. Several times he blew up in his lines, so the whole company held its breath when on the twelfth take it looked as if it was going to be all right. He was nearly through his speech and just about to say: "You know, my dear, when two men love the same woman—" but instead, he said, "You know, my dear, when two men love each other—holly mackerel!" And everyone on the set was in convulsions.

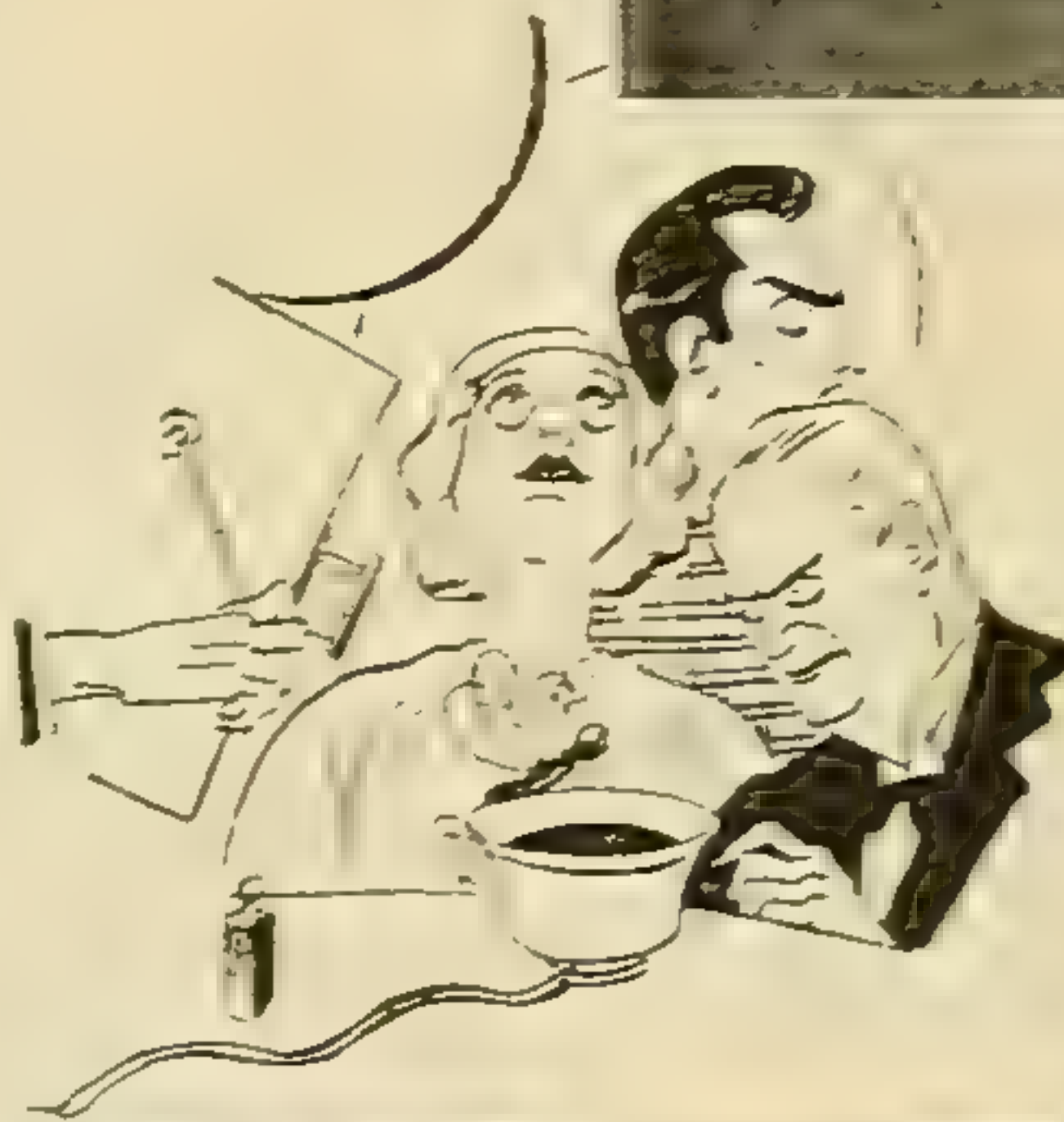
WHEN Norma Shearer had finished "Riptide" she announced that she must buy three new spring outfits and was asked, "Why three?"

One for Irving, one for the baby and one for myself," she ex-



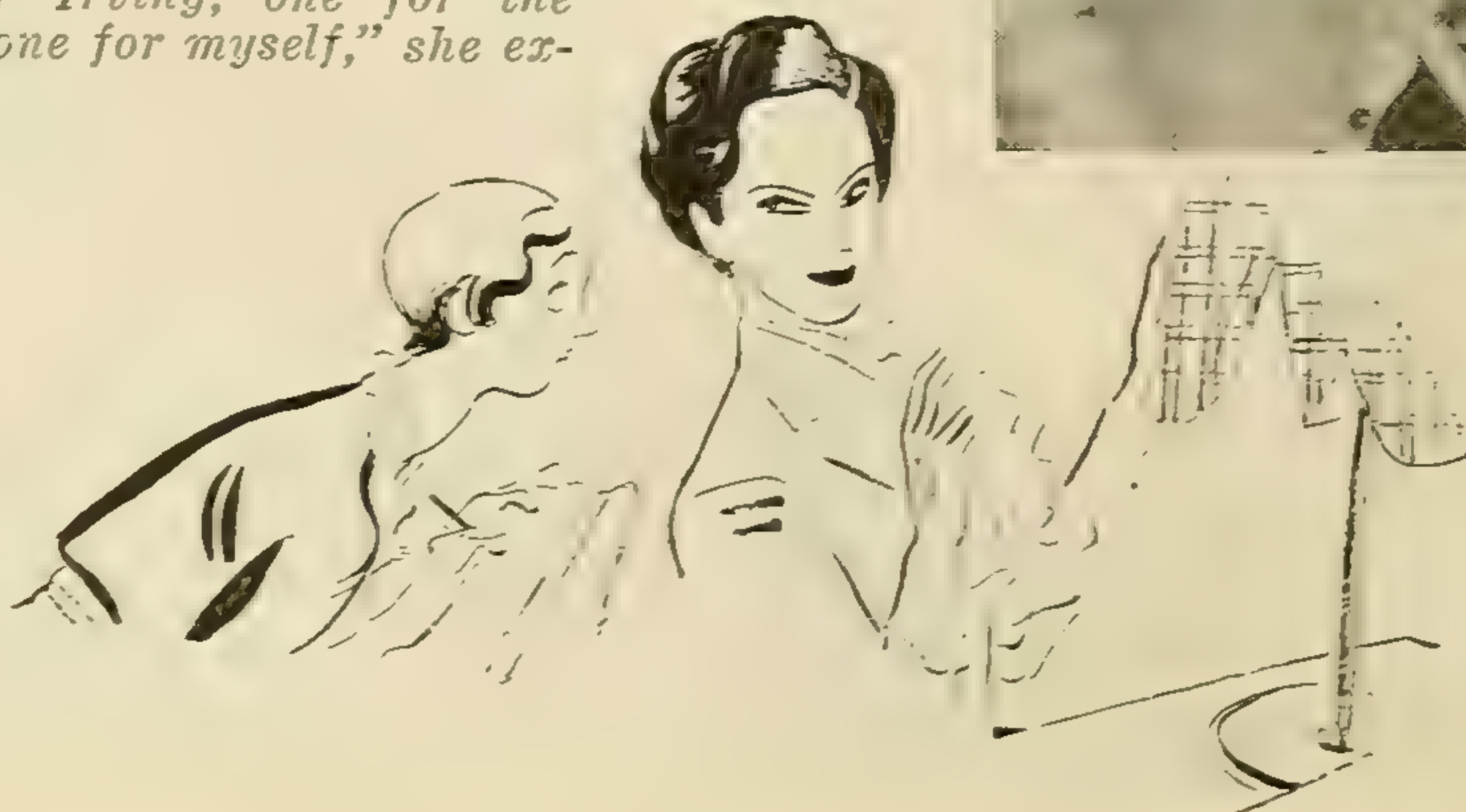
Wide World

Mary Pickford, who still maintains her title of "America's Sweetheart," appeared over the air not long ago with Will Hays, Czar of Filmiland. Mary is still in New York, and loves every minute of her stay.



Wide World

A Britisher visits the set of "Sadie McKee." Captain A. P. Y. Langhorne, at the extreme right, of the British Royal Artillery is seen with Franchot Tone, hero of the film, Clarence Brown, the director, and Joan Crawford who plays the title role. The Captain enjoyed it more than he shows.



DAY BY DAY •

Cagney acquires organ. New developments of Crawford-Tone match



"Dynamite!" That is what Lupe Velez and Jimmy Durante portray. No wonder their next picture bears that name. "I love working weeth Jeemmee," says Lupe. Jimmy's answer was, "Atchacha!"



plained, and added that she always did all of her husband's shopping for him. She does many other things for him as well and everyone at the studio runs to her with their troubles.

One of the best-loved people at the M-G-M Studio was little Tommy Shagrue, an electrician who has now passed on. One day in the studio cafe he was pointing out the big shots to a new electrician. "And that is Irving Thalberg," he said, pointing out the chief. The green electrician didn't believe him, saying, "He's too young to be Thalberg."

"I'll prove it to you," boasted young Shagrue and turning to a waitress said, "Tell Mr. Thalberg I want to see him."

A few moments later their lunch was interrupted by Mr. Thalberg standing behind Tommy's chair. "Did you want to see me, Tommy?" he asked quietly.

Tommy turned red and pale by turns and stammered it was a mistake, but as soon as he finished eating he ran as fast as he could to explain the incident to Norma Shearer. He knew that if she knew the facts everything would be all right with Mr. Thalberg.

CARL BRISSON hadn't been in town twenty-four hours before Greta Garbo telephoned him. He was out and she left a message saying she had called to inquire if he was happy; if there was anything she could do for him.

When Brisson was a star in Sweden Miss Garbo worked a couple of doors away in a barber shop. She worshiped Brisson and one day waited for him at the stage door to hand him a little bunch of flowers. He was impressed by her eagerness and sincerity and gave her a handful of tickets so that she might go in the theater whenever she wished and watch his performance. And Garbo never forgets.

MAE WEST has a hard time keeping her public believing she is as hard boiled as the roles she plays. Recently the little church where she worships was in financial difficulty and it was decided to give a supper to raise funds. The tickets were fifty cents each and Mae took one and paid \$50.

"But don't tell anyone," she warned the committee. "I can't stand that kind of publicity." (Please turn to page 44)



Wide World

Polo! Hollywood has gone mad with this game. Stars have broken legs and arms playing, but still love it. Nigel Bruce, Leslie Howard and Snowy Baker, polo star, chat between chukkers.



(Continued from page 43)

The first picture Gloria Swanson posed for after she signed her new M-G-M contract was on a tiger rug!

A DIRECTOR at the Columbia Studios made up his call sheet for the following day, naming the people he wanted and included "1 bit butler," meaning an actor who could portray a butler and act a little bit. Imagine his amazement when he saw the call sheet on the board reading "1 bitten butler." A new stenographer had corrected his grammar.

IN England, where film censors put their hearts into their work, the Anna Sten picture, "Nana," has been retitled "The Lady of the Boulevards!"

Samuel Goldwyn doesn't care what they call that picture, however, for it will clean up a big profit under any title. He showed me a fan letter he received recently and which read: "I would like to receive one of your favorite movie star's lances free of charge."

The writer had apparently been reading about free-lance actors and was willing to accept anything, even a lance, if it were free.

Incidentally, Miss Sten's husband, Dr. Eugen Franke, who is a Doctor of Laws and also a graduate architect, has sold the motion picture he made starring Jimmy Savo and has a contract to make a series of them.

ALTHOUGH it's hard to imagine, there is such a thing as making too much money. Ruth Etting hesitated before signing a contract for another series of broadcasts because her income has reached such proportions she has to pay over about one-half of it to the Government in income taxes. And that, I am told, is the reason Eddie Cantor refuses to make more than one picture a year.

WITH a vacation in England in sight. George Arliss took one week's vacation after he finished "The House of Rothschild" and jumped right into production of "The Head of the Family." Little Charlotte Henry, who had only to look surprised through "Alice in Wonderland" plays Mr. Arliss' granddaughter in this picture and will have a real opportunity to act.

And in no business but motion pictures could a thing like this happen. Janet Beecher appeared so effectively in "Gallant Lady" that she was immediately offered many other jobs. Twentieth Century Company, which had let her go after that picture, became interested in her when everyone else wanted her. It occurred to someone to look in the cupboard and see if they had a contract with her. They did, and found that they had an option on her services, so she was recalled from New York where she had gone when no jobs were in sight, and will appear in "The Head of the Family."

JOHN BARRYMORE was making a scene for the picture, "Twentieth Century," in which he threw a pot of black paint over a billboard. At the end of the scene, instead of saying: "Cut!", Director Howard Hawks said: "Out, damned spo—" but got no further, for he was stopped by Barrymore, who rushed toward him waving his hands. "Stop!" he cried. "You're in a theater and it's bad luck to give a quotation in a theater!"

Several old stage people around agreed it was a well known theatrical superstition.

The entire action of the play, "Twentieth Century" transpires on board a train but when

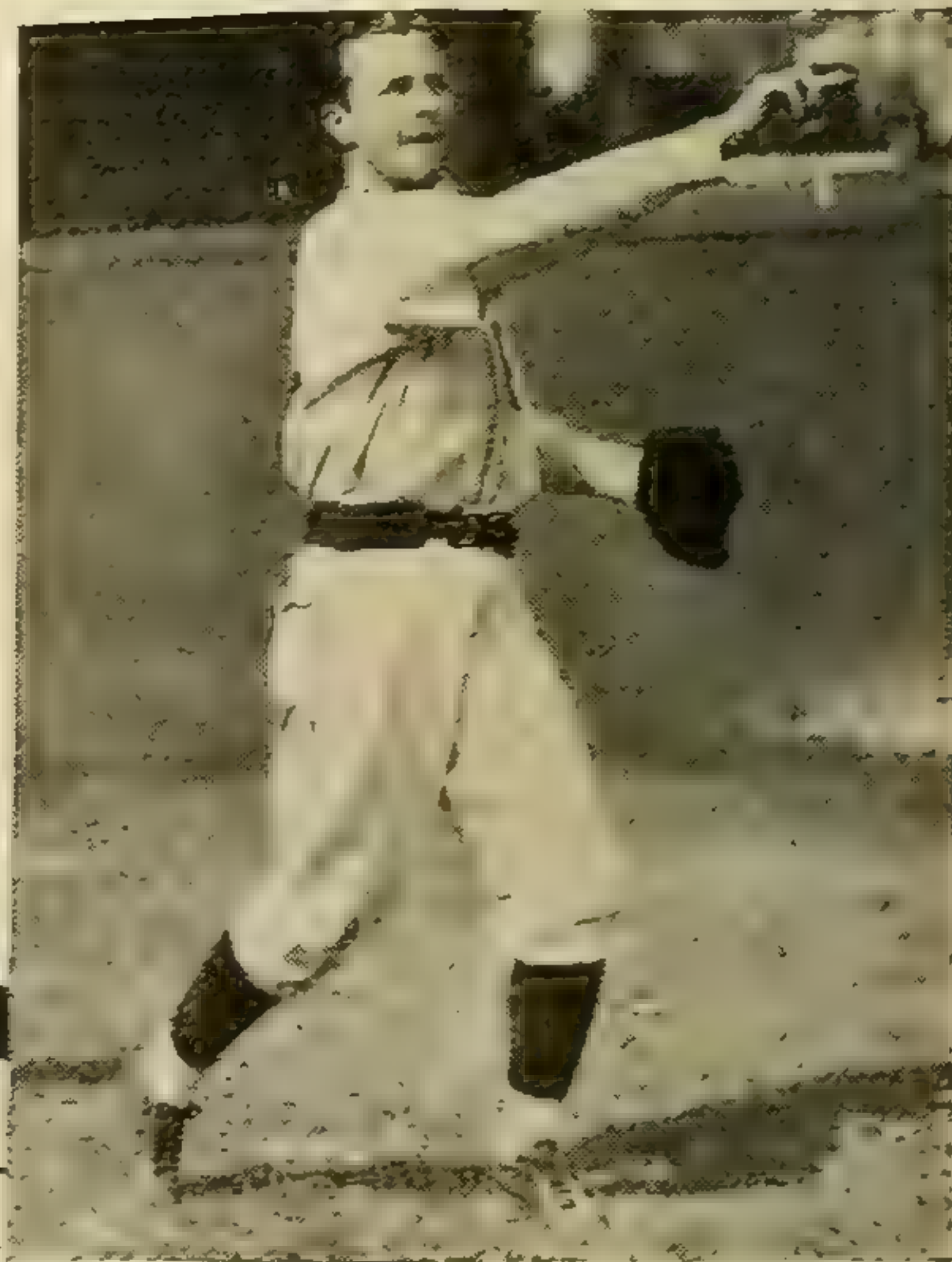
Hollywood



W. C. Fields, the stern looking comedian, deigns to converse with Tammany Young in "You're Telling Me."



No wonder Dick Powell is such a superior crooner. One of the ways he keeps in condition is by playing baseball with the Pittsburgh Pirates in their training camp in Paso Robles, California.



Wide World



Ginger Rogers, Adalyn Doyle, Dawn O'Day and Marjorie Lytell in "Finishing School."

John Miehle



Day by Day

Helen Cohan is congratulated by her famous actor father, George M. Cohan. Helen is breaking into the movies.



Here they are, three now instead of two—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen arriving in New York with their tiny son, Richard, Junior. The family immediately sailed for the Continent.



Below, Bruce Cabot and his wife, Adrienne Ames, are among the polo enthusiasts in Filmtown.

Wide World



the authors. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, wrote the screen adaptation they added other locations. And when it was finished they decided it was very good.

"Why didn't we write the play this way?" they asked each other, whereupon Hecht got down on his hands and knees and MacArthur kicked him. Then MacArthur got down on his hands and knees and Hecht kicked him.

I was privileged to see an old scrap book recently and in it was pasted a letter, obviously in answer to a fan letter, signed: "Maurice Chevalier, the Reginald Denny of France." Which looks as if Chevalier thought Denny a pretty hot shot in those days, and it is quite possible that he may have an opportunity to think so again. Denny, after being ignored by producers over a period of several months, is suddenly in great demand again.

ON her own birthday Jean Harlow presented her mother with a new town car. "It isn't really my birthday," Jean explained to her mother. "You had all the trouble of having me on that day and you deserve the present."

Personally I think Jean's mother deserves a present or a reward of some kind for having Jean.

ON her birthday Miriam Jordan received a surprise telephone call from her family in England. Her mother, father, seven sisters and one brother each talked to her for two minutes. Figured at the rate of \$43 for three minutes, the call cost almost three hundred dollars.

MARY FAHRNEY, the cough syrup heiress, who has one and a half million dollars in her own right and is in Hollywood seeking a film career, talks long distance to her father in Chicago every night. She tells him the events of the day and they often talk for an hour. It has been her custom to visit Paris each season to lay in a supply of clothes and especially blended perfumes but inasmuch as her heart is set on a career and she can't go to Paris this year she has cabled her favorite shops to send on the latest things in summer clothes and spring perfumes. She had better watch out or she'll find herself married to a M'Divani brother.

SPEAKING of marriage, pictures and a chain of circumstances seem to postpone Maureen O'Sullivan's marriage to John Farrow. With "Tarzan" completed after eleven months' work, Maureen's contemplated honeymoon trip to her native Ireland is again postponed while she appears with Norma Shearer in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone only smiled and thanked him when Gene Austin, one of Joan's favorite crooners, asked them if he might sing at their wedding. They didn't say yes and they didn't say no, but Joan's final decree is due on May 12, and everyone expects something nice to happen immediately after that date.

Joan is putting much thought (and money) into her home. She doesn't care a great deal about parties or going places but she does love her home. Recently she purchased a vacant lot next to her property, which made room for a tennis court, swimming pool and small theater which is equipped for amateur theatricals and also for showing pictures. Joan asked to have a clause in her new contract providing that she might spend part of her time in stage productions but her (Please turn to page 82)



John Gilbert

The PEOPLE'S

New Movie's readers give their opinions about Hollywood personalities and pictures. They cheer Anna Sten, applaud Jack Gilbert's comeback, defend Greta Garbo and—boy!—want to team Mae West and James Cagney

THERE'S no love like an old love," is an old adage, and all our old love and appreciation will return to lovely Norma Shearer, when we see her in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," a picture made from the play by that name.

Norma Shearer is exquisite always. She is meticulous in the care of her person, and at any time that you see her she looks as if she had "just stepped out of a bandbox." She has an arresting personality, a sort of inner light that shines out from her and attracts us to her whether we would or not. I predict greater success than ever before for her in this new picture "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Belle W. Drake,
Idylease Inn,
Newfoundland, N. J.

We are waiting for "The Barretts," too. Did you know that Charles Laughton will be in this film, too?

Cheers for the Director

THE director does the casting, passes on sets and costumes, interprets the script, builds up or shortens scenes, plays the characters one against the other, and by his clever handling of the actors, makes each day on the set constructive—a spirit of comradeship rather than a hell of jealousy. He adds "human interest," puts over the story so that it seems, no matter when or where the scene is laid, as if you, too, live these moments. Story, actors, advertising? For a picture's success, give credit to the director; for his hard work, tact, courage and vision.

Marguerite Duncan Jacobi,
3721 80th St.,
Jackson Heights, L. I.

While we are passing our superlatives, what about the much-maligned supervisors?

Suggesting Some Co-Stars

MORE pictures co-starring Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. They were delightful in their first picture together—"It Happened One Night."

Ronald Colman in a talkie version of "The Dark Angel."

Better roles for Ralph Bellamy. So far, he has not had roles worthy of his ability.

Ramon Novarro in a talkie version of "The Student Prince."

Fans are awaiting Norma Shearer's appearance in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Jean Parker in a talkie version of "The Little French Girl" with Franchot Tone.

Margaret Long,
3807 River Park Drive,
Louisville, Ky.

What about Jack Gilbert in the new version of "The Merry Widow"? And Colman in "The Tale of Two Cities"?

Salutes Anna Sten

I JUST returned from one of our largest and, incidentally, during the day, noisiest theaters, where I witnessed a performance of "Nana."

Sitting in about the fifth row, center, the following remarks reached my ears:

"She has a voice like Garbo."

"Isn't she cute?"

"She reminds me of Olga Baclanova."

"She has Dietrich's searching eyes."



ACADEMY



Judging from reader letters, Anna Sten's "Nana" was of great interest.



Fans like Ann Harding for her acting ability and naturalness.



Better roles for Ralph Bellamy, please.

do penance for those harsh words. We Garbo fans will have you drawn and quartered!

Ruth O'Rourke,
3 West 27th St.,
Wilmington, Del.

Take that, Mr. Van de Water! The editor of this department is a victim of Miss Garbo's charms, too. "Definite limitations" indeed!

(Please turn to page 90)

"Remember Alice Terry? Doesn't she look like her?"

Leaving the theater, my chum said, "Hers is, indeed, a glamorous personality and 'Nana,' a magnificent performance."

So, though there was much comment about Anna Sten, I heard not one adverse word.

I salute and wish much success to ANNA STEN—a truly magnificent woman.

Dagmar Hagar,
2101 Beekman Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Anna Sten has great possibilities. Two or three films should put her up with Garbo, West and Dietrich.

Disagrees With Mr. Van de Water

MR. VAN DE WATER, you certainly ought to be lynched for saying that Greta Garbo is an actress of "definite limitations." Great Garbo, the divine one, a mediocre actress! Utterly absurd, my dear man! "Queen Christina" was magnificently portrayed by this superb creature. Even those who are not Garbo's followers admitted that she was marvelous as "Christina." And how can you say that as a dominating monarch she was not so successful as might be expected? Surely, the "Queen" of the movies is the only one capable of bringing to life the beautiful "Christina," ruler of Sweden during the Seventeenth century. Mr. Van de Water, you'll

THE People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

- 1—BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE
- 2—BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS)
- 3—BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR)
- 4—BEST MUSICAL PICTURE
- 5—BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE
- 6—BEST MYSTERY PICTURE
- 7—BEST ROMANCE
- 8—BEST COMEDY
- 9—BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE
- 10—BEST NEWS REEL PICTURE
- 11—BEST DIRECTION
- 12—BEST STORY



THAT

Harding Style

It's as beguiling as 1890, and
...as smart and new as 1934



Here is the new pink and white organdie dress worn by Ann Harding, glamorous RKO-Radio star, and a close-up of her hat and old-fashioned knotted head-dress.

Streamline Gowns



Soft, flattering chiffon in a luscious shade of golden brown was chosen for Miss Harding's newest and smartest hostess gown.

Jade green crepe was chosen for this dramatically simple evening costume with its rather unusual attached cape.

Buttercup yellow clopinette crepe combines with a wind-blown collar of burnt orange in this formal dinner and dance costume.

MAYBE a blonde cannot get away with everything, but a radiant blonde like Ann Harding, famous RKO star, can wear almost any color she chooses to distinct advantage.

That pink and white organdie dress with the tightly fitted bodice and square neckline is a real event in Hollywood fashions—especially when Miss Harding wears it with her hair knotted in a low coil at the nape of her neck, and a cartwheel baku straw hat that serves as a halo for her blond beauty. The top of the hat is trimmed with a simple band and bow of rose pink ribbon and beneath the brim there is another similar band and bow to rest against her smooth golden hair.

The new golden brown chiffon hostess gown exemplifies the new vogue for ruffles—ruffles, in this case, that go from the hem to a quaint high neckline. The gown has a three-quarter length short-sleeved jacket and its only ornaments are a belt and band, on the sleeves, of old gold lace braid.

The jade green gown has a cape cut in one with the high-necked bodice, and the tightly molded lines of the skirt fall in graceful ripples ending in a graceful train. The only ornament is a jeweled clip at the back.

"A wind-blown collar and a breeze-ridden bow"—to quote Miss Harding—give special interest to the dress of buttercup yellow clopinette.

Worn in the Ann Harding Manner

Illustrated by
KEN CHAMBERLAIN

THE WAGES



Back in the all powerful days of the director, the writer's main job was writing titles for the films.

IT was at a dinner given in Hollywood recently in honor of Sir Frederick Lonsdale that I looked around the room and realized, with something of a shock, that almost every American dramatist of importance was present, as well as a goodly number of British writers.

There were nearly fifty famous playwrights in the room and I wondered who was going to write next season's plays.

As far as I could count noses, there were absent only three well-known writers for the American theater: Philip Barry, Eugene O'Neill and George S. Kaufman. The last of these, I am told, in spite of his authorship of "Once in a Lifetime," has since accepted a Hollywood contract.

As I watched all these distinguished people, happy and unashamed, my mind went back to a day some eighteen years ago when I told my brother dramatists that I was leaving the theater for a while and casting my lot with the "movies."

I remembered their shocked faces; the sad tones in which they bade me farewell and the general impression they gave me that my position was no better than that of "Our Nell" after she had not been done right by.

And now this group who pretty well dominated the English speaking theater of their day was assembled to welcome the eminent guest of honor who had just introduced to the screen a new and somewhat terrifying quality which was known as "Sophistication."

How we reveled in "sophistication" that year. The screen, overnight, had become peopled with a new race, hard, glittering ladies and gentlemen who wore perfect clothes perfectly; thought only of one thing and spent

A noted director and dramatist takes you behind the scenes of the Hollywood studios and tells you of his own experiences of writing for the movies.

their lives trying to solve the eternal problem of who's whose.

As I noted the number of men at the table who were known for strong, simple, virile and direct writing, it was painful to realize what was in store for them—to know that, no matter what their natural styles of writing might be, they would be asked to write "sophisticated" dialogue, and to know further that, if they felt unable to do it, their work would be done over by one, two or three other writers who had succeeded in acquiring that year's type of screen conversation.

With such an array of writing talent in Hollywood, why is it that so little of real literary value appears on the screen? And why, when the phenomenon does occur, is it almost always because some values have been mercifully retained from a stage play?

Of the host of master craftsmen who have labored so long in Hollywood, and invariably for more than a modest stipend, which of them has written for the screen a work approaching in power his work in the theater? So few that we are forced to look for an underlying cause.

It cannot be the soft and languorous climate of Southern California which renders so many mighty penmen suddenly impotent. It cannot be that the mere difference between stage and screen technic is an insurmountable obstacle to men of such well-known mentality and dramatic instinct. It must be that



OF CINEMA

By
WILLIAM DEMILLE

conditions under which they find themselves working are not such as inspire or stimulate imagination.

A short time ago a picture producer was battling in his office with a young but highly successful dramatist new to the studio.

"I'm afraid I can't make the changes you ask in this scene," said the dramatist.

"Why not?" asked the producer. "You see, the way you've got it, the audience doesn't know whether the girl loves the man or not."

"But that's just what I mean; the girl herself doesn't know."

"It's better for our audience if she does," said the producer with great finality.

The young man suppressed the first three things he wanted to say.

"Look here, Mr. B," he said quietly, "I am a dramatist. You are paying me big money because I know my job. I know what this girl feels and how she would act better than you do."

"You do, eh?" the other grunted. It seemed hard to make this stubborn young man listen to reason; his sense of proportion was all wrong.

"Say," remarked the executive abruptly, "when you come to work in the morning, what kind of a car do you drive?"

The younger man looked puzzled.

"An Essex," he said. "But what's that got to do—"

Mr. B interrupted him; taking his arm, he led him to a window. Below, on the other side of the street, a Rolls-Royce glittered in chromium and red.

"See that?" said Mr. B. "That's what I come to work in, and yet you're trying to tell me how to make pictures."

This little incident illustrates what a sensitive writer may run up against in Hollywood. The strange thing is that Mr. B would not dream of taking the same attitude with his doctor.

If the producer had a sick child and sent for his physician he would unhesitatingly take his professional advice, no matter what kind of car the doctor drove; but when he has a sick story he gets a thrill out of diagnosing the case himself, prescribing the rem-

edy and using the professional only to administer such treatment as he orders.

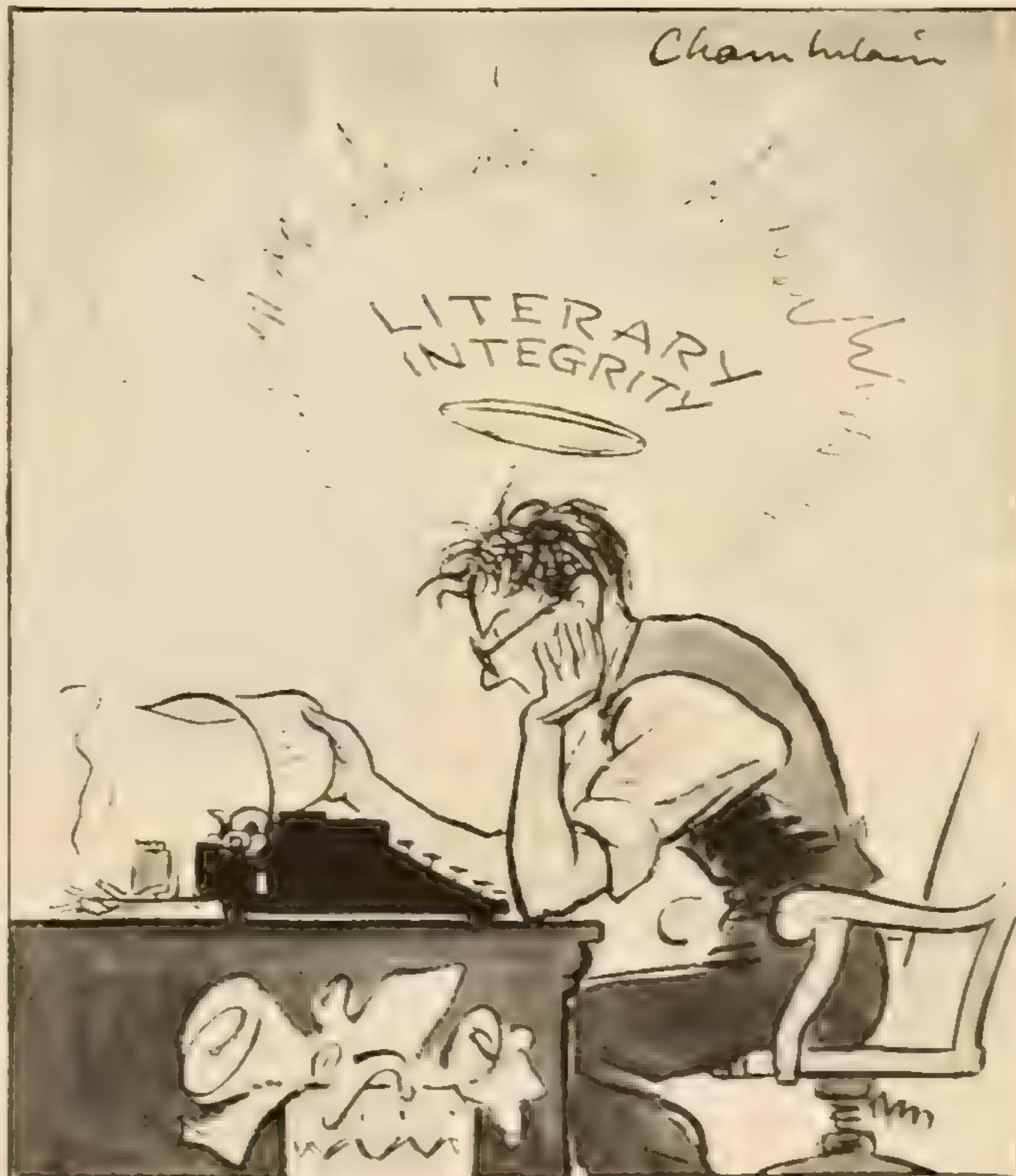
Of course, if the writer above had only thought to sell the company's stock short, he, too, might have owned a Rolls-Royce and thus have been able to argue the point of craftsmanship at least upon equal terms.

On the other hand, the writers themselves are not entirely without blame for this situation. They have, for the most part, taken the attitude that they are paid enough for their labor to do as they are told and assume no further responsibility.

They have seen their brain-children twisted and tortured and have only shaken their heads gently as they turned away from the sad spectacle. They have seen their work cinemangled beyond recognition and found consolation in the clink of gold. Every author of standing in the theater has a clause in his contract that no changes may be made in his work without his consent.

He would roar like a wounded tiger if he came to rehearsal and found that someone had ordered changes which affected character, structure, the entire personality of the whole work. In the studio he not only permits this to be done but learns to expect it.

Because he expects it, it is impossible for him to have the same creative feeling of true authorship he has in his own proper work. Without this feeling his writing lacks its normal power and is more subject to criticism, so that the very (Please turn to page 100)



Mr. DeMille predicts that tomorrow will make the writer of equal importance with the director and the producer. Is he right?

Next came the scenario writer who wrote film stories to order, and with his tongue in his cheek sold his soul for paltry gold.



Above, Katherine DeMille, daughter of Cecil B. She makes her screen debut in "The Trumpet Blows." Right, Richard Cromwell, actor and author of this glowing tribute.



DeMille

THE SECOND

It's tough being the daughter of the famous Cecil, says Katherine DeMille

By RICHARD CROMWELL

but people have already stopped saying, "There goes DeMille's daughter." I don't suppose Elizabeth went about saying, "I want to be a queen" and neither did Katie go about shouting, "I want to be an actress." They both bided their time and paid attention to what was going on about them.

KATIE has learned a great deal from her father. She has watched the business of making movies all her life. DeMille is a brilliant man and she reflects much of that brilliance. From him she has acquired poise and determination. She certainly has all of the other qualities, but he has also put her at a greater disadvantage. Very seldom do two people of one family attain fame and Mr. DeMille's would be very hard to equal. It's difficult to have people say, "Charming girl—DeMille's daughter, isn't she?—What is she doing now?" never to be taken seriously, just to be part of the DeMille legend. She's proud too, and here's an instance: During the making of "This Day and Age" Katherine came often to projection. Projection with DeMille is like holding court and all his subjects (staff, crew and actors) are invited to the "command performance." Each evening while the picture is in production they all gather to see the previous day's work shown on the screen. Unlike most directors, DeMille likes as many people to see these "rushes" (as they are called) as can give him intelligent comment, and God help that actor whose scenes are bad or the cameraman who has a shot out

of focus. He tears each scene to pieces with a vengeance and bawls the devil out of the guilty ones. He is fair though and never hesitates to praise a good bit.

So it happened one night that I sat next to Katie in the studio theater. Along with the regular "rushes" we saw a test he had taken of a girl for a part in his next picture, "Four Frightened People." The part has since been eliminated, but at that time it was to be an important one in the picture . . . that of a native girl. Katherine confessed to me that she would give her "eye teeth" or the equivalent, to play it. Afterward DeMille asked for suggestions . . . what did we think of it? . . . pretty bad? . . . well, who would we suggest? This was Katie's chance. He had probably not even considered her for the part. I thought she would have been perfect and started to suggest it, but she stopped me. I couldn't understand why. Then she explained, "I couldn't take advantage of him. If I were bad in the part, it would hurt him. The picture comes first, and he'd have to fire me. Besides, if I was all right, or even (*Please turn to page 65*)

IT'S no cinch being the daughter of the Great DeMille.

For twenty-one years Cecil B. has been THE producer-director de luxe and rightly so. He has become a legend . . . the king of kings . . . his lavish productions are unequaled, and he is as famous for spectacular bath tubs as for the women he has made (famous), but his throne is threatened.

Up to now there have been no rivals for the DeMille glory. He is still the only director whose name alone will carry (or sell) a picture, but now there is another DeMille to be contended with—his daughter Katherine.

These daughters kind of sneak up on a guy. Remember Henry the Eighth (he was a big shot too), well, his little gal Lisa didn't do so badly for herself. Of course Henry died before she really did very well, and DeMille will probably go on being king for another twenty-one years, but nevertheless he had better watch out.

It would be hard to imagine a theater advertising "Cleopatra," directed by Katherine DeMille's father,

**How famous stars
show their appreciation
to those who help them**



Marlene Dietrich has always given gold pieces to the crew. What will she do now?



Constance Bennett doesn't distribute gifts at the end of each picture, but waits for the holiday season.

By MAUDE LATHAM

A MODEST little idea was born in the picture studios several years ago. Today it's one of the many considerable items that make a dent in every star's salary.

When the industry was in its non-age, there began the custom of the leading player, or star, giving a big dinner for the company at the completion of a picture. It was a gesture of gratitude for everybody's cooperation.

"Like one big happy family" was not just a bit of sarcasm then. It was more or less of a reality. Cameraman, director and star usually worked together as a unit over long periods. Furthermore, the star had to depend more on the cameraman then than now. There were no make-up men to correct slight facial imperfections. There were no hairdressers to watch every wayward strand of hair. There was no panchromatic film to bring out color in blue or gray eyes.

All these things were up to the cameraman to watch, and correct, by the clever use of lights. When his work was especially good, the star made him a small gift as a token of appreciation. Oft-times, it amounted to no more than theater tickets for himself and wife, or something for the new baby.

BUT with the years, the idea has expanded, along with the stars' salaries. Today, money or a personal gift is distributed to every member of the working crew when a picture is "in the can," as the expression goes. This means electricians, property men, sound men, camera-

men, assistant director, cutter, make-up man, script girl, hairdresser and the director.

It's not done with a mercenary motive, nor as a bid for publicity. That's why you simply can not get anyone to talk about it.

A star feels that everyone connected with the making of a picture gives something of value in their services. These gifts express their gratitude. They vary in size according to the pocketbook or generosity



Norma Shearer goes on a lingerie-dispensing spree when one of her pictures is finished.

of the star, and take in everything from a gold toothpick to a new suit of clothes.

Mae West broke the record for a newcomer when her first Paramount picture was completed.

She distributed envelopes to every member of the working crew, en-



Clara Bow is like a kid about her presents to people. She waits around until they're opened to see how they're liked.



Completing "Alexander Hamilton," George Arliss gave ten-dollar bills with an engraving of Hamilton on them.

closing bills ranging from \$20 to \$100.

But then Mae's generosity has a touch of the oriental about it. Don't greatly admire something of hers. She is just as likely to hand it right over to you as a gift.

One day a young woman from the Paramount offices came on to the set. She remarked that Miss West's perfume was the fragrance that she adored above all others. Mae's reply was, "Yes, I like it, too."

But the next day the girl found a large bottle of the precious liquid on her desk, with a card from Mae West.

If you've ever saved your nickels in the hope of buying an ounce of this particular kind, you'll know that it took the better part of a fifty-dollar bill to pay for it.

GEORGE ARLISS made one of the nicest and most appropriate, gestures when "Alexander Hamilton" was completed. Every member of the company received a \$10 bill from him which bore the likeness of Alexander Hamilton. I'll bet that not even the current state of everybody's (Please turn to page 109)

Seeing Sights IN SKREENLAND

To Editor New Movey Mag, who must get happy all time looking at the ladies he publish.

DEAREST SIR:

A FEW days of yore I were in backyard, rubbing smooth shoe Polish on the Rev. Boots of my owner, Hon. Geo. F. Ogre. While doing this with rags my delicious brain could not stop working too, so I commence make-up of Hollywood Nt. Hymn:

"From Skreenland's icye mountins,
Put up by nice stage-hands,
Where even soada fountins

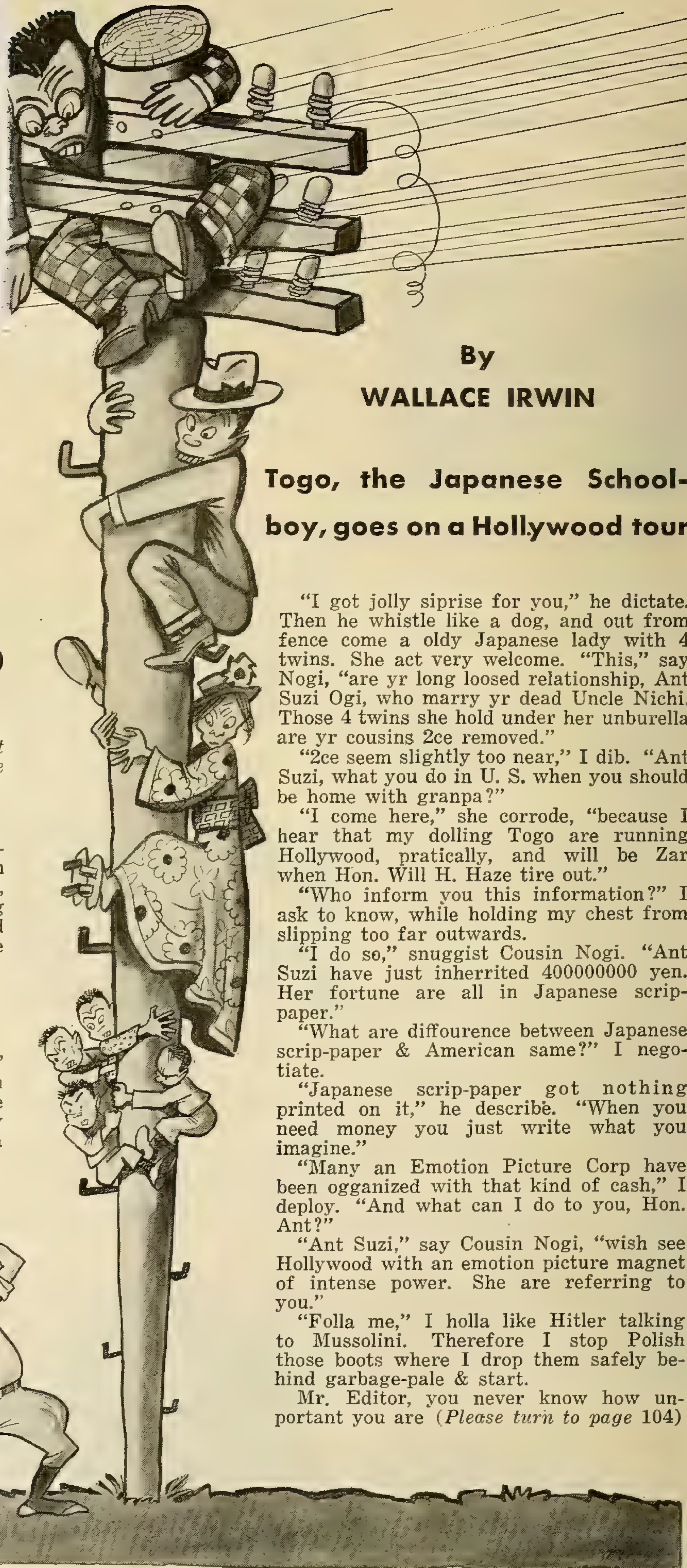
Do something to your glands. . . ."

"Ah, happy daze, Togo, happy daze!"

I look see, and there were my Cousin Nogi. By his tone of speech I could see that he want something else besides my adorable best hat he took when he borra my sox also. He wore those now, looking quite Sundry with sweetly smiling.

"What make you get so happy all of a suddenly?" I glub.

"I promus you something if you come down," he decrop. . . . "What you offer?" I require ambly. . . . "To kill you," he negotiate.



By

WALLACE IRWIN

Togo, the Japanese School-boy, goes on a Hollywood tour

"I got jolly siprise for you," he dictate. Then he whistle like a dog, and out from fence come a oldy Japanese lady with 4 twins. She act very welcome. "This," say Nogi, "are yr long loosed relationship, Ant Suzi Ogi, who marry yr dead Uncle Nichi. Those 4 twins she hold under her unburella are yr cousins 2ce removed."

"2ce seem slightly too near," I dib. "Ant Suzi, what you do in U. S. when you should be home with granpa?"

"I come here," she corrode, "because I hear that my dolling Togo are running Hollywood, pratically, and will be Zar when Hon. Will H. Haze tire out."

"Who inform you this information?" I ask to know, while holding my chest from slipping too far outwards.

"I do so," snuggist Cousin Nogi. "Ant Suzi have just inherited 400000000 yen. Her fortune are all in Japanese scrip-paper."

"What are diffourence between Japanese scrip-paper & American same?" I negotiate.

"Japanese scrip-paper got nothing printed on it," he describè. "When you need money you just write what you imagine."

"Many an Emotion Picture Corp have been oganized with that kind of cash," I deploy. "And what can I do to you, Hon. Ant?"

"Ant Suzi," say Cousin Nogi, "wish see Hollywood with an emotion picture magnet of intense power. She are referring to you."

"Folla me," I holla like Hitler talking to Mussolini. Therefore I stop Polish those boots where I drop them safely behind garbage-pale & start.

Mr. Editor, you never know how unportant you are (*Please turn to page 104*)



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Check up on those jangled nerves today

Yes, a simple little nervous habit such as wringing out your handkerchief is really a sign of jangled nerves.

And jangled nerves may mean lines in your face—They mean that in time you may look years older than you are.

So if you find yourself with any of those little nervous habits, check up on yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And watch your smoking.

Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!



TEST YOUR NERVES..

Write for illustrated book of 20 nerve tests. **FREE!** See if you have healthy nerves. Have loads of fun testing friends for "jangled nerves." Mail order-blank below with the fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Free book comes postpaid.



CLIP THIS COUPON

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Dept. 118-A, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I enclose fronts from 2 packs of Camels.
Send me book of nerve tests postpaid.

Name.....
(Print Name)

Street.....

City..... State.....

Offer expires December 31, 1934

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT
...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

The New Deal in GLASS

Quench your summer thirst with beverage-filled glasses decorated in the modern manner

DRINKING merely to quench your thirst or to drown your sorrows calls for no elaborate glassware. An old-fashioned jelly tumbler or a battered tin cup will serve the purpose. But if you have an eye to style and a taste for flavor then the design and color and shape of the glass are of real importance.

The secret of fine glass making was once known only to a few and even within recent times glasses of real distinction could be enjoyed only by a favored few, not only because of their high initial cost but because of their extreme fragility. It is now possible to buy reasonably priced glasses that are not only sturdy enough to survive an amazing amount of hard usage but that are really beautiful in design. Many of the smartest of these glasses come in a variety of useful sizes. There is a five-ounce beverage glass that you can use, among other things, for fruit juice or for tomato juice cocktails, a nine-ounce glass that is the usual choice for water or milk, a ten-ounce glass for lemonade or highballs, a twelve-ounce glass for ice tea, and the larger fourteen-ounce highball glass.

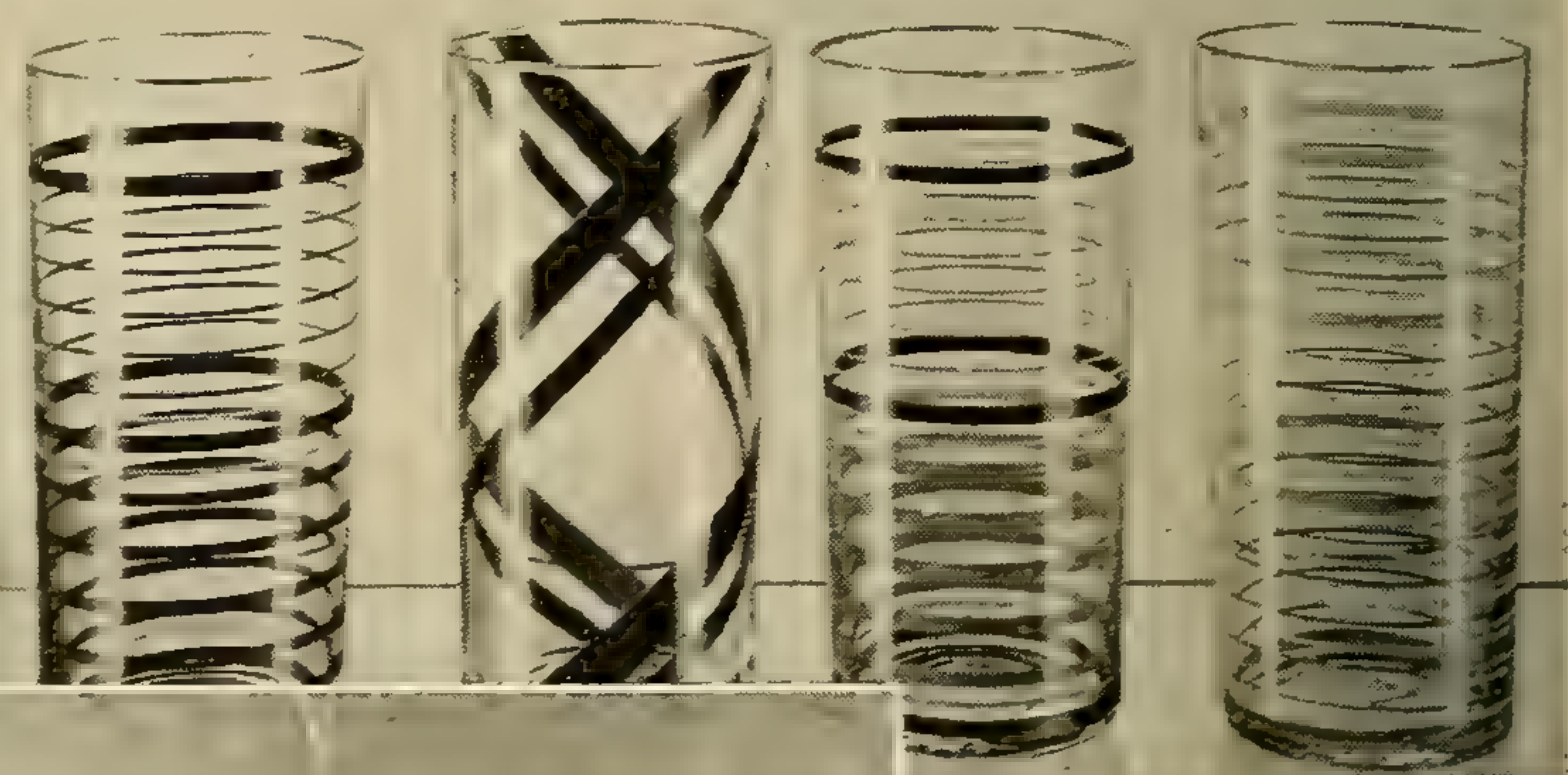
Modern glass makers have taken pains to provide glasses for a wide variety of tastes and dispositions. If you are a conservative sort of person who prefers to take your ice tea or other cooling summer drink without benefit of gay color, choose a simple band design in white, black and platinum. On the other hand if you are blessed with a light and rather frivolous nature you will prefer the new bubble glasses, decorated with an assortment of red, green, yellow, orange and blue dots.

If you are a more practical sort of person, interested more in facts than in fancies—and still like color with your liquid refreshments—choose the tumbler showing five platinum bands combined with blocks of red, orange, yellow, green and blue or one showing colored rectangles in combination with platinum and black bands.

Other glasses that give you an opportunity to satisfy your taste for color show interesting band treatments of red with black, orange with green, yellow with green, green with red, blue with green and black with yellow. But, if with your enjoyment of better business and the new deal you still retain a saving sense of thrift you cannot possibly do better than to stock your pantry shelves with an assortment of the colorful Scotch plaid glasses that may be had in no less than six useful sizes.

A plentiful supply of ice has greatly simplified the question of cold drinks in the home. Perhaps you do not wish to serve beer and other beverages ice cold, but that does not mean you have to have a deep, dark cellar for storage. With a little ingenuity you can duplicate any temperature by regulating the refrigerator or by shifting the beverage bottles.

Stem glasses served a practical purpose to begin with. When it was difficult to chill your drink to a refreshing temperature the stem kept off the heat of the hand. Now well-chilled beer, milk or water can be served in either type of glass.



Courtesy L. Wray Glass Mfg. Co.

Platinum bands, colorful bubbles, plaids and spirals give zest to the long, cool drink of 1934.

You don't have to drink Scotch to enjoy your favorite beverages in these Scotch plaid glasses.



Red, green, yellow, orange and blue bubble glasses in highball, ice tea and regulation table size.

WANTED---

Junior Safety Volunteers!

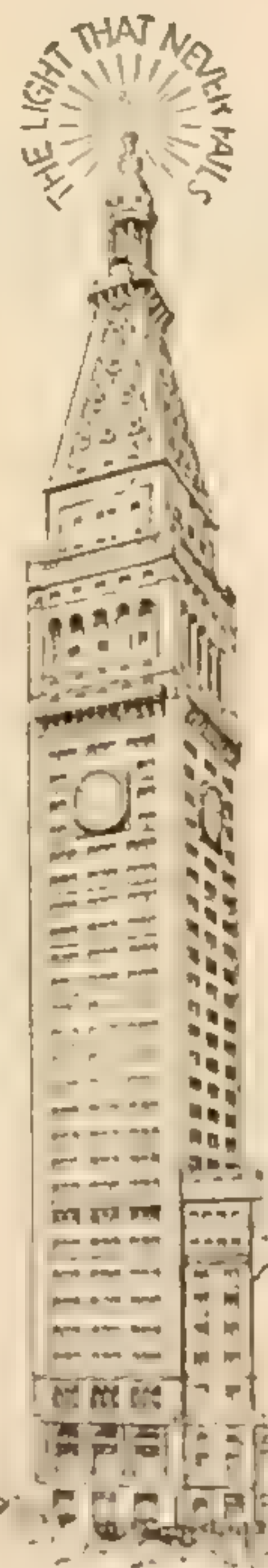


WOULD you like to be a Junior Safety Volunteer and have a booklet with pictures in it showing how you can help to prevent accidents? Your booklet will have a place on it for your name.

Of course you are smart enough to take care of yourself on the street, and you surely know how to keep an eye on kids who forget to look where they are going—especially the little ones.

If you save someone from being killed or having his bones broken you will remember it as long as you live. And you will be on the lookout for just such a chance.

More than a thousand children a month are killed by accident in our country and more than a hundred thousand are hurt—many of them seriously—in spite of all that has been done by fathers and mothers, teachers and traffic officers to keep boys and girls from being injured.



The Metropolitan hopes that when Junior Safety Volunteers are on the alert, all over the country, there will be a very different story to tell about accidents next month and the months to follow.

Print your name and address on the coupon and be one of the first Junior Safety Volunteers in your neighborhood. While being careful about yourself you can do a grand job looking after schoolmates, or possibly grown people who will not know so much about accidents as you will after you get your free booklet. Who will be the first to volunteer?

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Dept. 634-B
One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I want to help prevent accidents. Please send my copy of "The Junior Safety Volunteer."

Name _____
(Print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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NEW HATS

Be prepared for warmer weather with these Hollywood hat and scarf sets

By FRANCES COWLES

1. You would be surprised to know how easily this scarf and cap can be made. It is smart enough for the street and simple enough for country sports.

2. Be nonchalant this Summer in an off-the-face hat made of seersucker that rests on your head like nothing. The scarf shields your neck from sunburn.

3. Paris sets the style for plaid hats this Summer. Why not make one for yourself with a ribbon to tie at the back and a pleated scarf to match?

Hats designed by Helen
Schad and drawings by
Flora Smith



If you would like to obtain hat and scarf patterns and directions please turn to page 70.

To avoid Wrinkles...to Fight Dryness

CHERISH BOTH YOUR SKINS

In **UNDER SKIN** (right) ward off dreaded wrinkles with deep, penetrating oil-rich cream.

In **OUTER SKIN** (in center) stop mortifying dryness . . . roughness, with moistening cream.

THE APPLE TELLS HOW WRINKLES COME



1 At its peak, the inner and outer skins are both firm and smooth.

2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunk.

3 The outer skin wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This happens in human skin!

FEW WOMEN know they must take proper care of both their skins to present a clear, fresh complexion to the world. Their *outer* skin and their *under* skin. That's not only sound sense—that's accepted scientific knowledge!

The outer skin is wafer-thin. It protects the under skin from weather, climate, exposure. The under skin is many times thicker—and is full of nerves, blood vessels, tiny glands, that supply it with oil.

WRINKLES . . . Long before you're aware of them, insidious wrinkles start way down in your half-starved under skin. Natural beauty oils there keep it young, firm. After "20" these oil glands often fail to function precisely. Pond's Cold Cream penetrates deeply—carries to your under skin the oils it lacks. It keeps mortifying wrinkles at bay. And Pond's Cold Cream has been famous for years as a skin cleanser!

THE ANSWER TO DRYNESS . . . Your extremely delicate outer skin should always be kept moist. Weather, wind, steam heat, dust . . . all sap natural moisture from your thirsty outer skin. Even young women suffer from skin roughening. Don't use a grease cream for this. You need the wonderful moisture-restoring substance in Pond's Vanishing Cream! It is wonderful for softening chapped, dried-out skins quickly. Smooth it on hands, neck, arms and face.

This is how the arrestingly beautiful Mrs. John Davis Lodge describes her Pond's Two-Skin Treatment.

1. "My nighttime cleansing . . . Pond's Cold Cream patted in well . . . removed with Pond's Tissues. Then a second cleansing, for final toning and firming. Again . . . Pond's soft Tissues.



Mrs. John Davis Lodge

(née Francesca Braggiotti) keeps both her Under and Outer skins young . . . fresh . . . with Pond's Two-Skin Treatment. "I really believe these Two Creams are all any woman needs."

2. "Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream, which I leave on overnight. It softens and smooths my skin beautifully.

3. "Mornings, and during the day, I cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Then Pond's Vanishing Cream. Powder and rouge go on so evenly."

Try the Pond's Two Creams yourself! Send for samples! In no time at all you will see how velvety soft and fresh your skin will be.



● For your *Under Skin*—Pond's Cold Cream. Olly. Or Pond's Liquefying Cream. Melts Instantly.

● For your *Outer Skin*—use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's greaseless!

SEND FOR SAMPLES

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. F
48 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and two different shades of Pond's New Face Powder as checked.

I prefer Light Shades ☐
I prefer Dark Shades ☐

Name

Street

City State

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

Any camera
plus Verichrome
Film is the best
combination yet
for day-in and day-
out picture-making
...Verichrome
works where
ordinary films fail.



**HOW VERICHROME
DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM**

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM

Little Women Contest

THE March issue of NEW MOVIE offered six awards for the best letters on why its readers packed the theaters of America to see "Little Women." Here are the winning letters, as selected by the contest judges:

First Prize—\$50

IF the opportunity came to revisit my grandmother and her beloved cookie jar and singing teakettle, I'd rejoice.

Just so—when "Little Women" came to the screen, I HAD to renew my friendship with these dear companions of my youth. I love them just as I love the memory of my grandmother. I didn't go to see Katharine Hepburn. I went to see "Jo." I came away dreamily content. By happy fortune, the producers had symbolized my old friends—not made the characters symbolize the stars. My treasured memory is sweetly intensified—not disillusioned—a rare thing in the movies.

Mrs. D. S. Campbell
1661 Sacramento St., Apt. 5
San Francisco, Calif.

Second Prize—\$10

I WENT to see "Little Women" because I knew that no matter how much the story was torn down in picturization, there must still remain the clean, sweet home-life of the early sixties.

The public is surfeited with slush, sexuality, and booze guzzling, as is evidenced by the box-office receipts of "Little Women."

The bubble has burst; we have come down to earth; we are groping for something substantial. And the sooner the picture industry realizes this fact, the sooner it will again establish its prestige.

Mrs. Vida B. Butcher
107 South St.,
Ocononcowoc, Wisconsin

Third Prize—\$10

WE did not see "Little Women" because of its cast; neither did its merited fame impel us.

We went because we knew of no more eloquent and effective way of appealing for clean pictures; because we wanted to prove the number of us attracted by the filthy innuendos so shamefully characteristic of many pictures today is grossly exaggerated; because we appreciate delicacy and reserve in pictorial display of human passions; and because we had waited a long while for a picture to which we could take mother and sister and daughter without fear of embarrass-

ment or consequences even more regrettable.

Samuel R. Blanken
4206 14th Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Fourth Prize—\$10

THE overwhelming success of "Little Women" was due to its being released at an opportune time. With the general depression people have become more serious-minded and the movies instead of simply being a "fill-in," have become the sole entertainment of many. Weary of vulgarity and sensationalism, American audiences welcomed the simple story of the immortal March family. We have had an overdose of unwholesome pictures. Producers, by making each production an exceptional one, would find an appreciative public—what proof? Witness—"Little Women."

(Miss) E. Rogers
111 Midland Ave.,
Arlington, N. J.

Fifth Prize—\$10

THE American movie audiences are intelligent, and are about tired of the types of pictures offered recently.

Too much of the sex, burlesque, musical-comedy themes, following the also overdone racketeer pictures.

"Little Women" came as a pleasant surprise; it brought to us of this complex age, a glimpse of the refreshing life of an unhurried era.

It was so real, clean and appealing, and delightfully portrayed by an ideally chosen cast.

Seeing "Little Women" was like going from the noisy bedlam of city streets, into a lovely garden.

Jean Leach
13 Newport St.,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Sixth Prize—\$10

I HAVE read "Little Women" many times, each time with greater pleasure. I hoped for a long time to see it on the screen.

I did not go especially to see Miss Hepburn, though I knew I should enjoy her as Jo, the boyish, impulsive character everyone loves.

Nor did I go simply because of the fame of Miss Alcott's book.

I wanted to see nice plain people living wholesome, uneventful lives in their own way.

Lives can be interesting without teaming SIN, SEX and MONEY.

Mary Christine Carroll
11 Hughes Ave., Glen Oaks,
Rye, N. Y.

The July issue of
NEW MOVIE

will be on sale June 1st. Get your copy early . . . The supply won't last all month.



*I'm sending the snapshot
— did you really mean it?
when you asked for one?*

★ How much a snapshot says to the one who waits for it! No longer is the separation real. This little square of paper brings them face to face. Hearing the whispers that cannot be written in a letter. Feeling the heartbeats . . . Always snapshots have been intimate and expressive, but now they are more so than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film wipes out the old limitations. People look natural, as you want them. Use Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Don't just write it—

Picture it—with snapshots

FRUIT with a Flourish

BY
NANCY
JAMES



Raising oranges is Elissa Landi's favorite hobby.



Warner Baxter brings avocados from his own trees for his favorite salad.



Here are favorite recipes
from Hollywood's amateur
fruit growers

RAISING fruit and making motion pictures are about the most important things they do out Hollywood way, and within a radius of fifty miles of the hub of motion picture activities you will find two kinds of people. Those who take their fruit seriously and their pictures by way of diversion, and those other people who take their pictures seriously and their fruit as a diversion.

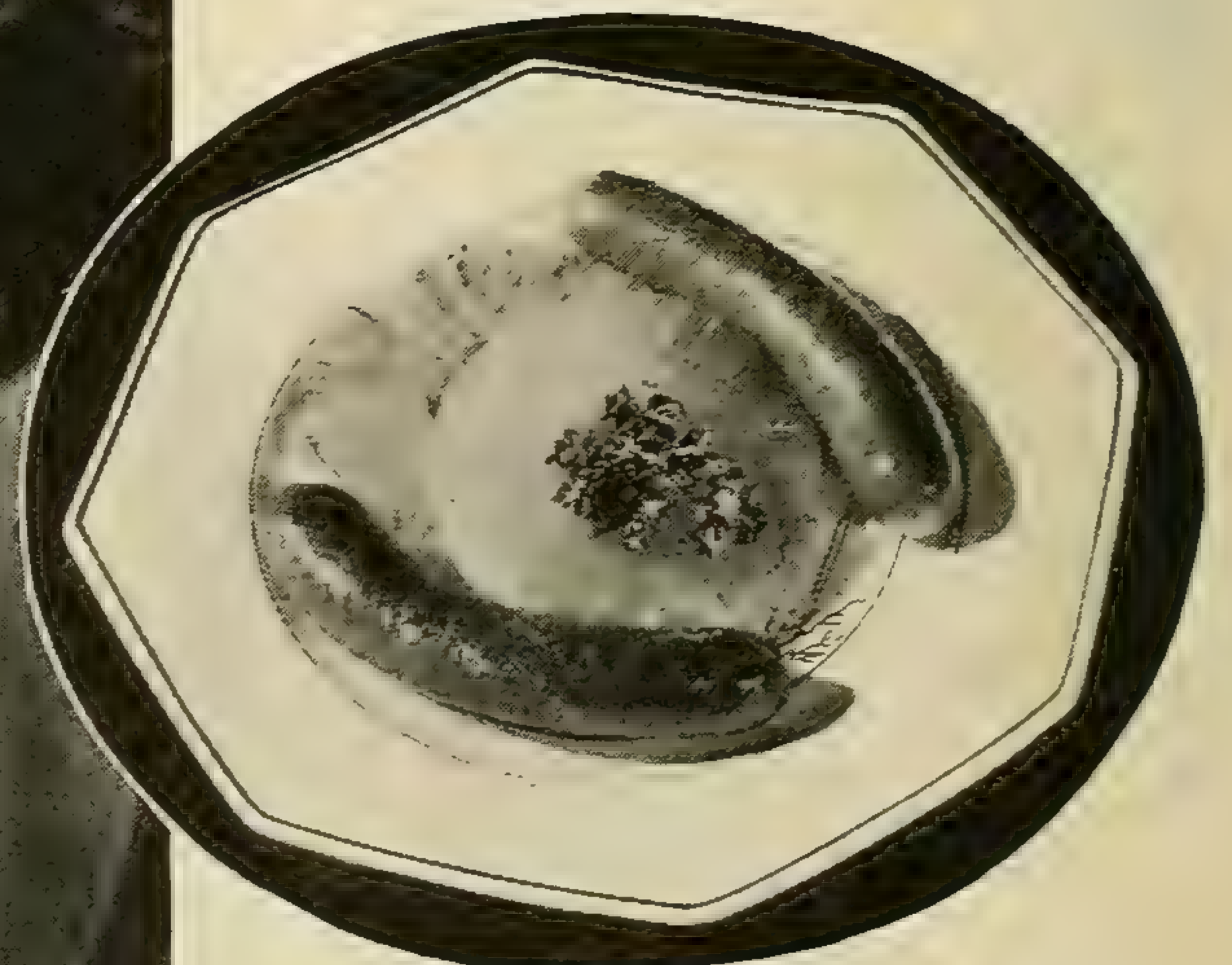
There's that little Columbia star, Elissa Landi, for instance. The really serious business in life to her is making pictures, but by way of diversion she owns and supervises a fruit orchard that would meet with the approval of any seasoned rancher. Oranges and grapefruit are her special hobby with figs and guavas as side lines.

Warner Baxter's estate also displays a proud assortment of California's favorite fruit—with special emphasis on avocados which he gathers from his own trees to make his favorite salad. If you have no avocado tree of your own you can buy an avocado at the fruit stand and try this salad for yourself.

First remove the skin from the avocado, take out the pit, and cut the fruit into thin, wafer-like slices; alternate with similar orange slices. Place on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves and serve with French dressing.

Alice Faye, (*Please turn to page 68*)

For information concerning this month's food circulars please turn to page 108.



Hollywood special-grilled pineapple,
with sausages on the side.

Use TINTEX— for Everything Faded in Your Apparel and Home Decorations



Use TINTEX for

Underthings...Negligees
Dresses... Sweaters
Scarfs...Stockings...Slips
Blouses... Children's
Clothes... Men's Shirts
Curtains... Bed Spreads
Drapes... Luncheon Sets
Doilies... Slip Covers

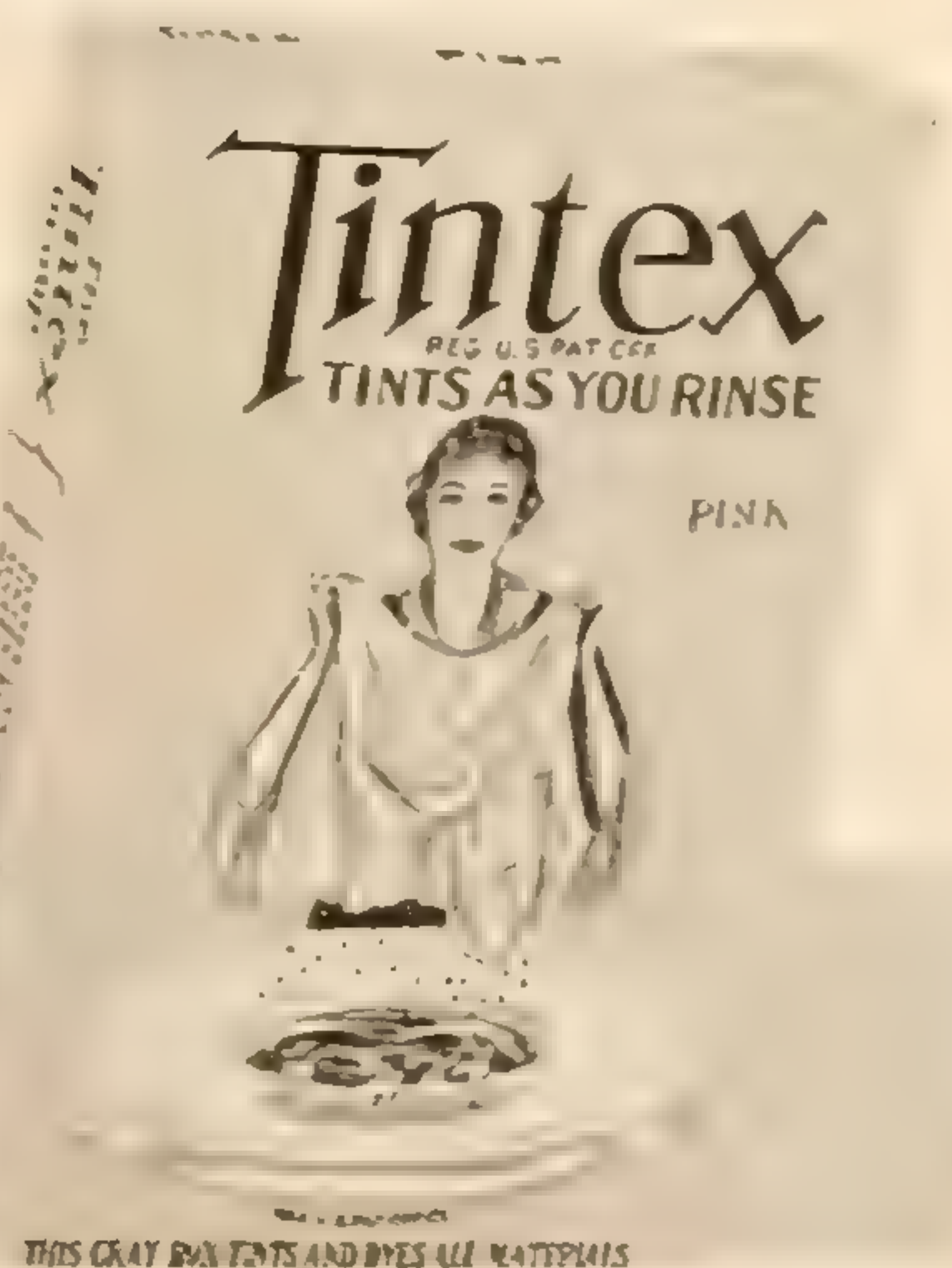
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EVERY day Tintex is performing its miracle of color in millions of homes. With these simplest and quickest of all tints and dyes you, too, can make faded fabrics become new again...or you can give them different colors, if you wish.

Use easy Tintex for everything in your Spring and Summer wardrobe. And for home-decorations, too. Saves time, money and disappointment. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

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Largest
Selling* Tints and Dyes

MUSIC IN THE MOVIES



WONDER BAR" from the picture of the same name, is a delightful melody, with a decided tango swing to it. Freddy Martin and his orchestra do this one, in excellent style too. Nice trombone work in it, also. Wes Vaughn sings the vocal chorus.

On the other side is another tune from the same Movie. "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" is the title of this one. A bit more swingy than the preceding side. Freddy Martin and his orchestra also play this one with swell vocal work by Terry Shand, who sounds at first like Rudy Vallee and is supported by the male trio. (Brunswick record No. 6770.)

THAT'S LOVE" from the motion picture, "Nana" is another sweet bit of music, this time dished up by Syd Peltyn and his orchestra. The tune is not outstanding, but it's dressed up very well by the orchestra, and makes a very enjoyable record.

"Old Pappy" is the tune on the other side; also played by Syd Peltyn and his orchestra. Here is a swell tune, and played excellently by the orchestra. There is a real good vocal in this one too. I advise you not to miss this one. (Bluebird record No. B-5638-B.)

THIS LITTLE PIGGIE WENT TO MARKET" from the picture, "Eight Girls in a Boat," is sung by Ruth Etting. Miss Etting is right up to par in this one, and I'm sure her admirers will welcome this latest bit. It is the best vocal record that I've heard of this tune.

On the other side Ruth Etting sings, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," from the musical comedy, "Roberta." This is a typical Etting tune, and she handles it in great style. (Brunswick record No. 6769.)

FARE THEE WELL TO HARLEM" is played by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. To tell the truth, the orchestra doesn't do much in this one, as it's almost a completely vocal record, with Johnny Mercer and Jack Teagarden trying to out-yodel each other. However, it's good all the way through and Teagarden gives us a bit of his swell trombone work.

The other side is played by Jack Jackson and his orchestra, an English outfit. "Everybody Loves My Marguerite" is the title of the tune they play. This is a sweet, easy-going melody, and the orchestra does very nicely with it. There is a vocal refrain. (Victor record No. 24571-B.)

(Please turn to page 68)

BIGGEST HITS

"Wonder Bar," played by Freddy Martin and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"That's Love," played by Syd Peltyn and his orchestra. (Bluebird)

"This Little Piggie Went to Market," sung by Ruth Etting. (Brunswick)

"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," sung by Ruth Etting. (Brunswick)

"Mister Magician," played by Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra. (Vocalion)

STRANGE COLORS FOUND IN HUMAN SKIN—

REVOLUTIONIZE FACE POWDERS



NEW DEVICE FINDS

Bright Blue IN BLONDE SKIN
Startling Green IN BRUNETTE

ACTUAL RECORD TAKEN BY DELICATE
OPTICAL MACHINE PRODUCES NEW
POWDER SHADES THAT CORRECT
COMPLEXION FAULTS

Miss Charlotte Young says, "Pond's Rose Cream is wonderful for blondes or fair-skinned brunettes."



Actually
at 30¢
Powder
ONLY 55¢



10¢



Mrs. Edward Burns—a typical brunette—uses Pond's Rose Brunette. "No other powder has ever seemed so grand for my skin."

BLONDES and Brunettes need no longer guess about the face powder they should use.

A new era in powder blending has come about.

Here's the amazing truth... In every human skin, there are colors you cannot distinguish with the human eye.

Now, a delicate optical machine has

finally been found to detect those colors. By means of this machine, Pond's actually recorded to the smallest degree the bright blue in blonde skin—the startling green in brunette.

Many skins analyzed

Many blonde and brunette skins were analyzed to find exactly *what amount* of blue makes the most beautiful blonde skin, what *green* goes into the loveliest brunette skin.

Then Pond's used these actual records to blend their new powder shades.

Now any girl can be sure that these scientifically analyzed powders will bring back to her just the colors missing in her own skin.

Pond's powder is finer in texture than expensive French powders. And Pond's has the same fragrance as a certain very costly imported powder. A lovely glass jar for only 55¢ contains as much as most \$1.00 boxes. And, in the five-and-ten and variety stores—ten and

twenty-five cent sizes. Six colors! Natural, Light Cream, Rose Cream, Brunette, Rose Brunette, Dark Brunette.

★ Two Special Boxes for 5¢. Send Coupon.

Send for two special boxes of Pond's powder—two new light shades or two new dark shades—as you prefer. Try them! See what life—beauty—these new colors bring to your skin.

Pond's Extract Company
Dept. F, 92 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for
TWO Special Boxes of Pond's New Powder as checked.
I prefer Light Shades ☐ I prefer Dark Shades ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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News of the New

BREEZES of fashion shift easily, and while the wind-blown silhouette of last Winter meant one thing, this Summer it apparently means something quite the reverse. Then we were sailing against the wind, with the fullness of skirt centered at the back. Now we are sailing with the wind, with fullness shifted lightly forward.

In the world of fashions, winds may quite easily blow two ways at the same time, so that while the fullness of our skirts appears to be blown forward our hair may be blown smartly off our foreheads and our hats may have a back blown tilt. But of this no one is quite certain. Only a few weeks ago bare foreheads were in order, and now the latest word from Paris indicates the smartness of a short straight bang.



HERE'S something new in constructive beauty culture—lessons in loveliness given to you by experts with your own fair face as the object of your attentions. You take your place in front of a make-up table spread with all sorts of tempting cosmetics. Eight or nine others, who make up the class, are seated at similar make-up tables while an expert gives you instructions and individual guidance in beautifying your skin, your eyes and your lips. She will tell you precisely what shade of rouge you should use and where it should be applied to best advantage, and she will study your face and show you how to bring out all the latent beauty in your eyes and lips.

There are classes in the morning and afternoon for the home-makers and women of leisure, with special evening classes for the busy business woman who realizes that an understanding of beauty culture and the best use of cosmetics may be as useful to her as a brush-up course in French or Spanish.

At one of these new schools of beauty, where classes are strictly limited to ten, arrangements may be made so that you with nine of your friends may have a special hour all your own. One lesson would give you help—two or three would give you the claims to real expertness.

Even those self-sufficient women who think that they know all that there is to know about the use of rouge, powder and other cosmetics will learn dozens of new ways to increase their charms.



THERE always seems to be something to worry about and, while fifteen or twenty years ago, philanthropists were worrying about the long hours that we working girls had to spend sitting at our desks, standing behind our counters or tending our machines, they are now giving a lot of kindly consideration to the subject of how we will spend our new leisure. Once they were afraid we would ruin our health working too much and now, perhaps, they are afraid we will get into bad habits with not enough to do.

Deans of women's colleges, presidents of large industrial organizations, mayors of cities, personnel directors, plant managers here, there and everywhere have been called upon to give wise advice—but the most helpful and altogether pleasant suggestions have come from certain department stores who have shown us concretely what hobbies we might pursue.

Bagatelle, parcheesi, checkers, lotto and camelot we soon discover are not a bit too childish to focus our adult attention. As Summer comes we may take up Tom Thumb golf or croquet on our own front lawns. There are dozens of musical instruments of a not too intricate sort if we wish to make melody and, if we are conscious of latent artistic talents, we can now dabble in water colors or oils at a most reasonable cost.



CCHEESE to the average American housewife a few years ago was just cheese—a yellow sort of nourishment sold in wedge-shape pieces at the corner grocery store, that could be made into welsh rabbits or served with pie. There were also the “smelly” cheeses—limburger, brie, and camembert, appreciated by only a few, until ten or fifteen years ago. Then we all began to wake up to the fact that the world was full of a variety of delicious cheeses that could be used to give welcome variety to the diet and add style and tone to our meals.

Much the same thing is happening now with respect to sausage. To many of us the word still means little more than frankfurter, bologna, salame and the regular sort of fresh pork sausage that can be bought either “loose” or in



links. If you are discriminating in your taste you know, too, that there is a big difference in the flavor of this fresh pork sausage, depending on the grade and freshness of the meat used and the precise blending of spices and other seasonings. That is as much as most of us know about it. The fact is that sausage of one sort or another has been a very important and valuable food for over three thousand years and, to quote that well-known dietitian, Lucy Graves, sausage is known today by almost as many names as it is years old.

The spiced and salted sausages were among the earliest forms of preserved foods and, just as with cheese, each community recorded something of its own taste in food flavors by the type of sausage it chose to produce.

Now there seems to be starting what might be called a newer knowledge of sausage, not only of its food value and convenience, but of its interesting flavors and style value. While the busy housewife felt a sense of apology at sending the children to the corner store for fifteen cents worth of bologna for their midday meal, she now realizes that pure high-grade sausage gives commendable variety and nourishment to children's diet, and the style-conscious hostess feels that she is showing her sophistication when she offers a plate of assorted sausage as an *hors d'oeuvre* at luncheon or as the *pièce de résistance* at a late supper.

*Only Peach Bloom on the Blonde
But Too Bad on the Brunette*



MAKE UNSIGHTLY HAIR INVISIBLE WITH MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH



DARK hair on face and arms doesn't get by! Everyone sees it. Men think it undainty, unfeminine. Nature protects the blonde. But the only completely satisfactory protection the brunette has is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Marchand's makes the unsightly hair pale and UNNOTICEABLE. After one or two applications of Marchand's, face and arms become dainty and smooth. Marchand's

enables the brunette to do for herself what nature has done for the blonde.

Takes only 20 minutes—avoids the dangers of shaving—does not encourage course re-growth. It does not irritate the skin or make it hard. Most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Smartly, Beautifully Golden. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is

used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure you get genuine MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GET BY MAIL

Use Coupon Below

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, *innate* beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

TM-634

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps) Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name.....

Address.....City.....State.....

"it Tastes
so Good



—can it be
effective?"

EX-LAX looks like chocolate—
tastes like chocolate. Yet no
nasty-tasting, violent cathartic was
ever a bit more effective!

Ex-Lax doesn't cause stomach
pains. Ex-Lax works the way a
perfect laxative ought to work—
gently but thoroughly—without
disturbing the system.

You take Ex-Lax just like you
would a bit of chocolate. No bottles
to shake—no corks to lose. Nothing
to gulp down. Nothing to make
you shiver and shudder. Nothing
to splash or stain the washbowl!

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for
all—men, women, the kiddies—
everybody! And the nation knows
it—for Ex-Lax is America's lead-
ing laxative!

Ex-Lax isn't a bit expensive.
10c and 25c at all drug stores.

But see that you get the *genuine*
Ex-Lax, spelled E-X-L-A-X.



Hollywood's Younger Set

(Continued from page 6)

is the real reason for this juvenile's sudden disappearance from the film colony? The answer is, "Little Women." Eric's greatest desire was to play the leading male role in Louisa Alcott's masterpiece—a role that was finally awarded to Douglass Montgomery. The decision against Eric apparently crushed him too deeply to permit his remaining in Hollywood. But never yet has a motion picture actor been able to dismiss the appeal of grease-paint so nonchalantly and completely. Watch for Linden's return to Hollywood and to his beloved profession.

BLACK and blue, but principally blue, was the beautiful Patricia Ellis, after three weeks on location at the Al G. Barnes circus winter quarters, where she unexpectedly and without previous notice, became acrobat, animal trainer and bare-back rider. When you see the Joe E. Brown picture, "Circus Clown," you will be witnessing the real McCoy in the depiction of circus life. So far, Patricia has spent hours hanging forty feet above the ground on a rope or trapeze—has wrestled with a lion (the same "Leo" that took a nip at Joe Brown)—was made to play with the seals, and finally spent four days learning to ride bare-back with the famous "Poodles" Hanneford as her teacher. So, if you hear of Pat raising elephants in her back yard, you'll know that the sawdust got her!

WHEN M-G-M rushed Mary Carlisle off to New York for personal appearances, the last thing they said to her was, "Don't forget your diet!" The studio is anxious for their starlet to lose a little weight. Mary didn't forget it. She packed a suitcase full of the various concentrated foods she was permitted to eat en route, and remembered well that she must not even taste any other food. Then, what a disappointment! The second day after leaving Los Angeles, her mother received the following telegram:

"FOOD STOLEN—STARVING TO DEATH—LOVE. MARY."

Mrs. Carlisle rushed new containers to replace the stolen ones.

THE Fox Studio would have us believe that a girl who isn't intelligent and able to understand orders, is not the type that a dance director will select for a big musical production—which is quite believable. So Lew Brown, producer of the "Follies," has made up a set of questions, constituting a sort of Intelligence Test, which the girls are required to pass before they're even permitted to face a camera. Here it is:

In what year did the World War end?

What does C.W.A. mean?

What is the capital of New York State?

Who is George Bernard Shaw?

Describe the Darwinian theory in one word?

Who is Vice-President of the United States?

On what date does Decoration Day fall?

How many license plates are required on an automobile in most States?

When it is noon in New York City,

what time is it in the Pacific Coast cities?

So, girls, if you know on what date the Fourth of July comes, and can dance a little, maybe you can get a job with Fox!

TWO great actors were up for the same part recently at Paramount, and it finally went to the older—Master Richard Arlen, Jr., aged eight months. Master Gary Evans Crosby (the six-months-old son of the crooner)—the other applicant—was questioned as to why he didn't land the part. Gary replied firmly, but with all dignity, "Not enough money, in the first place, and secondly, I didn't like the dialogue."

DID you see little George Breakston as "Nemecsek" in "No Greater Glory"? He's a bright boy, that French lad, and is already looking to the future. No—not as an actor, but as producer and director. George, now eleven years of age, has his own motion picture camera and projection set. He writes plays and tries them out on his classmates at school. If the play clicks, George immediately selects a cast from among his friends—puts the picture into production and directs it personally. When the boy isn't busy filming these stories, he is making short subjects featuring guinea pigs, dogs, cats, ponies, and any other animals he can find handy. He is one of Columbia's new "finds," and a star in his own right, but that—with George—is quite secondary to his own production plans.

AFTER a three-mile work-out on the beach, twice a week, Jay Lloyd and Irene Hervey sit on the sands and study diction. Jay is trying to run away from that southern accent. . . . Joan Marsh, featured in Paramount's "You're Telling Me," made her screen debut when nine years old, her first picture being "Hearts Aflame," on which her father, Charles Rosher, was the chief camera-man. . . . Tom Brown gave Anita Louise a cute Scotty puppy as a first anniversary gift. Tom and Anita have been going together just a year now. . . . Billie Seward, nineteen-year-old Columbia beauty, was more than surprised the other day when she received a fan letter for her performance of "Once to Every Woman." Her "performance" consisted of lying in bed with practically her entire face covered with bandages, so Billie can't quite figure out how her admirer thought she was so beautiful. . . . Jack Boyle, son of Johnny Boyle, stage producer and one of the country's greatest tap-dancers, was signed for Fox's production, "Bottoms Up," on the strength of a specialty dance at the Guild Actors' ball. . . . And we close with a letter from the writer to Eddie Quillan:

"Dear Eddie—Where are you? I've been trying for weeks to locate you for an interview, and also to have our photographer do some work on you—fans are interested. I've called all studios and they didn't know a thing. They haven't the slightest idea where you can be reached, and neither have I. I'm now searching the monasteries.

"Yours, without a clew,
"H. W."

DeMille the Second

(Continued from page 52)

good, people would think that he had favored me. I couldn't bear that. No, I shall prove myself before I ever work for him." So he probably doesn't know yet that Katie wanted that part, badly too. That's courage.

BUT her time has come. While the family were in Hawaii on "Four Frightened People," Katherine got herself a job in "Viva Villa" all by herself. She had done a few bits, but this is a real part wherein she plays Wallace Beery's wife. This part is finished, and she is beautifully outstanding and clever in the small role. Next she started work in "The Trumpet Blows." A new DeMille legend is started . . . make way for DeMille the Second, herself, actress.

Olive-skinned, the world's largest brown eyes, the most infectious laugh, the disposition of an angel, the most perfect sense of the ridiculous . . . has a passion for sailing and swimming . . . is nuts on the subject of Russia . . . has poise you could cut with a knife . . . as enigmatic as a Chink . . . has a Chink's horror of emotional display, but can break down under proper strain and behave like a very small, very sweet little girl . . . drives an Auburn that she is still paying for herself on the instalment plan . . . wants a sail-boat in the very worst way . . . reads a great deal, but doesn't fancy herself of the intelligentsia . . . has the understanding of a mother, the heart of a child and the mind of a man, the ambition of Crawford, the aloofness of Garbo, the down-to-earth sweetness of Helen Hayes and an individuality that defies comparison . . . God, what a build-up! . . . but it's all true . . . just wait and see . . . for yourself.

Your Hands in Hollywood

(Continued from page 15)

The rule in all dramatic training is to hold the hands in positions that are naturally graceful, and for this reason there are fewer hard and fast rules for position and gesturing than formerly.

The dancer's hands are trained to express motion and rhythm, with too great flexibility for the usual sort of acting or for real life. The average woman's hands are too stiff and static. The happy medium between these two extremes is what we should achieve.

If you watch the hands of the gifted actress on the screen you will notice that certain gestures and positions usually reveal certain traits of character or emotions. The closed hand indicates concentrated thought—secrecy, resistance, a threat, or selfishness. The half-open hand indicates relaxed thought—carelessness, ease, kindness, gentleness, abstraction. And the open hand shows candor, power, benevolence.

Active fingers indicate a sensitive nature, mental activity, and sometimes precision. The use of the hand as a whole, without the independent motion of the fingers, implies greater strength and determination.

AM I HAPPY!

My washes look like a million dollars now!

WHE-E-E! That sun dazzles you—shining on my washline!

See? Those clothes aren't yellow. They aren't gray. They're *white*!

How did I get them that way? Well, I've learned the secret. I've found that "trick" soaps just can't do a job in the tub.

What clothes need is *real* soap—soap that knows how to go deep into the tiniest little threads and get out ground-in dirt. And that soap is Fels-Naptha—the golden bar with lots of dirt-loosening *naptha* in it!

Make a test with Fels-Naptha next washday, just to see what I mean. The dirtiest part of your wash, I imagine, is the neckbands on shirts. Well, try Fels-Naptha Soap on those neckbands! See how quickly that stub-

born dirt is loosened! (Naptha and soap are working for you—helping you do the rubbing!) See how easily Fels-Naptha suds—rich and lively—wash all that dirt away!

Yet—here's an important point—that wash of yours will be whitened—*safely*!

Fels-Naptha doesn't hurry clothes to the mending-basket. It's the best thing ever for dainty lingerie, silk stockings and woollens. It's nice to hands, too.

Get some Fels-Naptha Soap today and try it. Soak your clothes or boil them—use hot, lukewarm or cool water—machine or tub.

No matter how you wash your clothes, Fels-Naptha will turn them out *snowy-white*—in record time! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



"More good news! . . .

Fels-Naptha Soap now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years!"



"Sweet dreams, sister,
And pardon me while I gloat
over that smooth skin of yours.
That's what happens to girls
who baby their complexions
with pure Ivory Soap."

Do these warm Spring
evenings find you drooping
like a wilted sunflower? . . . What
to do? What to do? The answer's easy! Before you
slick up for a party or crawl between the covers—ease
yourself into a soothing, refreshing Ivory bath.

Don't sing at first—just relax. And
then get to work with your nice
big cake of Ivory. Whip up a cloud
of creamy lather and massage it
into every tired pore. Goodbye to
dust and dirt and perspiration.
Ivory leaves your skin cool and
pussywillow soft. Simple, isn't it?

As for your face—doctors scoff
at elaborate beauty rigamaroles.
They know that soap-and-water is
best for the skin. Not just any
soap, of course, but Ivory Soap—
because it is absolutely *pure*. Ivory
protects the most sensitive com-

plexions in the world—the skins of
tiny babies.

*It's smart to be a baby about your
soap!* Ivory contains nothing harsh
to dry up your skin's natural oils.
No flossy colorings or perfumes
in Ivory! It's "smoother" to buy
your scent in a bottle and not in
a soap.

Get some Ivory today and start
working for your baby-smooth
Ivory complexion.

Ivory will be the *finest* and least
expensive beauty treatment your
skin has ever had.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure • It floats

Having Fun in Hollywood

(Continued from page 12)

short train, and its semi waist-line.

Poor Carole Lombard seems to be
getting the worst of it in that bear
gag. Norman Taurog was telling me
about it at tea, the other day.

You know, Carole sent Taurog a
bear as a birthday present. And Tau-
rog put it in a zoo to board, sending
Carole the bill. And the latest is
that, the bear falling ill, Norman has
ordered a twenty-four-hour nurse for
the animal, with instructions to send
all bills to Carole!

WALTER BYRON says the only
fan club he wants to belong to
is Sally Rand's!

DOROTHY DELL and Jay Henry
declare they are not engaged. That
odd looking ring worn by Dorothy is
a birthday present from Jay, she says,
and she merely wears it on her engage-
ment finger because the ring fits it. It
is a large bloodstone with an antique
setting of white gold and platinum.
But Dorothy and Jay knew each other
in New York before going into pic-
tures, so maybe they're putting some-
thing over on us.

Jimmy Dunn and Lona Andre have
quit holding hands.

Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr came
rushing into the publicity department
to deny they are engaged. That is,
they want it denied to the public. But
we wonder whether Evelyn has denied
it to Hal!

Ernst Lubitsch is positively deny-
ing that he is going to wed Mrs. Koer-
ner or anybody else.

Maureen O'Sullivan says that when
she is married, she will be married in
London, "and wear a nice, long veil."
Asked whether she would marry
Johnny Farrow in London on her way
to Ireland, she answered, "I don't
know."

Irene Hervey and Earl Oxford are
going places together.

Barbara Fritchie denies that there
is anything serious between her and
Austin Parker, writer, Miriam Hop-
kins' ex.

LESLIE HOWARD very nearly didn't
get to his own wedding anniversary
party at all! He was working in a
picture, and didn't arrive home until
around ten-thirty, when his guests had
nearly given him up.

"By the time your eighteenth wed-
ding anniversary rolls around, you
really should have the Fates better
trained!" Peggy Wood reminded him.

"But what a noble example you are
setting the rest of us—being happily
married so long!" observed Norma
Shearer, who had arrived with Irving
Thalberg.

"The rest of us" included Gary
Cooper and Sandra Shaw, Mr. and
Mrs. Bill Gargan, Mr. and Mrs. Chester
Morris, Benn Levy and Constance Cum-
mings, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mar-
shall, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Nugent,
Mr. and Mrs. John Boles, Mr. and Mrs.
Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs.
Warner Baxter, Charlie Farrell and
Virginia Valli, and others.

"And this event nearly makes the
rest of us, who aren't married, take
the step," confessed Dick Powell.

Having Fun in Hollywood

The unmarried guests included Ronald Colman, who came alone to the party; Heather Angel, Diana Wynyard.

The spirit of the gay nineties very nearly came back when entertainment was announced. Musical evenings were musical evenings back in those days, you know, and respectful attention was given artists in the drawing room.

Peggy Wood sang, and so did Dick Powell.

And then there was a good, old-fashioned song-fest, with everybody gathered around the piano when Ruth Lee, colored entertainer, played the well-known songs. Gary Cooper lent his baritone, Dick Powell his tenor, Constance Cummings her soprano, and Benn Levy his bass to the musical effect.

The party wasn't confined to the house, either, but overflowed into the well-lighted patio and garden.

But one of the hits of the evening was the opening of the Howards' new Baby Bar, a tiny affair, very cleverly arranged. Here guests flocked and sang some of the gay nineties' songs.

MAE WEST has made good her threat and bought a ranch. It is in the San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood.

"I'm going to see how it seems to wake up and hear a bird singing, for a change, instead of listening to taxis and trucks or milkmen," explained Mae over the teacups. "They say I'll be able to reach out of the window and have my orange juice. Well, we'll see."

Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw are Mae's neighbors on the ranch.

DAVE BUTLER, up in San Francisco to see the preview of a picture, dropped into a cafe for lunch. He ordered a sandwich, and one was brought to him.

"What kind of sandwich is this?" he asked the negro waiter, who explained, "An All-American sandwich, sah."

"Yah, I know," retorted Butler, "but what year?"

BERT WHEELER says he thinks a nudist should make a good golf player because he goes around in nothing.

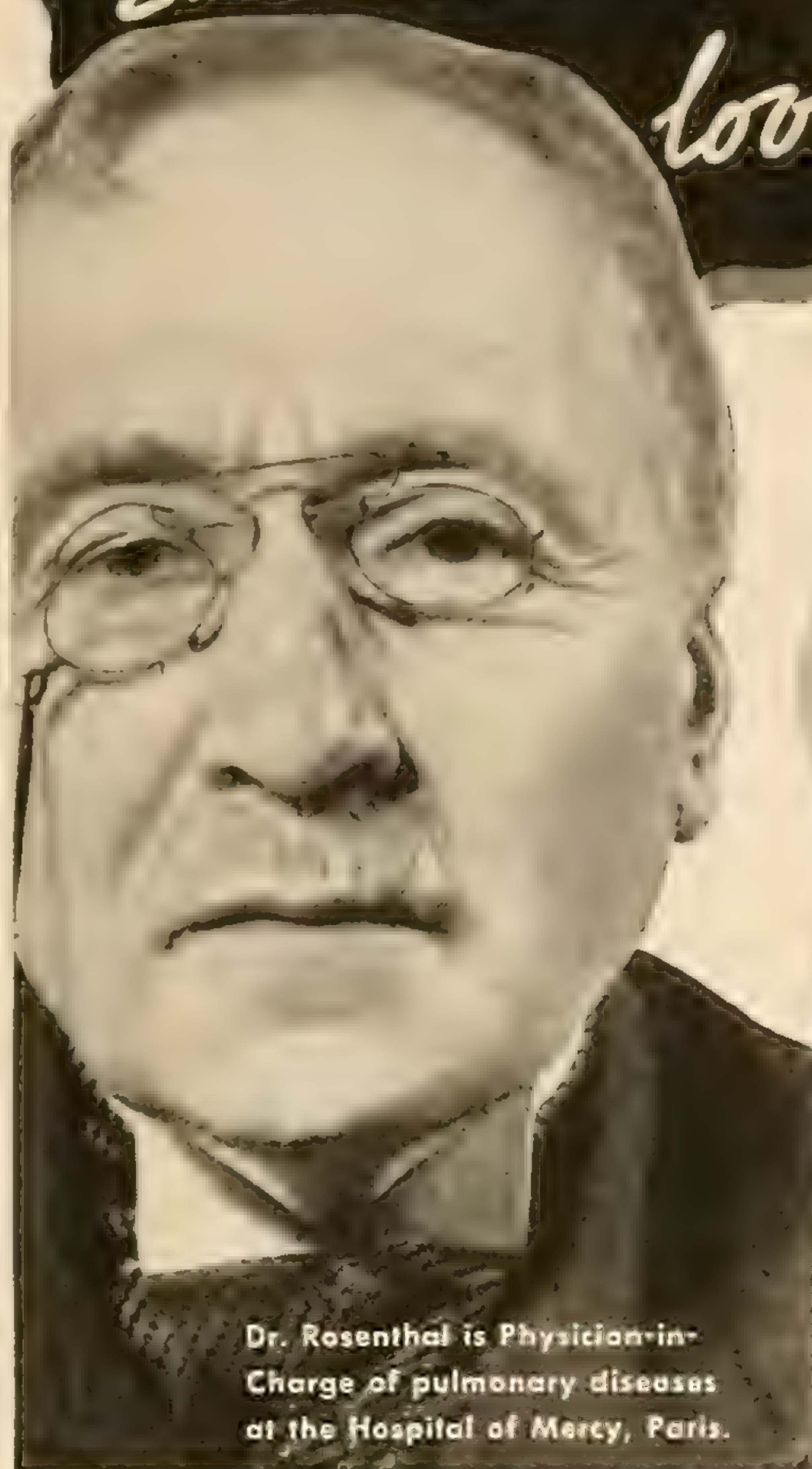
MAY ROBSON drew all the dashing young blades during her recent stay in New York. Buddy Rogers, Rudy Vallee and Eddie Peabody all gave parties for her, and she danced, she said, until her "feet dropped off."

A LETTER in Hottentot probably wouldn't astonish a star, but Marlene Dietrich was rather excited when she got a letter written in Esperanto, the universal language, so-called. She handled it gingerly—didn't know whether it was a threat or a bashful admirer trying to cloak his words mysteriously.

Anxiously she awaited the outcome of the research department's study of the letter. But it turned out to be, translated, a paean of praise for her work in "The Song of Songs" and—of all things!—a recipe for making fudge!

(Please turn to page 69)

"She was always tired—looked Sick!"



Dr. Rosenthal is Physician-in-Charge of pulmonary diseases at the Hospital of Mercy, Paris.

explains

DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL,

(President, Medical Society of Paris)



"**SALESGIRL**, age 25. Her unhappy appearance made her seem irritable. She couldn't sleep soundly, had to force herself to eat, had headaches, was depressed."



"**AFTER EXAMINATION**, I told the young lady: 'The root of your trouble is constipation.' I advised her to give up cathartics, and to start eating yeast daily."



"**THE CHANGE** was extraordinary. Before a month had passed, her nervousness disappeared. Her appetite and strength quickly returned. Headaches disappeared."

"My Doctor advised Yeast!"

"I was very tired and run-down," says Mr. Thomas Laman, a sculptor, of San Francisco. "My appetite had completely disappeared. I felt lousy and spiritless."

"My doctor told me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. In a few weeks I felt alert and clear-headed."

"**WHEN** patients are run-down," says Dr. Rosenthal, noted physician, "I always suspect sluggish intestines."

"Constipation shows itself in such varied troubles as drowsiness, headaches, bad breath, coated tongue, and skin troubles."

"These afflictions, together with loss of appetite, irritability, and lack of energy, disappear when the blood stream and intestines are purified by yeast."

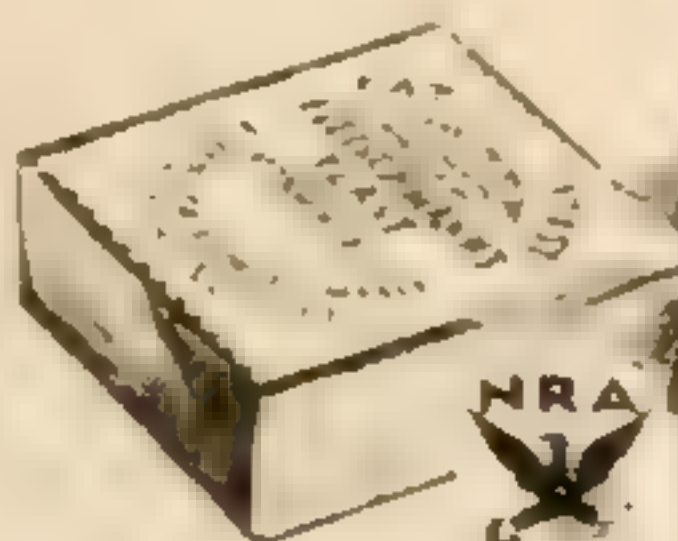
"Yeast," Dr. Rosenthal adds, "is a veritable policeman of the intestines."

"For more than 20 years, I have found yeast the best remedy for constipation. It acts in a *natural* way . . . unlike harsh, habit-forming cathartics."

Won't you decide to start eating Fleischmann's Yeast *right now?*

Eat 3 cakes daily for at least 30 days. Directions are on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains . . . very rich in vitamins B, D and G.

Fleischmann's Yeast gets at the root of most troubles . . . bodily poisons! Then you're like a new person . . . more cheerful . . . more energetic . . . So start eating it right away!



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*Hitting on
all twelve!*

WIN THE RACE! Outswim a boat! Break a record! Why not? Even miracles seem easy when digestion is good, when peevish irritations aren't slowing you up.

Keep your digestion sweet, your temper even, your spirits high. Chew Beeman's — the tempting, stimulating chewing gum — to aid digestion.

You'll like it after meals for its mild, pleasant aid. You'll like it before and between meals for its delicious goodness — so cool and refreshing — kept fresh by the unique new air-proof Triple Guard Pack. Try Beeman's today!

Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**



Fruit With a Flourish

(Continued from page 60)

Rudy Vallee's heart throb, likes Baked Pineapple Tomatoes:

- 6 medium sized tomatoes
- 3 slices crisp bacon
- 1 cup crushed pineapple
- ½ cup bread crumbs
- Grated cheese
- Butter

Scoop out centers of tomatoes; chop bacon and tomato centers together; add pineapple and buttered bread crumbs; mix all together thoroughly; stuff tomatoes with the mixture; top with buttered bread crumbs and grated cheese; bake 15 minutes in moderate oven. Makes six servings.

Janet Gaynor's favorite "fruit ensemble" contains:

Lettuce, cream cheese, oranges, grapefruit, strawberries, green pepper and tangerine.

Cut one whole head of lettuce across the bottom (near root end) and pull out hollow basket of leaves. Two or three small baskets may be made from one head. Place basket on plate and press bottom flat. Make two rosettes of cheese at sides of basket to hold it upright, and one in bottom of the basket. Arrange a ball of fruit in center of the basket, composed of alternate sections of orange and grapefruit, seven or eight in number. Make a little rosette of cheese on top of fruit to hold sections in place. Decorate top rosette with a flower made of strawberry and fancy petals cut from green pepper. Over the two side rosettes make a half-round ball with three small sections of tangerine. Pour a little bar le duc over the top center ball just before serving. Currant jelly may be used in place of bar le duc.

This salad can be turned into a real masterpiece. It is decorative and pal-

atable and should be served as a separate course with toasted butter wafers. Nice for bridge or afternoon tea.

Ginger Rogers has a pet recipe for Fruit Muffins that can be stirred up quickly and make an appetizing addition to any luncheon.

- 2 cups flour
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3½ teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg
- ½ cup milk
- 1 cup berries

Sift dry ingredients; add gradually well-beaten egg, milk and melted butter. Beat thoroughly. Sprinkle flour on berries and stir lightly into the mixture. Grease muffin tins; fill two-thirds full. Bake about 25 minutes in moderate oven.

Pat Paterson recommends Baked Pears:

Wash, quarter and core pears. Put in deep pudding dish, sprinkle with sugar, or add a small quantity of molasses, then add water to prevent burning. Cover and cook two or three hours in a very slow oven. Small pears may be baked whole.

Sally Eilers gives us this one: Sautéed Bananas:

Remove skins from bananas, cut in halves length-wise, and cut again, length-wise. Dredge with flour and sauté in clarified butter. Drain and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Mona Barrie, Fox player, says the following recipe is "delicious!"

Quince Honey:

Pare and grate five large quinces. To one pint of boiling water, add five pounds sugar. Stir over fire until sugar is dissolved, add quince and cook fifteen or twenty minutes.

Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 62)

"DEVIL'S HOLIDAY" is played by Benny Carter and his orchestra, an outfit that is new to me. This is a good hot tune, and it contains the first hot flute solo that I ever heard. This is a very fast band and I know that we'll hear a lot more from them.

"Symphony in Riffs" is on the other side, and is also played by Benny Carter and his orchestra. Another hot tune and done up in great style. (Columbia record No. 2898-D).

"I CAN'T Go on Like This" is played by Jan Garber and his orchestra. A very smooth tune, and done in the regular Garber style. This is O.K. if you like Jan Garber and his orchestra. The vocal refrain by Lee Bennett is very good.

"Lullaby in Blue" is the title of the tune on the other side, and this is also played by Jan Garber and his orchestra. Very nice trumpet work in this one. Lee Bennett again does the very excellent vocal work. (Victor record No. 24560-A).

"MISTER MAGICIAN" is the name of the tune that Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra play for us next, and it's a pip too. Ozzie and Harriet Hil-

liard share the vocal honors in this one. You'll get a real kick out of this record, and it's a good tune in the bargain.

"What's Good for the Goose Is Good for the Gander" is the long-winded title of the tune on the other side, also played by Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra. Once more it's Ozzie and Harriet sharing the vocal work. Nice stuff by the band in this one. (Vocalion record No. 2642-A).

"GOIN' to Heaven on a Mule" is another tune from the picture "Wonder Bar." This time it's Tal Henry and his North Carolinians doing the musical honors. Henry always did have a top notch outfit and I have often wondered why we didn't hear more of him on records. He does a swell bit of work on this tune and the vocal by Taz Wolter is very good.

"Don't Say Good-night" is on the other side. This is also from the "Wonder Bar" and also played by Tal Henry and his Boys. This time it's a waltz and we hear Chester Shaw doing the vocal chorus. (Bluebird record No. B-5364-B).

All numbers are fox trots unless noted in the text.

Having Fun in Hollywood

(Continued from page 67)

MONA BARRIE tells about a tell-the-truth party she attended, everyone being pledged in the invitations to tell the absolute truth when she or he spoke. "What an atrocious hat you're wearing!" was the hostess's greeting to the first arrival, Mona said. The guest turned and went home.

"What happened to the other guests?" we asked Mona.

"I don't know," she admitted, "I was the first arrival!"

SAY, I wish some of the other Hollywood people would take a leaf out of W. S. Van Dyke's book when it comes to giving parties!

You have no idea how much more fun a party is when literally everybody in a studio is invited—props, grips, electricians, secretaries. That's how it is at Van's parties, and there is real, instead of synthetic mirth and reveling.

And was that a nice one he gave the other night!

Raoul Roulien brought Conchita Montenegro, and they do seem awfully devoted. But both deny anything serious. And Conchita is such a little coquette, you never can tell.

They spoke of visiting mutual friends up in Santa Cruz—and if you've ever been in romantic Santa Cruz—why just anything might happen there!

Otto Kruger was the subject of some flattering attention! Mr. and Mrs. Buck Jones were present, and Mrs. Jones confided she had never meet Otto, but that on the screen he was just too awfully fascinating, and would somebody introduce her?

Somebody did. And Mrs. Jones asked for Otto's autographed photograph.

"All right," agreed Otto, "but you'll have to write me a fan letter first!"

And Mrs. Buck agreed.

Not everybody in Hollywood knows Vince Barnett yet. Jay Lloyd came in for ribbing at a party, but it nearly became serious, because Jay didn't like that ribbing a-tall.

In fact, Jay started after Vince, but was held back by a couple of guests. "He's Vince Barnett, and he's just ribbing you!" they explained.

"Oh, is that so! Well, that makes it all the worse for him!" exclaimed Jay. And then it took three men to hold him.

Some of the guests preferred to stay out at the swimming pool, and some even took a dip, though the night was chilly. Harry Carey and his wife were among the number—just people of the big outdoors.

You expect a fond mama to talk about her child. But Karen Morley's husband, Charles Vidor, outdoes Karen. Everybody who inquires about the child is invited to the house to see the youngster.

The pair had been expecting to build a house at Palm Springs—but they sacrificed it to baby. Baby needs a trust fund and a new nursery and, when he grows up, a badminton court. So that's what they put the Palm Springs money into.

Ruth Channing and Hamilton McFadden, very torchy about each other, sat together most of the evening. Ruth was wearing that elaborate watch

(Please turn to page 70)

"This simple Method gave her A SECOND HONEYMOON"



From an interview with Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna

"She was a wreck when she came into my office! Pale. Nervous. Tearful. The perfect example of what mere fear can do!

"Sound advice on marriage hygiene was all she needed. That was all I gave her. In two words. 'Use "Lysol".'

"She took my advice and in two months she came to see me again. Completely changed. Her old buoyancy and youth had returned. She was gay, confident. In love with life.

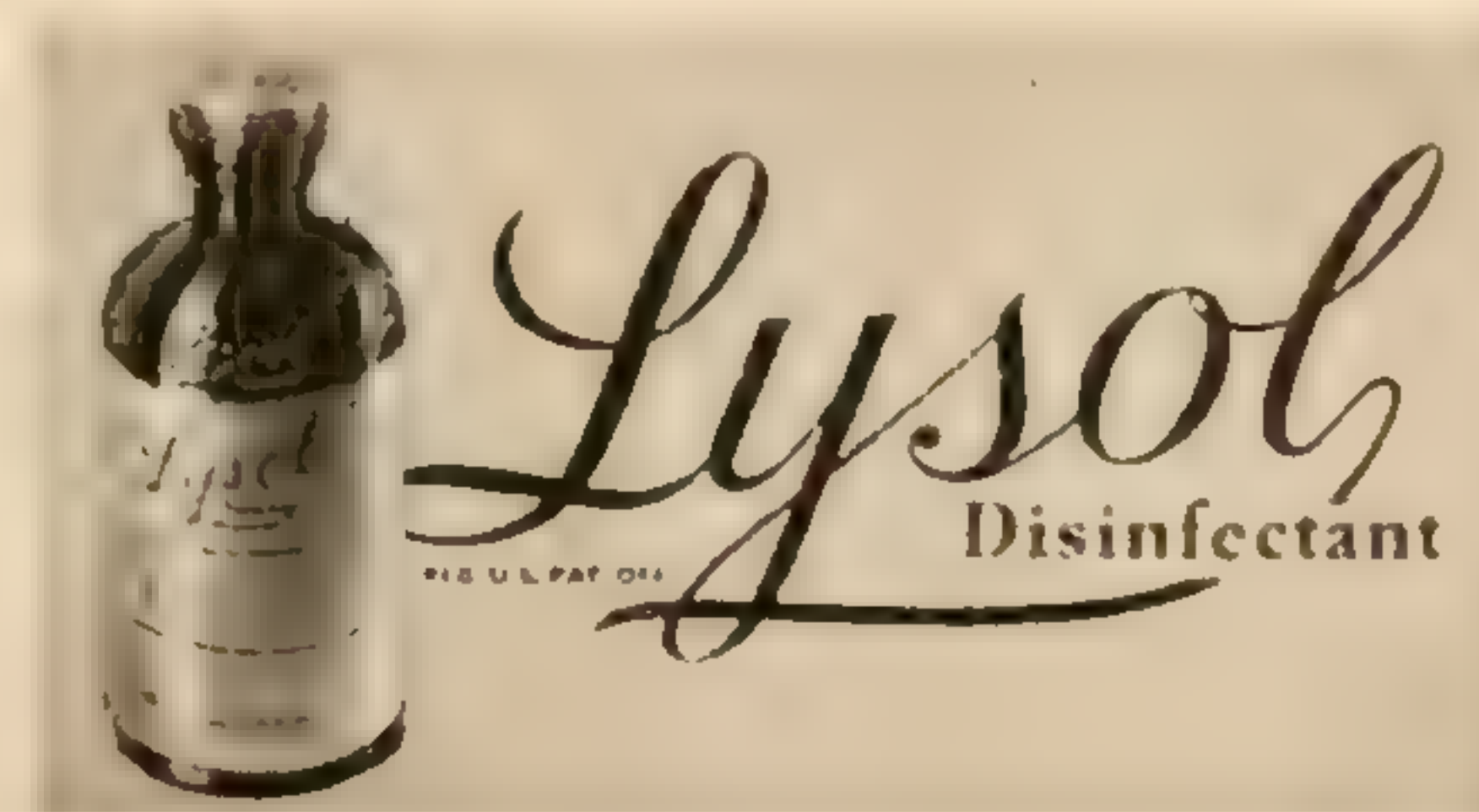
In love with her husband. And radiant with the beauty I thought she'd lost! This simple method gave her a second honeymoon.

"I have tested "Lysol" for many years. I know the certainty of its germ-destroying power even in the presence of organic matter."

(Signed) DR. PAULA KARNIOL-SCHUBERT

What Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert advises for her patients, distinguished physicians everywhere advise.

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. For 40 years it has had full acceptance of the medical profession throughout the world. No other antiseptic is so generally recommended for home use.



FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

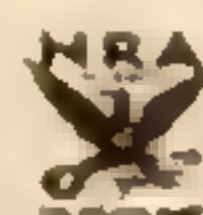
Mail coupon for a free copy of "Marriage Hygiene." Check other booklets if desired. ☐ "Preparation for Motherhood." ☐ "Keeping a Healthy Home." LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. L-26 Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

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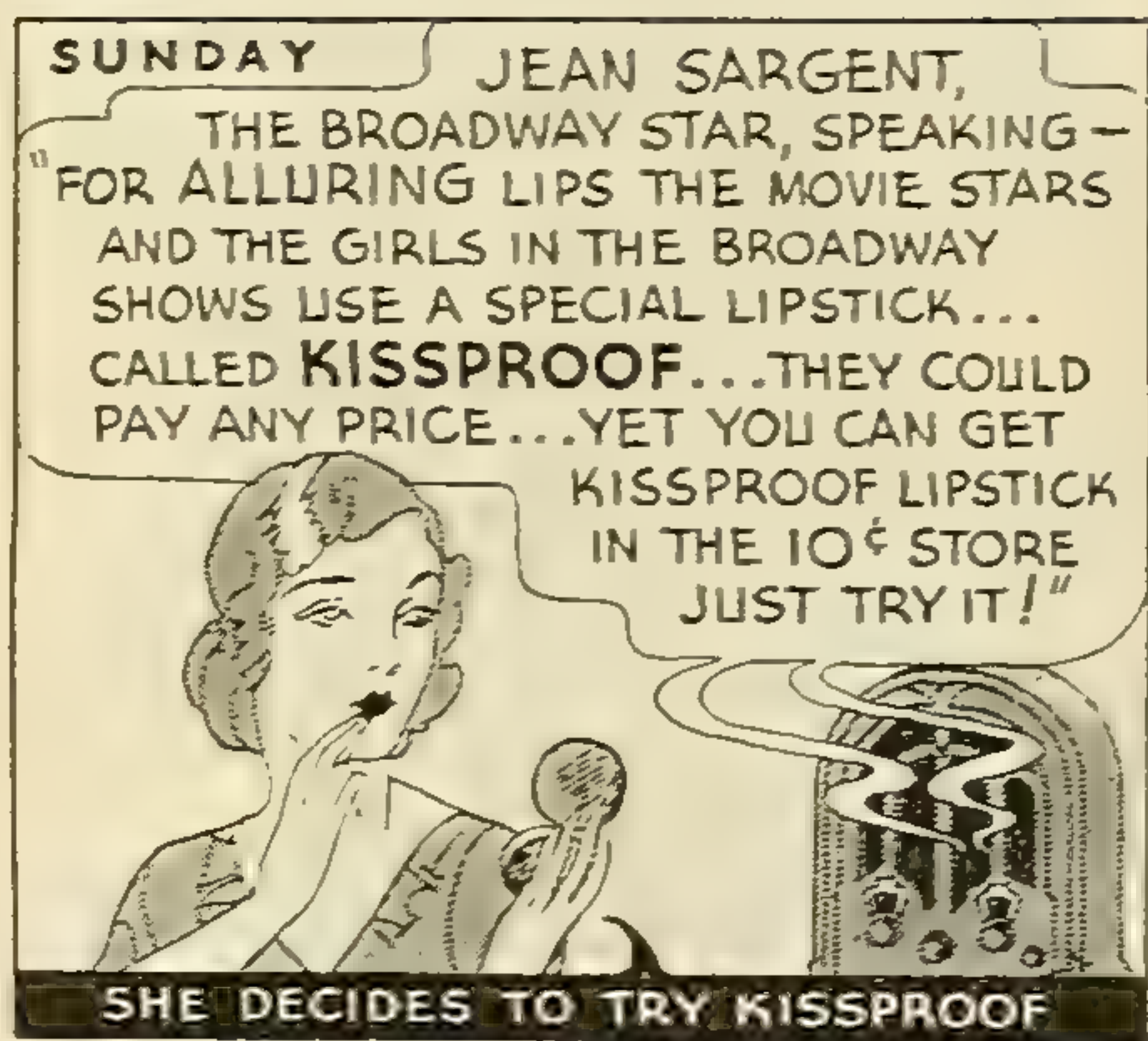
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"HALL OF FAME" on the air every Sunday night, 10:30 E.D.S.T., WEA and N.B.C. coast-to-coast hook-up

PEGGY GETS REALLY KISSED



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new **KISS-PROOF** Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color*! This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive **KISSPROOF** gives *matchless allure* to the actresses. It will do the same for you.

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new *Special Theatrical Color*, at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

Having Fun in Hollywood

(Continued from page 69)

which Hamilton gave her at Christmas. Billiards and crap-shooting were the pet games, with John Miljan, Ted Healy, Louise Seidel and Irene Hervey, not to mention Muriel Evans, the principal players, Muriel proving herself a regular sharp at billiards.

"Van is a grand player, and he's been teaching me," she explained.

Marie Walcamp and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hatton chatted of the old days, over in a corner. Remember Marie in all those wild serials?

DID you know that Merna Kennedy and husband Busby Berkeley are both musicians? And composers?

At a little party the other night Bus sat down at the piano and played a song, the music of which had been written by himself, while the words were by Merna.

RALPH MORGAN is to lose his beloved daughter, Claudia, in marriage. She is engaged to no less famous person than Robert Shippee, member of the famous Shippee-Johnson expedition which flew to South America and discovered those marvelous ruined cities of a long-ago civilization.

TOM BROWN and Anita Louise celebrated another of their "anniversaries"—which occur every month, you know! Anita gave Tom a double cameo ring, and Tom gave Anita a Scotty pup, which kept Anita awake all night with his crying.

So now Anita may send back the "engagement" pup!

EVER go coon-hunting?

Well, Dorothy Dell has brought the sport to California with her from away down South. In fact, she imported some "coons from Alabam" to a place at Los Angeles harbor called Nigger Slough, and turned them loose.

Then she and some friends, with their hunting dogs, inaugurated the first California coon hunt. Alfred Delcambre, young Texas player, who was familiar with the sport, was her principal aid, the evening of the hunt.

In a secluded, marshy spot the animal was released and given half an hour's start, and then the hunt was on, with the stumbling into ditches in the darkness.

The hounds worked quietly when the scent was cold, but became voluble when a fresher trail was found. Miss Dell sounded her hunting horn melodiously, in and out of season.

Jay Henry, player; John Kerr, animal trainer and keeper of the hounds;

Joshua, the negro lantern bearer; Sir Guy Standing, Helen Mack, Charlie Ruggles, Randy Scott, Barbara Fritchie, Roscoe Karns and Dorothea Wieck were among the hunters.

Finally a detour by the coon into a large poultry ranch enlivened the evening, with the owner first threatening to shoot the hounds and then the hunters. But the coon eventually was treed.

YOU can never get the best of Will Rogers in a talk fest. During an air trip which Rogers took from East to West, the plane landed in a tiny midwest town, and Rogers decided to get a shave. He sat down in the first barber shop he spied, but found the barber's razor dull, and had a rough time of it.

Will asked the barber where he learned his trade, and he retorted indignantly that he had learned it at a certain well-known correspondence school.

"Well, I'm not complaining," drawled Rogers, "but I want it clearly understood that hereafter you'll shave me by correspondence!"

TOBY WING says it's all off between her and Maurice Chevalier, but doesn't explain. She let the fact be known at Miriam Jordan's party.

But the report is that Chevalier isn't a good enough correspondent to suit Toby. She got only one letter from him while he was in France, and when he came back Toby wouldn't let him explain.

Jack Oakie brought Toby to Miriam's tea, and was all attention to her. But you know Jack. He's the real sheik of Hollywood—not Jack Gilbert or anybody else.

And that was when Miriam let us know who her fiance is. He is Stephen Gray, of New York, and he had expected to be present at the party, but business engagements in the East prevented. They won't be married for a year, because Miriam's divorce won't be final until then.

We saw Stephen's picture on the mantel. And if he is as good as he is good-looking, we need have no fear about Miss Jordan's future happiness.

Quite a number of budding romances were visible at Miriam's party, including Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor, and Muriel Kirkland and Gordon Oliver, business man.

Jack Oakie was telling about his playing golf at the Lakeside Country Club.

"They gave me the highest handi-

THE NEW HATS AND SCARFS

With the aid of our New Method Circulars you can easily make the season's smartest hats and scarfs.

Ju307—Linen hat made from three pieces of material with end of material tied amusingly at the top of the crown.

Ju308—Linen scarf to match. This is made from a single piece faced with matching or contrasting material.

Ju309—A new floppy brimmed hat of seersucker with a bright ribbon trimming at the front.

Ju310—Matching seersucker scarf made with a straight center piece and gathered ends of the same material.

Ju311—The new plaid gingham hat with ribbons at the back of the head that tie at the back over the hair.

Ju312—Matching plaid gingham scarf made of a single piece of material with matching lining.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for three circulars, or 15 cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

Having Fun in Hollywood

cap," he grinned, "—twenty-seven! Say, they wouldn't give that handicap to Baby Leroy!"

Jack has a fund of golf yarns. He told about Slim Somerville—himself an ardent golfer—bringing a big trombone to the course, standing in a thicket near where Oliver Hardy was playing, and, when Hardy was in the very peak of his swing, letting out a blast from the trombone that completely ruined Hardy's stroke.

HOW the profession is going outside itself to marry!

Two engagements, in particular, are those of Roberta Gale and Ona Munson.

Ona, you know, is a Broadway actress who did a little work in pictures. At one time she was engaged to Ernst Lubitsch. And she is still a great friend of his. In fact, she saw a lot of him when she was in California last, on a visit.

But her heart, quite obviously, is entirely with Stewart MacDonald, New York banker. Ona is wearing a square-cut sapphire ring, mined hundreds of years ago in Persia. The ring was on exhibition in the American Art Galleries in New York, and MacDonald couldn't think of a nicer gift for his fiancée as an engagement present.

And so far as Lubitsch and MacDonald are concerned, there are absolutely no hard feelings. In fact, Ona introduced them to each other and they are great friends.

Roberta Gale is likewise engaged to a layman—Samuel Zagon, Los Angeles attorney.

EDWARD BUZZELL is faced with a dilemma. He has just received a letter from a Mrs. Edward Buzzell of Indianapolis, Ind., in which she confesses that she and her husband have been separated for some time, and that recently she had been passing herself off as the comedian-director's wife.

"I've been having so much fun at parties!" she writes.

Eddie says he won't mind how much fun she has—unless she starts signing his name to checks.

COCKTAIL parties continue to rage unabated in Hollywood.

I met Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres at the very nice one which the Ralph Morgans gave for Janet Beecher.

Ginger has a lovely sense of humor. When Eula Guy and her husband, James Todd, told Ginger about a certain child who was crazy about Ginger, she exclaimed: "Oh, I love to have children as fans! When they grow up and are old, I'll still have them!"

Children of the movie and stage set are turning out to be clever artists themselves.

A new member of the Our Gang comedies is none other than Herbert Corthell, Jr., son of the comedian. His mother told me about him at the party.

"He is only four, but already he is a regular little trouper—not in the least fazed by director or camera."

And then there is little Otilie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kruger, who is becoming something of a
(Please turn to page 72)

"How can she be so dumb when she's so smart?"



*"He's swell!
But is he human?
He never looks at me!"*

HE: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it's another secretary or a dictaphone for me."

SHE: "He certainly is grand—but *is he an icicle!* Here I sit and I'm not so hard to look at. But apparently I'm only something to dictate to. You'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

The smartest girl is stupid when she does not live up to her looks—when she allows

the ugly odor of underarm perspiration make her unpleasant to be near.

It's so inexcusable when it takes just half a minute to keep your underarms fresh, odorless *all day long*. With Mum!

Use Mum any time, before dressing or after. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving your underarms. It does not prevent perspiration itself, just the ugly odor.

Mum has saved many a girl her job, as well as her self-respect. Try it; all toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**TAKES THE
ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

TRY MUM FOR THIS, TOO. On sanitary napkins Mum acts as a sure deodorant which saves worry and fear of this kind of unpleasantness.



Who WAS THE real MAN IN THE IRON MASK?



A barrier little more than skin deep shut out the world, the past, and the present. Could it blot out forever a human identity?

NOT even the jailers knew the identity of the prisoner whose very resemblance to a human being was buried within that blank, unanswering metal helmet. Many have wondered and many have guessed, but even today no one can say with certainty who that man was.

A bad complexion, too, becomes a punishment mask—hiding the real man or woman behind it. How much of the best of life it shuts away from its victim. So unnecessarily, too. For it has been proved in thousands upon thousands of cases that there is a possibility of amazingly speedy and effective relief through the medium of treatment with Cuticura Ointment. The impressive record of success achieved by this soothing, healing emollient for over half a century is obvious proof that Cuticura *can* and *does* provide satisfactory relief where many other treatments have failed. If you suffer from any skin ailment, especially eczema or pimples, try first the treatment which has proved so successful—Cuticura Ointment. Cuticura Soap, too, you'll find a big help in the daily care of the skin. Ointment 25c and 50c, Soap 25c at leading drug and department stores. Also at variety stores in 10c sizes.

FREE! Helpful folder on Cuticura Products for the care of the skin and scalp. Write Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. TM-3, Malden, Mass.



Cuticura OINTMENT

... Over half a century of success in controlling and healing skin troubles.

Having Fun in Hollywood

(Continued from page 71)

prodigy at the piano, though only seven.

Victor McLaglen, too, rallied 'round in the children's admiration society, and told me that his little daughter, Sheila, eleven, is giving a piano recital soon.

MINNA GOMBELL and her husband, Joseph Sefton, had the funniest run-around the other night.

Sefton had hired a new butler for the beach home. Minna had never seen him because she has been working so hard in pictures that she has been staying in town. When she thought she would surprise her husband by coming home unexpectedly, the butler didn't know her! And wouldn't let her in until she called a policeman. She was surprised to find Joe absent.

But the pay-off came when Minna discovered that Joe had also had the surprise idea, and had gone to Minna's apartment in town, but couldn't get in because he had forgotten his key!

FAMOUS stage stars of another day are flocking to Hollywood, and the older aristocrats of the screen and stage are entertaining them.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese gave Madge Lessing, once the toast of London and New York, a cocktail party. And how lovely Miss Lessing looks! She is doubtless destined for pictures. She has been traveling since the death of her husband, a noted London stage director, two years ago. Her devotion is a sort of sweet-lavender-and-old-lace note in Hollywood.

"I've been traveling the world, trying to forget," she said. "We were so happy all those years of my married life."

William Faversham, fascinating as ever, was there with his boy Philip; the latter is going into pictures. And there were Lew Fields, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kruger, Leon Errol, Mr. and

Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne, and others.

And did you know that Otto Kruger is a composer and a fine pianist? He sat down and played a charming march he had just written.

WHAT a mix-up that was, to be sure—that Chinatown dinner which Mr. and Mrs. Mike Levee gave—and then unable to get there themselves because Mrs. Levee, all unknown to her spouse, had arranged to be present at the Film Welfare League party, a charitable affair which simply couldn't be overlooked. And, as Mike had arranged the Chinatown affair before telling the missus—well, there you are!

But the food was Texas, not Chinese! The party was given in what had once been a notorious gambling joint, the trap-doors and iron-barred cashier's office giving mute evidence of what went on there when gambling was in full swing. Visitors sit with their backs against walls that harbor secret panels leading into get-away passages.

Louise Fazenda said she expected a ghost to hop out of a panel any minute, and clank its chains at her. And Warren William declared he heard the clink of money at an unused table nearby.

GEORGE BURNS and Gracie Allen were discussing a mutual enemy on the set of "We're Not Dressing." "I hate him so I wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole," asserted Gracie. "And why not?" demanded George. "Oh, it would look so silly!" countered Gracie.

JOHN MILJAN was telling about his gardening.

"Did you have a good garden this year?" inquired a friend.

"Yes," answered John, "one of those Peter Pan gardens—it never grew up!"

How to Hold a Husband

(Continued from page 37)

our marriage, but it isn't an ideal arrangement, our separation."

"And you never quarrel?"

"Oh, we did most of our fighting while we were engaged. And we did plenty—had everything out and settled before we were wed.

"Another thing that keeps our marriage a success is that it is never humdrum. Nothing has a chance to become commonplace. But maybe there's a little of the perverse about the success of our long-distance marriage. If we decided on a trial separation, it might not turn out so well. Just having to be apart, we want to be together.

"I HAVE to give my husband a great deal of credit for our happiness. I think doctors have a wonderful sense of humanity. They must have.

"I'm fairly domestic, but I don't take it too hard. Just hard enough to remember my husband's tastes in foods and in domestic arrangements. I never let myself forget these. Whenever he

comes West, we always have just what I know he likes best for dinner on the evening of his arrival.

"And I try to remember what he likes in the way of clothes, so that I may please him when I see him. There is a particular kind of lip rouge he abominates, and I always remember not to wear it when I see him. There are lots of little things like that which help keep up the continuity of our companionship and understanding.

"I know what cigars he likes," she continued, "and always send them to him on certain days. And he knows my favorite perfumes, and doesn't forget to send me bottles of it on certain other days, like anniversaries of our first meeting and other occasions."

(Item sixty-six or thereabouts, then: Don't forget to send each other gifts at certain times when separated by three thousand miles!)

"And we write to each other about anything and everything—at any time. And it's a job to write, when you're

How to Hold a Husband

awfully busy, even to your nearest and dearest, as everybody knows. But we do it, faithfully."

"Do you tell each other your troubles?"

"Oh, I simply pour mine out to him. But he doesn't tell me his. He is a strong man. Except sometimes when he loses a patient. That's always a tragedy to a doctor. Then I don't fail to sympathize with him. But he does not lose many. He is really a very fine doctor."

"By the way," she continued, "we never speak of ourselves and our doings as 'we' and 'our'. Each of us is an individual. We think independently always. We don't question each other's opinions very much. You see, being apart, we naturally get new and different views on things."

"Doesn't Dr. Griffin meet a lot of attractive women in his profession—those professional invalids?" I asked.

"When you go into anything," she said, "—marriage or anything else,—you have to go into it whole heartedly. You can't think or worry about small things, or let them interfere with the success of your venture."

Well, then, jealousy is out in this business of holding a husband three thousand miles away.

"Neither of us is jealous," Irene went on. "It's something you have to cultivate, this not being jealous. If you just say to yourself, especially if your husband is three thousand miles away from you months at a time, that you are only making yourself and him miserable, probably about nothing, and then put your mind on something else, you can help yourself a lot in that way. If my husband and I let ourselves be jealous, we'd lead a pretty existence! Your best friends will shake their heads and say, 'Your wife was here,' or 'Your husband was there.'"

"So now I tell my husband everything I do and every place I go. I am too busy and too lazy to bother telling lies. I tried it a few times, and it didn't turn out so well. So I gave it up. Lying is a career in itself, and I have no time for it. As for my husband, he bends over backward being truthful. Even telling the truth is trying on each other at times, and we are probably too truthful, but at least we know where we stand."

"Do you ever go out with anybody else?" we asked.

"Yes, sometimes. And my husband is happy when I do. He would much rather I did. He himself doesn't go out a lot. He is too busy with his work. But I never nag him when he does."

"And your husband realizes how nerve-wracking your work is?" I asked.

"Yes, and takes good care of me, even long-distance. But I try to resist the temptation to tell him my small aches and pains over the telephone or in my letters. I know how he worries about me."

Maybe there is something in the marriage of an actress to a doctor that helps make for happy marriages. Both are students of human nature.

Maybe all actresses should marry doctors!

And maybe there is something in these long-distance marriages. Maybe all couples should live three thousand miles apart!



"Mary—I just don't know what to do with Junior. He whines like this all day long. And he hasn't one BIT of appetite!"



"I've gone through the same thing with my Polly. Don't worry—I'm sure all he needs is a good laxative. Give him Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"Mary! I followed your advice—and you ought to see the smiles around here this morning!"

"I'm so glad, Sue, Fletcher's Castoria is really the ideal laxative for children—it's made especially for them. You see, many laxatives made for grown-ups are too harsh for the delicate system of a child—and often do more harm than good. Fletcher's Castoria acts gently yet thoroughly. And I'm sure Junior loved the taste of it—all children do. Yes, that's the kind—it has the signature Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton."

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, from babyhood on—there is no better first-aid for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour, or acid stomach, for flatulence or for the beginning of a cold, than a good laxative. There is no better laxative for children than Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.



The UNKISSSED WIFE



Not that she's never kissed. But she no longer wins the kind she wants. He seems to kiss her hastily, gingerly...

The reason is, a man hates to kiss paint. Yet he never even notices a lipstick like Tangee. For Tangee colors your lips without painting them. It intensifies your natural coloring and becomes *part* of your lips, not a coating.

LOOKS ORANGE — ACTS ROSE

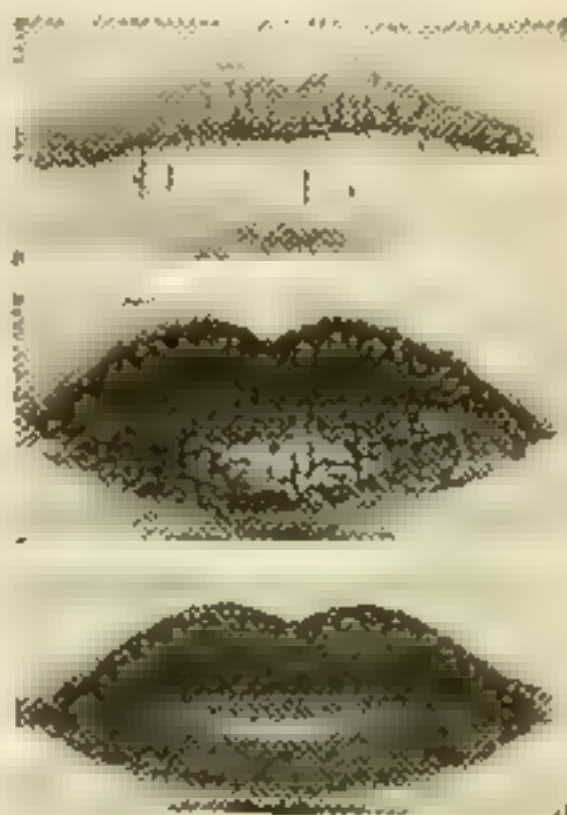
Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee isn't paint. It changes color when applied. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it's your natural shade of rose! So it cannot possibly make you look painted. Its special cream-base soothes and softens dry peeling lips. Goes on smoothly and gives lips a satin-smooth sheen! Get Tangee today—39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)



UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look...make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

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World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY TG64
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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

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The Real Mae West

(Continued from page 23)

remarkable, just as fascinating a human being as Mae West the celebrity. But totally different and at opposite poles are Mae West the star, and Mae West the woman. And it is the woman as I have seen her that I want to introduce to you.

You all know Mae West the star, whether you live in Hyde Park, London, Charlottenberg, Berlin, or Chillicothe, Ohio. "Take all you can get, and give as little as you can" is the philosophy of Mae West, the celebrity, but as you will see, the philosophy of the real Mae West is "Give where you can, give generously, unsparingly of yourself, of your money, of your time, to your work, to your friends, to those who are weaker than yourself."

It takes more than merely acting to become a national figure—an emblem—which, strange and contradictory as it may seem, is exactly what Mae West is. Fashions, figures, diet, manners, social customs, even morals, as we shall see, have felt the influence of her strong personality.

She was voted by the Seaman's Institute as their favorite actress.

She was nominated a Kentucky Colonel by Governor Ruby Laffoon.

The Central Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists endorsed her unanimously at its annual convention, whereat Dr. W. P. Holmes of Chicago delivered himself of these sentiments in regard to her Rubens figure:

"If it is Mae West who is responsible for this new, yet age-old fashion, my hat is off to her. The return to plumpness is a boon to motherhood."

A Hudson River houseboat plies the river bearing her name.

J. P. McEvoy, the famous author and humorist, gives public thanks on behalf of writers, for her initiating the new era—an era of wide skirts, full bosoms, ostrich feather boas, large hips, trains, and the ample curve of the "90's"—the Diamond Lil of the stage, Diamond Lou of the screen, Lady Lou to the boulevardiers of Paris.

She abolished the modish repression known as the boyish form, and making sex funny instead of lachrymose, murdered one screen convention after another—and has thrived.

She advised the skinny girl: "What the good Lord has forgotten, we'll put there with cotton," being an advocate of curves because "they will get you farther than an angle."

MAE WEST knows men and how to appeal to them.

She knows, too, that the charm, the romance and the glamour of the Lillian Russell period captures man's imagination. She knows that men, though they flirt and play, and are often caught, to their sorrow, by the wide-eyed ingenue, really love women with charm and poise and worldly wisdom; that men know they are being teased and hoodwinked by their platinum blondes and fall for them, but that they are willing to die for their well-rounded, full-bosomed inamoratas of the "90's".

Men like Mae West the minute they meet her, but she never does a thing to attract their attention. Off the screen she dresses simply—usually in black. But men are attracted, as Cary Grant explained to me, by her intense

human qualities—her love of people, her interest and desire for their welfare. She is frank and spontaneous, utterly unaffected. Moreover, she is considerate and understanding, and very, very witty. Absolutely on the level herself, she's intolerant of sham—and is quick to detect it. Years on the stage have left her no illusions.

Her grasp on life is tremendous and her sympathy inexhaustible. She knows, likes and understands people—sums them up quickly. She is essentially the sophisticated woman of the world who has tasted life with all its experiences. But it has not left her bitter—it has made her big.

Naturally talented and clever, keen and shrewd, Miss West has, since the age of five, devoted all her efforts toward mastering her profession, climbing the ladder of success, as she will tell you with a laugh, "wrong by wrong."

IT is interesting to know, and I will tell you the story later, just why, how and when Mae West decided to be bad—professionally. For the moment, let's meet the high-spirited little flaxen-haired girl, the daughter of the Wests, known because of her unconventional exploits at an early age as "that West child," and looked upon with arched eyebrows by the conservative mothers of the neighborhood because untamed, stubborn little spirit as she was, and the leader of the block, she refused to conform to the then current pastime of playing jacks in lady-like fashion on the top step, preferring to gang about with the boys.

Mae West, the daughter of a French mother and an American father, grew up in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn. She was one of those children whom all the neighborhood knows—you know the sort—a forceful little mite, getting into every kind of mischief (instituting most of it), determined to see it through—the sort that all the other children look to for leadership and a jolly good time of it, and the kind grown-ups watch and frown upon.

She became used to the public eye at an early age because she took part in neighborhood theatricals. She was a child actress at the age of five, and strange as it may seem in the light of subsequent events, one of her most popular roles was that of the angelic child of all times, the studiously polite and decorous little being of the velvet suit and lace collar, known to the world as "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Mae West's mother was a native Parisienne. Miss West says she got that insinuating strut of hers walking over men, but as long as her mother was alive, her daughter Mae accorded her a devotion and a reverence seldom seen in these days of scorn for family ties and neglect in general of the older generation. Until the time of her mother's death three years ago, the two were seldom apart. Miss West went to her mother for advice about her life, for counsel about her work, and for discussion of all the problems besetting an active and strenuous life.

Hardboiled, you ask? After her mother's death, Miss West, prostrate with grief, was unable to see a living soul for days, remaining in her room

The Real Mae West

alone trying to reconcile herself with the loss of the person she loved most on earth.

But I am ahead of my story. Let's go back to the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, where a clever little flaxen-haired girl lived with her parents. Battling Jack West, the one-time lightweight prizefighter, was her father, and it was from him that she received her first interest in the manly art of self-defense. To this day she is an ardent fight fan. It is one of her few diversions and she never misses a fight, always occupying a ringside seat with "some of the boys."

MAE WEST was a strong, husky child, full of vitality, determination and fire. She explained to me one day that even as a child, once she got an idea into her head, nothing on earth could get it out. "I don't give myself any credit for that," she said, "I'm just that way—so stubborn and difficult once I get an idea into my head." Her mother was the one person in her early youth who had the patience to cope with it.

She tells of a visit she paid at a tender age with her mother to an elderly spinster, very precise and inflexible. In the living room of the elderly lady's house a multi-colored globe on a mahogany table caught the fancy of little Mae's childish eye. Bored by the conversation, she edged her way over to the table and began to finger the bowl curiously, as children do.

"Little girl," said the elderly lady in cold, disapproving tones, "you're too big to handle other people's things. Keep your hands off—you should know better." Something in the woman's tone was too much for Mae's *amour propre*. She went and found her hat and coat, stalked up to her mother and announced: "We are going home, Mother." Her mother coaxed and cajoled, apologized and threatened. Candy, cake and cookies, even knick-nacks, were pressed into service. It was useless—home they went—and Mae, wounded to the heart, never entered the undiscerning old lady's portals again.

Another day her mother took her to the toy department of a store on Brooklyn's Broadway to buy a doll. When she entered the shop, Mae's eyes lit upon a shelf full of matchless beauties with flaxen hair and long, curling eyelashes. On the top of a pyramid of boxes, so high the salesman could not reach them, Mae spied immediately the doll she wanted—a fetching creation in lavender. The salespeople united in trying to persuade her to choose another doll. There were pink ones, blue ones, yellow ones, bigger ones, dolls that talked and walked and cried, but Mae, to the exasperation of the assembled salespeople, was adamant. She could see they all hated her cordially, but she stood her ground. Finally, exasperated, they sent for a ladder from the basement, and a scowling salesman, too annoyed even to pretend to be gracious, got her the doll on top. Ever since, Mae says, she's wanted everything at the top and will be content with nothing less.

When she was about four years of (Please turn to page 76)

MAYBELLINE eye makeup lends grace to "smart 25"

MAYBELLINE eye makeup adds charm to "sweet 16"



MAYBELLINE eye makeup beautifies dignity of "queenly 50"



Maybelline

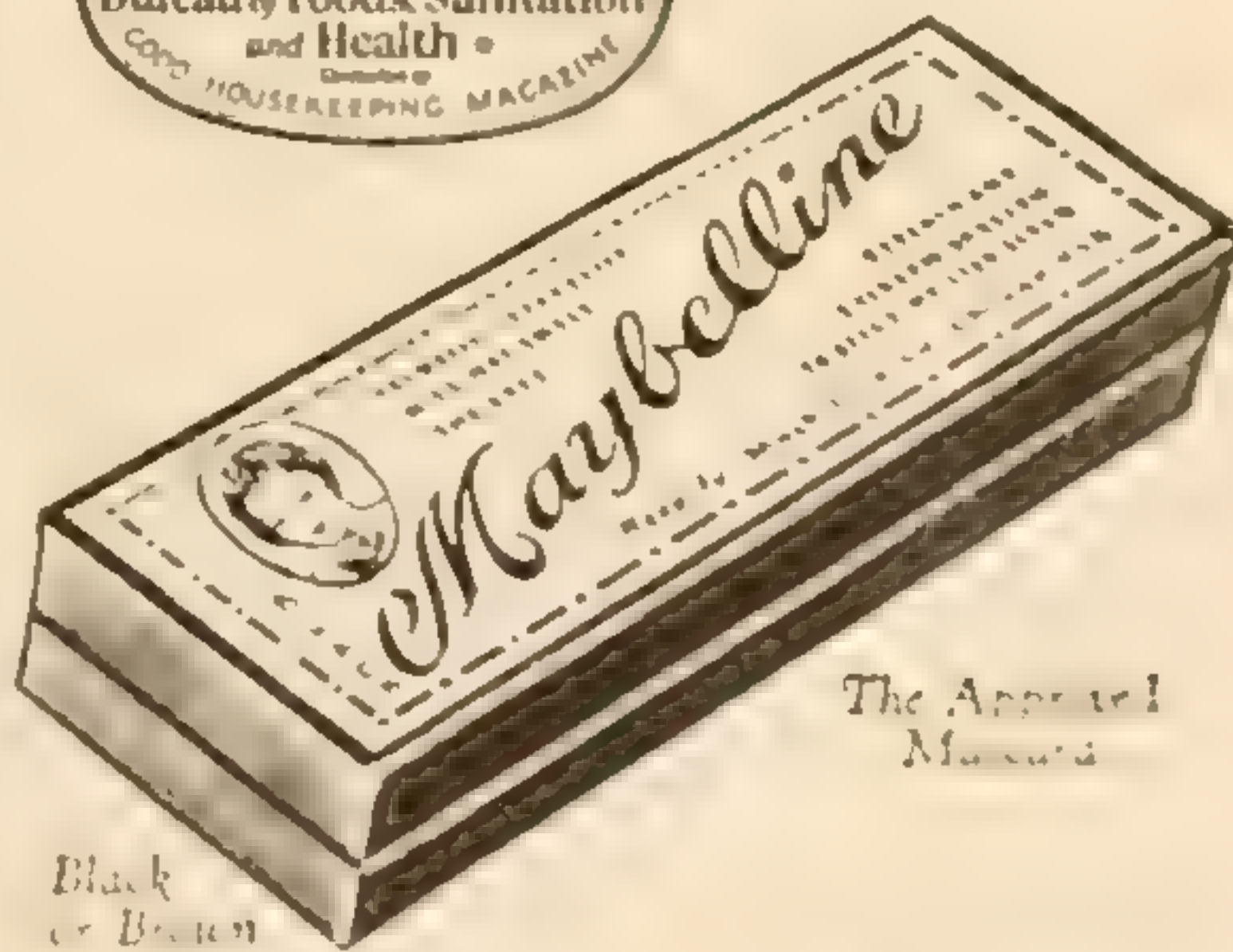
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smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



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Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



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ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT The only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. Pleasant to use. Simple. Quick. ZIP leaves no trace of hair above the skin . . . no prickly stubble later on . . . no dark shadow under the skin. Ideal for face, as well as arms, legs and body. Special ZIP Kit now \$1.00.

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ZIP Cream Deodorant



At last, a physician's prescription for eliminating odors. This delightful cream, applied with finger tips, acts immediately. Especially large container . . . 10c

The Real Mae West

(Continued from page 75)

age she began showing an aptitude for mimicry. She appeared at the amateur performances of the neighborhood church and club socials, giving impersonations of Eva Tanguay, Eddie Foy, George M. Cohan and other popular vaudeville headliners of the day. Her take-off of Eva Tanguay, the unrestrained, hippy favorite of soldiers, sailors, college boys and tired business men of that day, invariably won her the greatest applause. It practically gave Mae West her start in show business.

MAE WEST never forgets a friend nor a kindness, and seems to have an inexhaustible memory for the faces of those who have crossed her pathway in her long journey from Brooklyn to Broadway.

Like all the children on the block, Mae West went to the public school, and she passes over the monotony of the schoolroom for the more exciting adventures in the evening when, as a child actress, with grease paint and furbelows, she occupied the center of the stage.

Her first professional appearance took place with the Clarendon Stock Company at the Gotham Theatre in East New York. She was the little daughter who cried out "Father, dear father, come home with me now," in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." As Little Eva she often took the piano-wire route to heaven in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," playing, as a matter of fact, a large repertoire of child roles in the good old days—"Little Lord Fauntle-

roy," "The Moonshiner's Daughter," "East Lynne" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

As a member of the stock company, when there were no child parts in the plays, she was called upon to take part in what are known in old-fashioned plays as "olios," or vaudeville acts in between the scenes of the plays. She sang popular songs and gave her imitations, being what was known on the billboards as a "coon shouter." It was at this stage of the game, she avers, that she learned to roll her eyes, a propensity, however, that had to be curbed when she became, for the sake of drama, "Little Eva" or "Little Red Riding Hood."

She continued her schooling, off and on, to please her mother, and when she was "going on twelve," she made another interesting discovery. It was the interest—reciprocated, she admits—she had for boys. She never played with girls at all if she could help it. "Gee, I loved the boys," she says. "Went around with lots of them and played with them. There was a gang of us—of course, we would have fights." And since she was a husky child, she'd smack a boy on the nose as quickly as she would a girl.

Popular as she always has been with boys and men, Mae West has never married and she has very definite reasons why she, who typifies all that is seductive and charming to mankind, has preferred to pursue her career in real life alone.

The second instalment of Mae West's real life story will appear in the July NEW MOVIE.

That Mad Mexican

(Continued from page 31)

beside her a little stupefied and watched her . . . my glance roved. She was wearing a pair of very red flannel pajamas and sheep-skin slippers; between her knees she grasped a waste-basket. She said:

"I never, never sit without it between my legs in my dressing-room! Do I?" she called to the maid. But the maid had fallen asleep. Lupe acted just as if she had answered, however, and went blithely on.

"Why? I never know . . . look what have I on? I pay for these to take on location for Laughing Boy—I never take 'em off again. I sleep in 'em and I work in 'em. Take a look at my wardrobe!" With the waste-basket still between her knees, she gestured, toward it—and I felt full of expectancy. Thus, I looked dutifully toward the wardrobe. One of the doors was open. Inside hung another pair of pajamas slightly more soiled than the ones Lupe was wearing and of a very loud shade of blue. On the floor of the wardrobe were a pair of patent leather shoes. I saw them almost with a sigh of relief, which died instantly when Lupe informed me that those belonged to her maid. She opened her mouth and shouted again,

"Have I wore anything to the stujo but dese?"

The maid woke and said, "No, indeed," and fell asleep again. Lupe became very absorbed then in showing me all sorts of things . . . she pulled out her make-up box which is an old shoe box "with my name on it" she cried gleefully, and sure enough there was her name written badly in pencil . . . inside the shoe box were a dirty towel, a piece of grease-paint—the old kind—and a can for her mascara with a candle in it.

"Got personality, that's why Lupe doesn't use her beautiful make-up box!"

I laughed a little bit and looked around the dressing-room. As if I'd given a signal the place turned into a bedlam—the doorbell shrieked, the telephone began to ring furiously and Lupe commenced to sing soulfully. While the maid rushed around from one thing to another—she no sooner answered one than the other rang I put my hands to my mouth and made a megaphone; then I screamed,

"It's a nice dressing-room anyway!"

"I never notice where I am. Long's I have a good part I don't mind if they poot me with the horses!"

I laughed at that.

"What?" shouted Lupe.

"Ha—Ha!" I roared.

"Oh, yeah—Ha—Ha!" returned Lupe.

That Mad Mexican

SOMEONE opened the door and came in, but went right out again and the maid ran after him down the hall to see who it was. While she was gone, the telephone rang again and Lupe told it to shut-up.

"How ol' are you?" she asked me.

"Twenty!"

"I'm twenty-three!"

"Not much older!"

"Oh yes, much! I am too old for words. I think I am TOO tired!"

"Y'mind if I call you Lupe?"

"Wouldn't know how to answer if you call me anything else!"

I stopped looking at her and placing one forefinger in each ear—they had started construction on a new building I think just after I arrived—I looked into my little book for the question I intended to ask Lupe.

"Don't you think that what happened between you and Gary left you with a greater understanding of acting than you ever had before?" I knew that this question had to be said in a subdued, intimate voice but necessity and the telephone had me shrieking it.

"Oh, honey," she shrieked. "What is pas' is pas' . . . I live for today . . . not tomorrow or yesterday. I'm never sorry for Garee and me an' how we turn' out. Nothing can make Lupe sad! Why should she get sad? I just get mad . . . nothing ever gets me blue—but when I was a little kid I use' to have a little tiny ol' chair and every time they would spank me I would hol' in my tears till I got to my chair then I would cry very hard! Only time I cry now ees when a dog dies or sump'n."

This seemed a trifle irrelevant but I smiled and nodded and wrote busily as if it had a great deal to do with something. Lupe looked terribly happy to see me so occupied. She had her maid tearing around the room and me writing and a song writer who had suddenly made his appearance busy making an effort to have her rehearse a song. In the midst of his effort she turned to me and showed me her arm.

"My God but look how theen I am . . . I lose pound after pound I am so nervous and I work on t'ree pitchers all at once . . ."

I started to speak in an ordinary voice but I had to yell above the din.

"You ought to drink milk!" I hollered.

"Oh, no, honey . . . Milk makes me sour in the stummick!"

She began then to make a great many protestations to the song writer and looking up expectantly I noticed that he had vanished.

There was a moment's quiet and I stabbed the hush with my next question.

"Is your family here?"

"Family? No, darling, they are all in Mexico."

"You have a large one, haven't you?"

"I come from a large familiee, honey, that ees like a freight train—it never ends."

I LITTLE knew that that was the last question in my interview to be answered. The rest of the interview, questions and all were taken over by Lupe and her hairdresser. I tried every way possible but my questions didn't seem nearly so important even to me as theirs.

(Please turn to page 78)

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prevent odor



HERE is the new easy-to-use deodorant. Instantly it gives protection for the day! Never before has the problem of perspiration odor been so neatly and effectively solved.

Just hold Perstik like a lipstick—and apply. Fingers and nails never touch the deodorant itself. No wonder the beauty advisers to more than 10 million women hail Perstik as the perfect way to underarm freshness.

Awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval

The wives of thousands of American physicians prefer Perstik because it cannot irritate the skin, even after shaving. Nor can it injure fabrics. Use it the first thing in the morning, and slip right into your dress.

Say goodbye forever to the fear of abhorrent body odor. The daily use of Perstik keeps you sure of yourself at all times.

In buying Perstik, be certain to get *real* Perstik, in the handsome new black-and-ivory case with the name "Perstik" right on the cap. Perstik is sold at all stores from coast to coast. Perstik, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Perstik
THE EASY-TO-USE DEODORANT

That Mad Mexican

(Continued from page 77)

The other interviewer, so to speak, arrived with a curling iron and one of those little iron things used to heat it. She undid her coat and began to comb Lupe's hair. Lupe seized the comb.

"I tell you a thousand time' I don' wan' anyone to comb but me—you hurt me, you!"

The hairdresser shrivelled up and Lupe grabbed hold of a lock of auburn hair and tore the comb through it, leaving about half of its former weight—still plenty—she gesticulated gruffly and the hairdresser began to curl up the locks. While the H.D. was frantically twisting up the ends Lupe began to outline her mouth, muttering things throughout. I noticed that she didn't use false eyelashes and commented upon it and she said she couldn't because they made her look either sleepy or drunk and she said, too, that she couldn't drink because of her liver and anyhow she didn't like drinking.

"Only the fights and to play hearts," she said. "Johnnee likes sports. I don't like sports so I leave Johnnee to dem."

I said that I thought without doubt that her marriage would last. Lupe turned right around and ignoring the hairdresser's plight she said:

"Do you know why I think my marriage will las'? It ees because we fight so much! We enjoy our fighting—an' Hollywood can leave us alone! I adore my husban—he's the sweetest husban' God ever made—he gotta helluva lot of temper . . . he's like a little tiny kid . . . we figure it all out—Johnnee and me—the bes' thing to do in Hollywood is to fight—they say you are fighting anyway, so why not? Why, honey, I steek to one man for years—"

Was there a shade of sadness in her face? It had suddenly become mask-like and weary.

"I went weeth—Garee—for three an' a half years. I started to go weeth him when I was eighteen—so you see—I go weeth one man for so long and then I get tired and I call it a day . . ."

I did something then that I rather regret. I said:

"I broke up with a boy, myself—and when I saw you and Johnnie together at the fights one night—and you used his big white hanky, I felt—as if I were seeing myself all over again."

SYMPATHY is one emotion that rushes out from Lupe. She put her hand with its scarlet nails on mine and said softly:

"Eesn't it fonny how after you are 'through' everything and everyone seems to look and feel like you once did—I know how you felt!"

Then she grew excited again and cried:

"I never, never go to see Johnnee during the whole day! I theenk that that ees what ees wrong with so many marriages—a man gets tired of never being to himself and with his friends!"

The telephone rang again and trembling from sheer exhaustion I picked it up and answered it. They wanted to know how soon Lupe would be ready. I asked and she said in ten minutes.

I stood weakly. The room seemed to be whirling around me. I knew then . . . I had been a fool to think that I could come out of it unscathed. I took Lupe's hand and pressed it and said I thought I'd better be going and she said no, stay, and called me "darleeng" and I shook my head miserably and staggered to the door—there I met an old man who asked me where Lupe was, and I told him hoarsely:

"I don' know but I theenk she ees dressing inside . . . adios, senor!"

Goin' to Town

(Continued from page 13)

hands by a lifer in gratitude to the talented boy for his several appearances in the frequent prison shows. Of course, another picture travels with Hal. It is a portrait of a pretty, dark-haired miss who lives with her parents in a small town far from the glittering lights of Broadway. Yet close enough to New York for Hal and the girl to see each other frequently.

It has been an amazing set of circumstances which lifted the obscure Cincinnati boy LeRoy Schotte, whose family had no theatrical connections whatever, to star on stage and screen at an age when most boys are still in college. When LeRoy's father, a lumber man, was transferred to Memphis, Tenn., destiny, which was to lead his eight-year-old son to fame, first took a hand.

It was around his father's lumber yard that the gangling youngster with the light curly hair and buck teeth met up with some colored lads his own age. These dark-skinned youngsters, filled with rhythm which is the heritage of the negro, expressed their joy of living in a strange dance which they called the Charleston. Soon the white boy found himself following their strange gyrations, adding little steps of his own which somehow seemed appropriate. To his amused and delighted

parents he demonstrated the steps. Immediately his mother recognized the rare talent which her youngest son possessed as a God-given gift. She determined he should have a career.

So, when the family returned to Cincinnati some months later, Master LeRoy Schotte, now close to ten years old, and large for his age, traveled with his mother across the Ohio river to Covington, Ky. For it was here that the energetic mother had learned of a theater which featured a weekly amateur night, with cash prizes. Behind the footlights in that small, dingy hall, LeRoy made his first public appearance. It was here that the inspired hoofing which was later to carry him up the ladder burst forth upon a delighted audience. His success was immediate and so apparent was his pull with the crowd that he was signed by the delighted manager to appear as headliner on the following week's bill at the munificent salary of forty dollars a week.

"It seemed like a lot of money, then," Hal told me modestly as we sat opposite each other in the Park Chambers in Manhattan, where he and his father share a modest apartment.

Hal was at ease with me as he continued his story. This was due to

Goin' to Town

our acquaintance extending back to the time when he first danced on Broadway at Janssen's Hofbrau restaurant long before he dreamed of becoming a screen celebrity. "That engagement in Covington convinced me that I wanted a stage career. Of course, I was still going to school which prevented me from doing a matinee, but I was at the theater right after supper and eager to do my stuff."

When the Covington engagement was over, the theater manager advised Mrs. Schotte to take her talented youngster to New York. It was there, he said, the real opportunities lay. Thus the following year found the going-on-twelve boy and his mother on their way to the big city. Here, failure was to await them. Lacking the proper connections and unused to the ways of Broadway, the boy could not get a chance to show what he could do. After some months of this, and faced with a fast-dwindling bankroll, the crestfallen two returned home. But Mrs. Schotte was not defeated.

The boy did amateur performances around Cincinnati, winning a succession of Charleston contests and, meanwhile, practising new routines. (He has never taken a dancing lesson in his life.) Finishing high school at the age of fifteen, he was still filled with the desire for a stage career. His mother, her courage undaunted, gathered together the family fortune and they again set forth.

Came the usual discouragements made less keen by a better knowledge of how to go about getting recognition. Finally an agent got him with a show called "Tattle Tales." Joining the show in Boston, he was a sensation. The show lasted a week in New York.

IN the meantime, his mother's health, long precarious due to a malignant disorder, had made it necessary for her to return home under a doctor's care. Hal would have returned too but the agent realized he had a good bet in the young dancer. He put him in a vaudeville act with two other hoofers which finally reached the Palace, then the mecca of all vaudeville thespians. Here Ted Healy spotted him and signed him for a show called "The Gang's All Here," then going into rehearsal.

After weeks of rehearsal, the elaborate musical finally opened rating only lukewarm notices. However, the critics, without exception, put on a rave act for the unknown kid, now known as Hal LeRoy. Among the messages delivered backstage following the opening was a note from Florenz Ziegfeld.

The next day found Hal sitting in the luxurious office opposite the great impresario himself.

"Mr. Ziegfeld offered me a contract. Said he would give me an important spot in the new 'Follies' which was then in preparation," Hal told me. "Naturally, I was thrilled but rather disappointed, too. You see, I was under contract to the man who had put on the other show. I explained that to Ziegfeld and he said to let the matter rest for a week or so. You can imagine my relief when the show folded after two weeks and I was released from my run-of-the-play contract. I immediately rushed over to Ziegfeld's office and signed up with him, before he changed his mind."

Hal being under age, it was necessary.
(Please turn to page 80)



**DANCE? DON'T RUB IT IN,
GWEN! IT'S ALL I CAN DO
TO WALK AT THIS TIME OF
THE MONTH!**

**FIDDLESTICKS! YOU ARE
COMING, BECAUSE I CAN
TELL YOU HOW TO AVOID
ANY PERIODIC PAIN.**



AND SHE DID !
(Thanks to Midol)

How to End Periodic Pain:

Yes, the girl who once gave-in to periodic pain has found a way to snap out of it.

Even those women who have always been "knocked flat" may now menstruate in perfect comfort.

The treatment is explained here. It's simple. It's perfectly harmless. It doesn't interfere with Nature's necessary process; all it does is block the pain. And this is all you have to do:

Watch the calendar.
Just before your time, take a tablet of Midol, followed by a large glass of water. The usual



pains may not start at all. But if you feel one twinge, take a second tablet.

That's all! Relief is complete, and lasts several hours. Two tablets will see you through your worst day. Menstruating becomes merely an incident. No need to "favor" yourself, or "keep off your feet." Keep your dates, and keep active.

Midol is not a narcotic. Don't be afraid of the speed with which it takes hold. Don't hesitate to try it, for it has helped thousands of desperate cases. Just ask the druggist for Midol—today, so you'll be prepared.



Clark Gable Answers

(Continued from page 81)



The Brides of five generations ago... like



today's Brides... prized fine needlework,



stitched with smooth, even, elastic threads,



Coats or Clark's Best Six Cord. The spool-



end that says Coats or Clark's is your guide to good thread that does not fray or tangle.

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY...AS TODAY



THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

—the sky today, the sidewalk tomorrow.

"That's one thing I learned from these personal appearances in New York. When I saw those demonstrations I really appreciated them. I wished I had had something more worth while to offer those enthusiastic fans. I'll never do a personal appearance again without having something prepared well in advance, so that I'll be satisfied that the audience is getting its money's worth. If they're satisfied just to look at me, I'm not. I want to give them some fine acting, too."

GABLE'S reaction to a flood of suggestions that he capitalize his great personal popularity and return East to appear in a play on the Broadway stage, was a decidedly negative one.

"There's a certain psychology connected with a movie actor's appearance in a play that's entirely different from a stage actor's," he explained. "I've been both, so I know. And I'm not going to stick my chin out now. Not until I'm a lot better satisfied with my work than I am at present."

Gable had appeared in several shows without eliciting much more than program notice. He was embarked on the long trip to eventual success on the stage however, after his appearance as "Killer" Mears in "The Last Mile," when the movies beckoned. His instant screen popularity, evidenced by thousands of letters demanding more Gable pictures, strengthened his determination to remain in movies.

"You see," he explained further, "every stage actor is a ham until he proves himself otherwise. Your legitimate theater-goer is a hard-boiled sophisticate. He's generally well-educated, traveled and cultured; he's harder to please than the movie audience, which goes to pictures in a more tolerant frame of mind. Your theater-goer is daring you to amuse or entertain him; your movie-goer hopes you'll entertain him, and he's willing to give you a break.

"My appearance on the legitimate stage today, because of my success in pictures, would make me more vulnerable than I was; the audience would be more intense in its criticism.

"A personal appearance audience is

different. You don't have to prove anything to them. You walk on the stage and they accept you, because seeing you in person is an added experience. They've already accepted you in pictures, or you wouldn't be there. Your personal appearance is in the nature of a dividend, so far as they're concerned. That's why I'm sorry I didn't have something better to offer than the repetition of a bit from a picture for them, a picture they had seen already."

Clark Gable's missus, who had been silent through all the interview, interrupted.

"I want to say this. I'm immensely grateful to those girls and women who made Clark's appearance at the Capitol such a success. It's a confirmation of my own judgment. I believed in him first; I knew he had it... IT," she repeated, her eyes laughing as she realized her repetition of the word in a different inflection gave it the connotation of sex appeal. "Their appreciation of him is a tribute to my judgment and a compliment to us both. I think it's nice."

Mrs. Gable's genuine little speech pleased her husband. He smiled his thanks. It is obvious that he respects her judgment.

She is slightly older than he, of medium height, with real auburn hair and regular features. Her face is distinguished by a quiet dignity. She has not the manufactured beauty of the screen heroines, but her face reveals her character; that innate charm and warmth of spirit which have won her scores of friends. It is easy to see the attraction she holds for Clark, for she is a restful person, quiet in voice and manner, with a gift of humor and friendship, and with tolerance and understanding.

She dresses smartly but unobtrusively, and this unobtrusive grooming is the keynote to her character.

Mrs. Gable has a womanliness that appeals to the real Gable—the Gable who is surprised that women like his caveman portrayals on the screen. Gable at home is an old-fashioned fellow who enjoys hunting in Wyoming, horses and pipes, and likes his wife because she is a feminine wife—and a regular person—content to make a charming home for him in which he can find understanding, companionship and peace.

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 45)

request was refused, so she built her own theater.

WHEN movie people take up any sport or hobby they do it thoroughly. If it is a game, they buy a complete outfit of clothes for it; they employ a professional to teach them and, until they either become proficient in the game or tire of it, they practice regularly as you would take a course of music lessons. Gary Cooper has never played either golf or tennis until recently when he began both games. The first day he played tennis he became so angry at the

elusive ball that he threw his racquet across the court with sufficient force to wrench his back. Which proves that stars are just human beings like John Jones, after all.

Ken Maynard, a cowboy who can retire any time and live comfortably for the rest of his life, has a very expensive hobby. Whenever he hears of an exciting event he travels to see it, no matter where it is, and takes pictures of it with his 16-millimeter moving picture camera. He has in his collection an alligator hunt in Mexico; the Round-up at Pendleton, Oregon; Aztec temples, Mayan ruins, Indian ceremo-

Hollywood Day by Day

nials and is now on his way to Madrid to photograph a bull fight.

Mitchell Leisen, artist, director, calms his befuddled nerves at the end of the day's work by flying. He flies over the ocean where no carpenters, supervisors or prop men can reach him. Recently he took his two servants up for the first time. They were a little nervous and when they reached home after their trip the colored butler said to the cook: "I'll bet you've been five thousand feet nearer to heaven than you'll ever be again."

WHEN Mrs. Wallace Beery's sister passed away, leaving three children, their future was just as much of a problem as it would have been to Mr. and Mrs. John Jones in Keokuk, Iowa, but, just as Mr. and Mrs. Jones would have done, the relatives of the children came to the rescue. Wallace Beery adopted the youngest child, Carol Ann, and although the spotlight of publicity shines more brightly on her because Wally is a popular motion picture star, the two other children, both boys, are equally well taken care of. Bill, the one just older than Carol Ann, was adopted by Mrs. R. E. DeVoor, an aunt, and George the eldest of the three, lives with his maternal grandmother, Mrs. W. H. Priester. Carol Ann is surrounded by every luxury money can buy, but the two boys have just as much love and being boys, do not require as much coddling as little motherless Carol Ann.

While motion picture fans make an idol of Wally Beery for adopting a baby, they object strenuously when the younger stars have children either adopted or their own. Bing Crosby is a case in point. When his small son was born the studio received a storm of protest from Bing's fans. They didn't want their idol married, much less the father of a baby.

Joel McCrea is making no secret of the fact that although he is jubilant over the thought of becoming a father, he is worried over the effect the news is going to have on his fans.

Before she left Hollywood for England Constance Cummings had two wisdom teeth extracted. Coming out of the anaesthetic she was surprised to see her mother and husband, Benn W. Levy, holding her hands.

"My, how solemn you look," she said. "Here I was having the time of my life doing something I have always wanted to do. Charles Chaplin and I were throwing custard pies at each other."

Several stars who had planned to travel to Europe this Summer have come to the conclusion that travel not only broadens one but, with things as they are over there, it might flatten them, and are making plans to see America.

The Richard Arlens, however, refused to be daunted by unsettled conditions and went to Europe taking their year-old baby and a nurse with them. "History is being made over there right now," Dick said, "and we might as well be there to see it."

(Please turn to page 84)

HOW DO THEY DO IT?



WANTED: Beautiful Girls

WHO PAY \$1 FOR THEIR FACE POWDER

You are invited to try this sensational new \$1 quality face powder which Woolworth sells for 20c.

Read the startling offer.

A \$1 quality face powder for 20c? We think we know what you are going to say...

You are going to say, "I don't believe it!" And, really, we can't blame you.

Yet it is true.

A well-known manufacturer of fine cosmetics went to Woolworth's and said: "I'll sell the entire output of my Embassy Powder exclusively to you. . . You, with your huge organization of over 1800 stores, will be my one and only customer for Embassy. And thus I'll cut my costs of doing business to such a minimum that we'll be able to offer women a real \$1 quality face powder for 20c."

... And now—may we prove it to you? Prove it with an offer so daring, so challenging that it leaves no room for doubt.

Today get a box of Embassy Powder. Feel its exquisite, smooth texture on your face. Like \$1 powders, it is sifted through silk, soft as a cloud, tender as a kiss.

Notice the color of Embassy Powder—true skin tones adorably natural. And notice, too, Embassy's delicate fragrance.

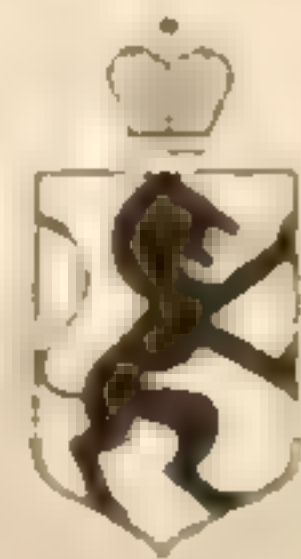
If, after a week's use, you don't think

Embassy is exactly like a \$1 powder, mail it back to Embassy, 71 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. We will send you, absolutely free, a package of ANY \$1 powder you care to choose. (Offer expires June 15th, 1934.)

In making this offer, we are relying completely on your honesty. And in all honesty—once you try Embassy—you'll say, "This is a \$1 quality powder".

Other Embassy Aids to Loveliness

Embassy is a complete treatment and make-up line—all \$1 quality products for 20c. Facial Cream (Nourishing)—for wrinkles. Cleansing Cream (Liquefying). Cleansing (Cold) Cream—for dry skins. Skin Freshener (Lotion)—revives circulation. Skin Softener makes make-up natural. Rouge, Lipstick, Eye-Make-up, Perfume.



Embassy
Aids to Loveliness

AT F. W. WOOLWORTH STORES

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THESE GIRLS ARE SAYING?



Can they say this behind your back?

"Why in the world can't someone tell Meg! She looks so plain . . . and she'd be positively lovely if she only knew how to make the most of herself. That's something every woman has to learn."

"Yes, but you just can't make personal remarks to people. And think of the thousands of women who would be beautiful if they only knew how to bring out their good features and hide their unattractive ones."

The Beauty Editor of Tower Magazines has developed a series to show women HOW they can gain new loveliness . . . HOW to make the most of your hair and skin. . . . HOW to choose the colors best for you. . . . HOW to acquire personal charm and good grooming.

Write and ask the Beauty Editor
about learning loveliness

Tower Magazines, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 83)

ACCOMPANYING an announcement that Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter" is to be remade as a talking picture, is a note which says more humor is to be put into the new film than there was in the original version with Lillian Gish as the star. They might put a little humor into the title as well and call it, perhaps, "How Hester Won Her 'A'."

Speaking of Miss Gish, upon seeing her in a picture recently I was struck by the amazing resemblance she bears to ZaSu Pitts, or vice versa. Lillian usually plays tragedy while ZaSu is a comedienne, but each girl is at the top of her profession. Can it be true, these rumors we hear, that ZaSu wants to be a tragedienne and that Merion Cooper, chief at the RKO Studios, has great plans for the little star in somber roles?

Whether tragedienne or comedienne, ZaSu is raising her children sensibly. Her home in Brentwood is nearly ten miles from Hollywood and on this three-acre estate her children are being taught how country people live. They have a cow, which her young son milks and cares for; and chickens, which are fed and looked after by her little daughter.

AT the Ambassador Cocoonut Grove you can hear almost anything when the lights are turned out for the moonlight dance. "Let's get out of here," a passionate voice whispered to his dancing partner and a moment later a prim little miss floated by, holding her partner at arm's length. As they passed she said, "But I think Scotties have a lot of personality, don't you?"

JEANETTE MACDONALD collects miniature orchestras. Recently she received a new one from Czechoslovakia, but the most amusing one she has is made of bright colored chenille and was given her by Rozika Dolly.

They say there will be no merry widow hats in M-G-M's musical version of "The Merry Widow." The date of the story has been moved back to 1885 instead of 1910, the date of the original play. This means, I am told, there will be bustles in the picture. What a lot of fun! But it doesn't matter. Nothing matters if Jeanette sings.

Johnny Mack Brown has some interesting antiques, including the first silver pitcher made by Paul Revere and the bill of sale for it signed by Paul himself. Other articles in his collection are the model for the first California stage coach and a fine linen napkin on which is a reproduction of the Declaration of Independence. At the time the Declaration was signed each singer was presented with one of these napkins and eventually one came to Johnny as a present.

GRACE MOORE was driving along the beach with her colored servant who accompanied her here from the East. "Now this is the Pacific Ocean," Miss Moore explained. "It is much larger than the Atlantic Ocean."

"Yes, Miss Grace. I can see that," replied the darky seriously.

Miss Moore is soon to make her new picture which is to be titled "Victor Schertzinger's Grace Moore Production" until someone thinks up a good

name for it. And Mr. Schertzinger was moaning because, due to many postponements, he had collected all of his salary for directing the picture before he started to make it.

Hardie Albright was in a quandary when the American Kennel Club notified him he was to act as judge in a recent show. "All my friends have entered their dogs. Shall I be honest or shall I give them ribbons?" he asked.

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY is having dog trouble, a huge one. His Irish wolf hound pup is the size of a Shetland pony and no hotel or apartment house wanted to admit him when they caught a glimpse of the dog. There is a state law prohibiting dogs from entering restaurants, but the managers of Hollywood eating places are torn between a desire to obey the law and the fear of offending their motion picture patrons. Yesterday Douglass started into a cafe with his pup and was stopped at the door.

"But I have to eat," argued Douglass, who is a good customer of the cafe. So the manager told him to hide the dog under a table in the corner. The dog could only get partly under the table but stayed anyway. At the Universal Studio cafe the dog rushed in and knocked over three tables before he was stopped.

"I'm about as welcome around town as scarlet fever," Doug complained.

Laura Burt Stanford, known on Broadway as Laura Burt, but who must now use her husband's name in order to collect a legacy, was taken to a party given in honor of Claire Trevor. When introduced she failed to catch the name of her hostess and couldn't seem to find out what it was because probably no one else knew it either. During the course of the evening the host suggested taking the dog for a walk and Mrs. Stanford, eager to get some fresh air, offered to go and did. There was a dense fog and within a short time Mrs. Stanford realized she was lost. She couldn't inquire the way because she didn't know her host's name. In desperation she stopped another pedestrian and inquired if he knew where the little Eskimo dog lived. The house was immediately pointed out and she arrived back safely.

MAE CLARKE was guest of honor at the Agua Caliente horse races one Sunday recently. When she was introduced over the loud speaker she had her speech ready and was just about to say: "The only time I ever won a race was when I bet on a horse named Wandering Jew. He won by a nose." Before she said it, however, she looked up and found herself surrounded by motion picture producers and quickly changed her speech.

Alice White was in an exclusive millinery shop looking around when a lady, obviously a tourist, came in and asked to see some hats. Giving the saleslady a wink, Alice waited on the customer and sold her two hats. The hats were boxed and paid for and the woman ready to leave when she turned to Alice and asked her if she knew where she would be apt to see any

Hollywood Day by Day

motion picture stars. "I'm from Iowa," she explained, "and I want to see some of the movie people while I'm in Hollywood."

Virginia Kellogg, young scenarist at M-G-M, was stuck for an idea one night and stepped out of her office into the hall. The janitor was mopping and she stopped to chat. "How would you like to change jobs with me?" she asked him. "Give me your mop and you write my story for me."

"No ma'am," he replied. "I know when I'm well off."

WHEN the beautiful English star, Madeleine Carroll, was given a welcoming party at the Fox Studio, it was suggested to another Fox star that it would be a nice gesture on her part if she would drop in and say hello.

"If she wants to see me she can come to my dressing-room," the star is said to have replied.

LOYD BACON always has a piano or organ on his set whether the script calls for it or not. Between scenes he and his company gather around the instrument and sing. The other day I stumbled onto the set and found James Cagney playing hymns on an antiquated organ and the gang trying to sing them.

Jimmy found the organ so fascinating they could hardly get him to leave it long enough to play his scenes. The next day a tiny organ was delivered at his house, a gift from Joan Blondell.

Jimmy now has a complete stock of musical instruments. He has a grand piano, an organ, an accordion, a violin, a banjo, two guitars and a ukulele. And he tries to play all of them.

BILLIE BURKE was remarking recently the difference in voices over the radio and the telephone. When her husband, the late Florenz Ziegfeld, was ill in New York, he kept the knowledge from her while she appeared in a show in Los Angeles. "I talked to him on the telephone every night," she said, "without suspecting anything. But when he talked over the radio, briefly, I knew instantly that something was wrong." She left the show and hurried East and, as she had suspected, found him very ill.

Billie Burke and Gilbert Emery are the only non-English players in "The Dover Road," which includes Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Phyllis Barry, Alan Mowbray and Reginald Owen in the cast.

John Boles would have the wide world know he is Irish and he was never as happy as when he sang the Irish number, "Katy" in "Bottoms Up." "That was John Boles," he said, "and it's the first time I was ever allowed to be myself in a picture."

MARY BOLAND is so fed up on apartments and hotel rooms that it got to be a complex, so when she bought a home here recently she got a house with eleven rooms in it. "I rattle around in it, it is so large," she said happily, "but I'm so happy to have room enough for everything, plenty of closets and drawers. And I'm even

(Please turn to page 86)



Shorter'n the Mouse's Tail
in Alice in Wonderland is
DOUBLE MINT'S
beauty secret.

Enjoy this gum
daily and you
will find that
it will help
tone up saggy
muscles of
your face and
neck. Chewing
exercise aids in
keeping a facial
contour that is
young and
beautiful.

Try it
out 5
to 10
minutes
twice
a day.

When
DOUBLE
MINT is
enjoyed
right
after a
meal
it also
helps
keep
your
teeth
white.

Charlotte Henry, Paramount Featured Player,
Endeared to the Public in Alice in Wonderland

How JOAN got her "MOVIE EYES"



Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of allure...get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... irresistible. Try it tonight. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, DELICA-BROW. At all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.



BUILDING A HOME?

If you are, you'll be interested in these blue prints before you go ahead: Colonial House, Italian House, each 6 rooms. Normandy House, Swiss Chalet, Modernistic House, Spanish House, each 5 rooms. Send 3 cents for each of the blue prints you want to

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Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 85)

having a swimming pool built. I'm going completely Hollywood."

THEY are telling this on Paul Lukas. It seems that he refuses to work overtime. One day recently the production manager thought it necessary to finish a certain sequence that day and asked Mr. Lukas if he would consent to remain two hours overtime. "Will you stay, Mr. Lukas?" he asked. "Will you play ball with us?"

Mr. Lukas drew himself up to his full height. "I'm an actor, not a ball player," he replied as he strode off the set.

Hugh Williams, young English actor, took his first lesson in crap-shooting recently. He lost all of his money and as he turned away the dealer called him back. "Wait a minute," he said, reaching in his pocket. He drew out a pair of dice and handed them to Hugh. "Take these home and practice a little bit."

Alice Brady confessed recently that she paid little or no attention to favorable comments on her screen work and added: "But when I read an unfavorable criticism I cut it out and save it for several days. I read it over and study it, trying to decide whether there is any justice in the criticism. If there is, I try to improve my work along the lines suggested in the criticism. If I decide the criticism isn't fair or worthy, I forget it. Of course we all like to read the nice things written about us but it is the constructive reviews that help us in our work."

GRETA GARBO'S head adorns a new issue of Swedish postage stamps... The pictures in Constance Bennett's dressing-room are framed in black and white gingham frames, which was William Haines' idea... Lyle Talbot's real name is NOT Lyle Hollywood, as has been told... A cameraman was about to snap a picture of Clive Brook playing golf in shorts when Clive remarked: "It's the first time I've ever been photographed with my pants off."... Spencer Tracy and his brother, Carol, look enough alike to confuse their friends. Carol is Spencer's business manager... Ann Harding's sister, Mrs. Edith Nash, is her secretary... They are saying in Hollywood that the most dangerous woman here is a tiny star about five feet tall, who weighs a hundred pounds, has red hair and enormous brown eyes and freckles. Men never seem to recover after falling for her charms and it seems all she has to do is to cast an eye in the direction of any male and he is sunk... The Gale sisters, Jean, Joan, June and Jane, are not quadruplets, as most people think, but two sets of twins. Joan is now a contract player at M-G-M... Every week studios announce new finds but after a week many of the finds are lost so why doesn't a studio organize a lost and found department?... One reason for Sidney Fox's haste to procure a divorce from Charles Beahan may be because a fortune teller has promised her a new romance and an ocean voyage... When Mary Nash arrived in Hollywood, her friend, Ruth Chatterton gave a dinner party in her

honor. Ruth was in Palm Springs so she invited the guests by telegram and instructed her servants by telephone just what to do. It was a lovely party and everyone was there but the hostess...

Joan Crawford makes her own bed every morning. She says it helps her to wake up. Frank Fay paid \$10,000 for a clock for his wife, Barbara Stanwyck. It was formerly owned by a King of Poland and is set with precious gems. Barbara keeps it in a glass case and it runs... Katharine Hepburn tried to get a job at Warners before she was found by RKO... Charles Starrett always refers to his three-year-old twins as "my elder son" or "my younger son" because Charles Junior was born eight minutes before the appearance of David... Greta Garbo's hairdresser at the studio begged for an autographed portrait and said, "to remember you by." "Must you have my picture to make you remember me?" Greta asked her. "You couldn't forget me, now could you?" And the girl didn't get any picture... All of the younger actresses and secretaries at M-G-M copy Joan Crawford's clothes and Joan loves it... Ivan Lebedeff was embarrassed when he stood up in the theater to allow a lady to pass and she sat down in his seat next to his girl!... Mala, the Eskimo actor, always wears a beret because he can fold his long hair up under it. It bags a little in the back, but that's on account of the hair... He is still under contract to M-G-M and will next be seen as an Indian... Onslow Stevens started out in life to become a lawyer but the closest he ever came to accomplishing his desire was when he appeared as John Barrymore's law partner in "Counsellor-at-Law"... Myrna Loy recently rented a furnished house belonging to a psychiatrist. He left his library, including dozens of medical books, and Myrna declares she will read them all...

A CHORUS girl in New York pursued Earl Carroll for months and when he came to Hollywood, sent him a telegram every day reading: "I love you, I love you, I love you" and signed her name. Suddenly the telegrams stopped and Earl was worried so he had a friend in New York find out if she was all right. The friend wired back: "She married an usher in the second balcony of your theater." And Earl said, "My God! My honor is at stake. Couldn't she have married an usher in the first balcony?"... Mae Clarke names her automobiles. Her second-hand Ford is named Abe because she hoped it would grow to be a Lincoln, and her Chrysler is named Chiseler because she had to chisel her budget in order to pay for it... Lou Tellegen is about to embark on another picture career. He says he is finished with romance after four marriages and hopes he will be forgotten as the Great Lover and can play roles like Lionel Barrymore's... The M-G-M publicity department proudly announces that Leo G. Carroll, who plays a very special kind of butler in Joan Crawford's "Sadie McKee," won the critical approval of even George Jean Nathan for his work in "The Green Bay Tree" on the New York

Hollywood Day by Day

stage last season . . . Grant Withers who was once married to Loretta Young, has a rich, new bride. Her name is Alys Walsh and she is tiny, pretty, blonde and young and Grant talks about making a come-back in pictures . . . Patricia Ellis displayed no temperament and refused to have a double for her acrobatic stunts with Joe E. Brown in the circus picture, until it was time to make scenes with a trained seal who had almost eaten his trainer up the day before. Then she said "I'll pass" . . . Ronald Colman said people often approached him on the streets of foreign cities while he was traveling around the world, and called him "Bull Dog Drummond." He is now making "Bull Dog Drummond Strikes Back" for Zanuck's 20th Century Pictures and rattling around in Mary Pickford's bungalow dressing-room . . . Dorothea Wieck's contract with Paramount has expired and if someone doesn't offer her a job soon she must go back to Germany. The little school mistress of "Maedchen in Uniform" has had no similar opportunity in her American pictures and she feels she hasn't been given a break . . . An old man rode unchallenged into the Columbia Studio on a truck. He walked onto the stage where John Barrymore and Carole Lombard were working and watched them for an hour. Everyone thought he worked there because his clothes were dirty and he sat quietly on one side. Finally he went over and asked Mr. Barrymore to sign his autograph album and that gave him away. He was ejected from the stage and the studio, but he had his autographs! . . . And that's enough of that.

The Boulevardier

(Continued from page 39)

When Mr. Insull was reported escaping in woman's clothes I wanted to wire him warning against seeking sanctuary in Hollywood. In all the world there's no place as hospitable to financial racketeers as Southern California but female impersonators are instantly clapped in jail.

FOR months I have been conducting a secret research for the Rockefeller Foundation—a little gratuitous surprise for them—to determine the film favorite of womankind. My canvass covering months and embracing women of all complexions and complexes results in the conclusion that, year-in-year-out, Ronald Colman is the suffrage nominee by almost Rooseveltian majority.

I ran into Ronnie in a London fog at United Artists. Ronnie says he has been in a fog ever since he came to Hollywood. This one was for "Bull Dog Drummond Strikes Back," a 20th Century production, of London atmosphere (fog). I haven't seen him since his year of round-the-worlding. The old reserve has melted to a degree. I don't mean to say he's romping with Jack Oakie and Billy Haines, playing practical jokes. It's just he isn't as cagey.

Maybe Spain melted him. Spain he found the most charming of countries. (Please turn to page 89)

Macaroons a Child Can Make!



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GRETA discovers her "Hidden" Beauty



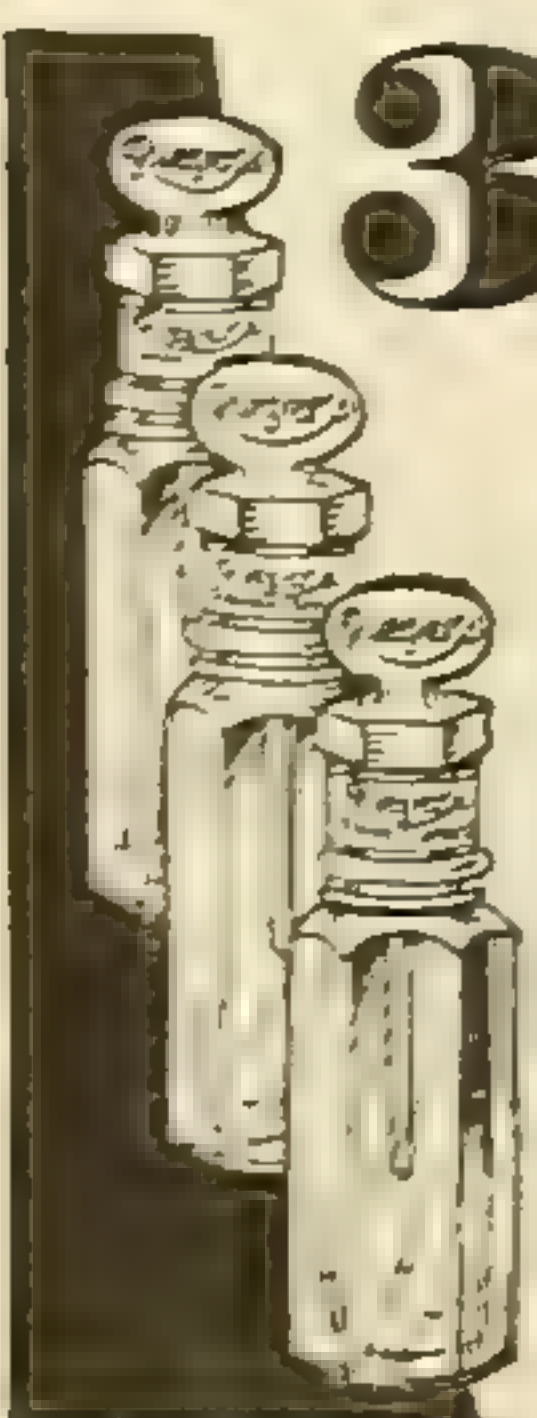
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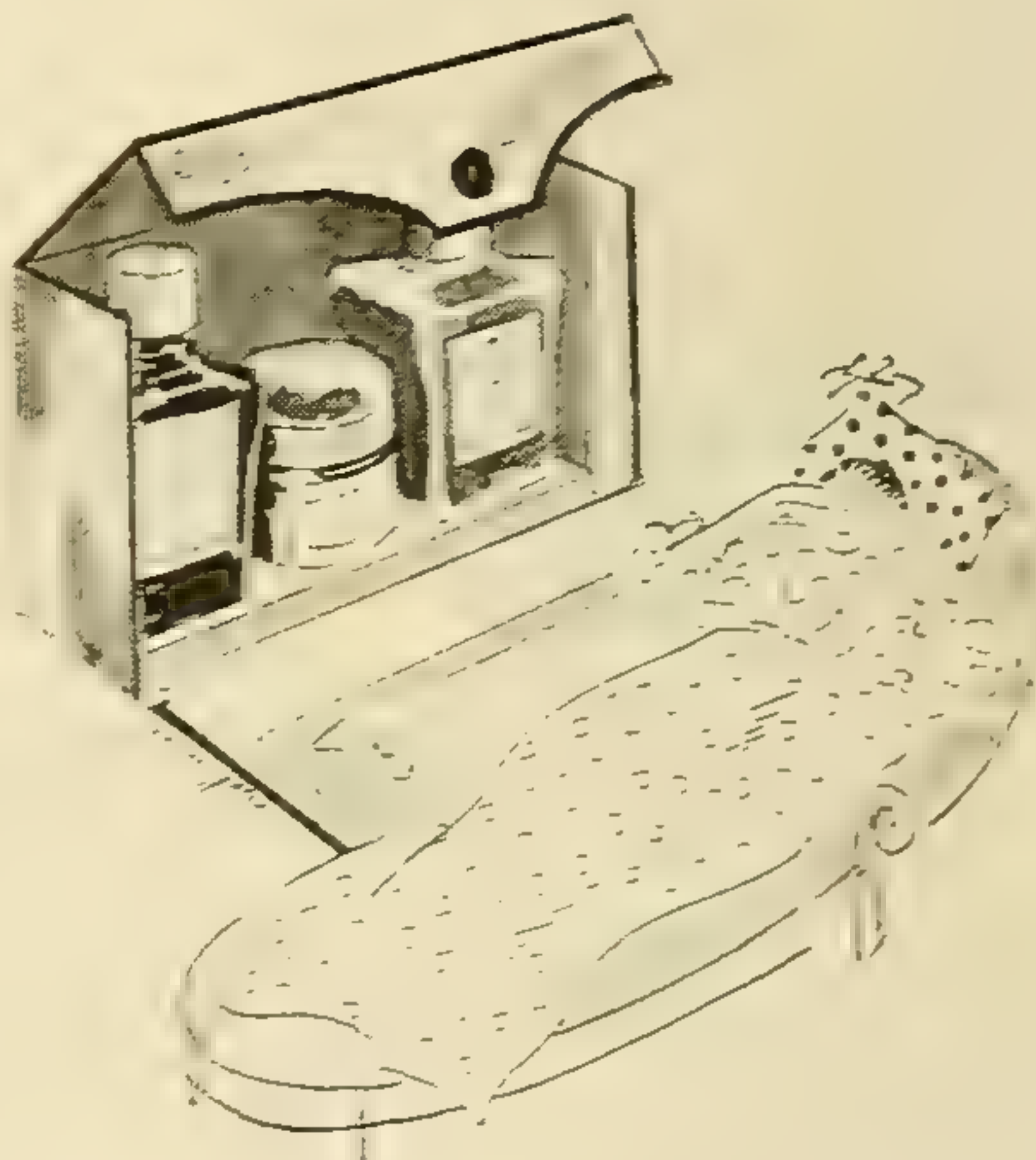
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30¢

The MAKE-UP BOX

FRAGRANT sachets of crushed herbs and flower petals to lay on tired eyes . . . gold-flecked green eye-shadow for evening glamour . . . and an automatic tweezer for smoothly arched brows! All these products came to our desk this month so is it any wonder that everyone in the beauty department has been rushing about with sparkling eyes and sweeping lashes?

WE simply can't get the words on paper fast enough to tell you about this new eye kit which is making its debut in the smart shops. A well-known beauty specialist recognizes the necessity of daily care of the eyes to combat irritations of sun, wind, dust or strain, and offers a kit containing these four essential preparations. An eye bath to soothe and strengthen; rich eye cream to keep tissues about the eyes free from lines and wrinkles; herb and flower-petal packs whose healing essences are released when

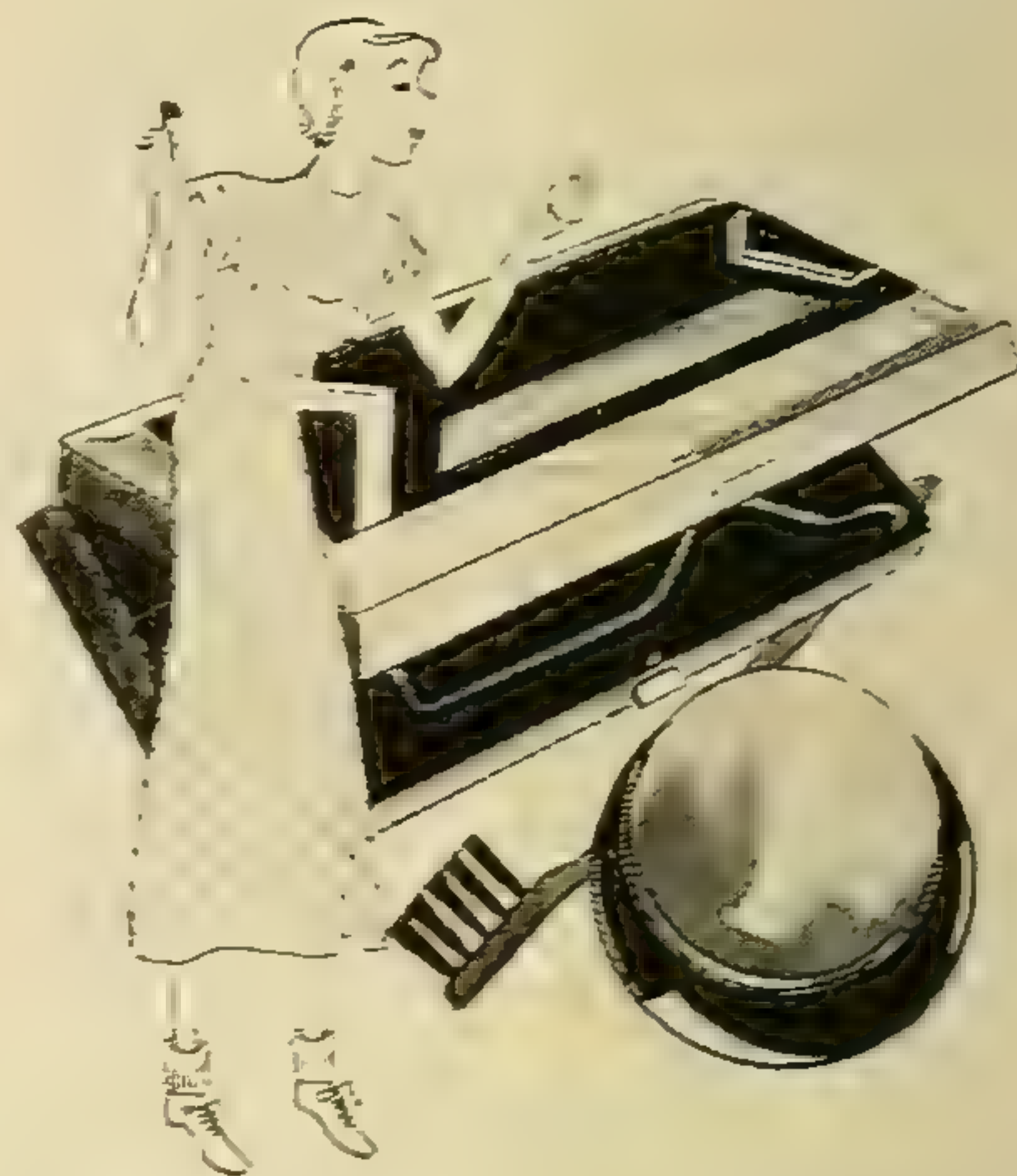


dipped in hot water and pressed gently over closed lids; and an astringent to tone the skin around the eyes and invigorate strained muscles. So whether your eyes are roguish, serene, sophisticated, dreamy or quizzical, be sure they are always radiant with the rested look this care gives.

ONE of our favorite brands of mascara has just come out in a new scarlet and gold vanity case but at no increase in price. The modern and attractive case contains mascara in black, brown or blue. It is delightfully soft and natural on the lashes and gives them a silky, lustrous look. What can be more appealing when dancing than to have beautifully accented lashes demurely sweeping your cheek?

EYE-SHADOW in blue, brown, gray, green, mauve, and, for the sophisticated in evening make-up, gold-flecked or silver-flecked! You'll like the assortment of shades and the smooth quality of the shadow in its handy little container. Eye-shadow creates a fascinating brilliance and lends depth and allure to eyes which are only moder-

ately attractive. Remember, too, that shiny eyelids are very smart this season, so leave just a little oil or eye cream on your upper lids to make them glisten.



BELOW are pictured twin gadgets for eye beauty. Although these are sold separately you'll surely want both. An automatic tweezer which has a peculiar mechanical fascination . . . a knob is pushed, then tiny jaws open and are poised over the hair, another knob is touched and presto! Use of this tweezer insures a clean accurate eyebrow line.

Its twin is an eyelash curler which does for straight lashes what a permanent wave does for straight hair. The instrument fits the curve of the eye allowing the lashes to slip between tiny rubber-covered bows. A gentle squeeze on the handles and the lashes are curled upward, giving that starry-eyed look.



If you would like further information about the articles described and other beauty news, write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Boulevardier

(Continued from page 87)

Seville the most beautiful of cities. Senoras e senoritas most alluring of women. I confess to a little license. No one could snare Ronnie into definite statement about women. It's Sherlock Howe's deduction:

Ronnie landed in Spain with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, intending to spend a week-end, stayed a month. He says he enjoyed the bull-fights. Bull-fights occur only on Sundays, though. He quit Spain for Paris with intention of going on to England. Within a week he was back in Spain. Those bull-fights? Those castanets, them eyes!

During long, uninterrupted servitude in Hollywood Ronnie was tempted to become a hermit, as who is not? He bought miles of beach and a herd of mountains in the Big Saar, a wilderness north of Santa Barbara. He bought it partly for speculation, partly with yearning for retreat into solitude. Now he regards it only as a speculation. His change of mood is indicated by his reply to the question always asked the world-traveler: Where in all the world would you choose to live?

"Paris," he said. "Six months there, six months traveling."

WHEN the moribund Academy of Arts and Sciences shook off its shroud to croak annual awards everyone felt creepy. It was as a voice from the tomb. Designed by producers to trap actors when Equity sought to unionize them, the academy fell into disrepute when there was talk of reducing star salaries. Artists and artistes walked out in a body, leaving Art and Science flat on their backs. But you know actors are just children. They were probably lured back with the offer of little gold statuettes. The nominees for last year's acting honors and the statuettes (beautiful gilded boys resembling the Valentino memorial) were: Katharine Hepburn, May Robson, Diana Wynyard, Paul Muni, Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton. Four foreigners, two Americans. Shame on! No nutty nationalist, I find no fault with the nominations except they did not include that sturdiest, actingest American, Mae West, who, incidentally, seems to be the choice of foreigners in the land of Bernhardt, the land of Duse, and even in the land of West, if box-office votes are any criteria. In view of all the gilt she's garnered—enough to clutter up the house with boy statuettes—she probably has the philosophy of one of my colored buddies in the war. After a trip to Langres he appeared in camp, his breast ablaze with the Croix de Guerre. Inasmuch as his heroism had been confined to policing roads after mules, we asked how come. "Bought'm," he said, adding with a scratch of his wool, "What Ah can't understand is why a man goes to all the trouble of gettin' shot an' everythin' for one of these l'il ol' badges when yuh can buy'm for ten francs."

But just in case you're grievin', Mae, I herewith affix badge of actin' honors to your bosom. The Academy fathers may feel you don't deserve the badge for classy actin' but they've got to admit that among all actresses in Hollywood yours is the only bosom capable of sustaining same.

Yours passionately, HERB.

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FREEZONE

People's Academy

(Continued from page 47)

Why Doesn't Elsie Act?

I NOTICED last month a letter from a correspondent, commending Elsie Janis as a writer of interviews with stars. What I want to know is this—why is not Elsie acting as well as writing?

Through a long and successful career she was one of America's (and other countries, as well) biggest box-office attractions—a splendid mimic and dancer, a versatile actress, and the best "trouper" of them all (ask the A.E.F.!).

Now that the movies have graduated from the stupid "beautiful but dumb" stage, there is a place for the charming, poised and talented performers of Elsie's class. Many a picture would be 100 per cent more entertaining with the Janis personality to give it distinction.

Grant S. Whitney,
R. F. D No. 1,
Portland, Mich.

We'll show your letter to Elsie. But we want to keep her as a writer, too.

An Idea With T.N.T.

HERE are some stars I would like to see teamed up.

Mae West and James Cagney.
Marie Dressler and Will Rogers.
Ann Harding and Leslie Howard.
ZaSu Pitts and Sterling Holloway.

Of course it is a pleasure to see such couples as Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell and the like but "variety," as you know, "is the spice of life," so let's have some new teams.

Elizabeth Nyilas,
41-24 74th St.,
Jackson Heights, L. I.

We echo the Mae West-James Cagney suggestion. There's dynamite in that idea!

Praising Ruthie's Poise

I FOR one, think Ruth Chatterton, deserves a better "break" than she has been getting for some time.

She is one, if there ever was one, who was meant to show us how real ladies act—never forgetting for an instant, the dignity and poise of a lady.

It is some time now since I had the pleasure of seeing her play in "The Right To Love" and it remains a pleasant memory. She was just grand! Her sweet, sad smile lingers somehow. I know not why. Her soft, lovely accent is a thing of beauty.

For heaven's sake, aren't there enough stars whose talents are more suited to play the gutter-girl and others of her ilk, than Ruthie, I'm asking?

Mrs. John Feehan,
109 Warren Ave.,
Hamden, Conn.

We are among those who can take poise or let it alone. How about the rest of you fans? Remember Miss Chatterton's playing in Emil Janning's film, "Sins of the Fathers"?

Grandma, Turn to Page 22

THE writer is a grandmother, one who loves youth—even the so-called "Flaming Youth."

To keep in sympathy and understanding with my young people I go to see the pictures they enjoy. Our discussions about the pictures after, give me an opportunity to help them to judge their moral value.

My early training was of the puritan type, and for my own pleasure I would never choose to see a so-called "sex" picture.

However, when the much advertised and talked about picture, Mae West's "I'm No Angel," was in a local theater—well, I went off quietly by myself to see it, bracing myself against being shocked.

By the way—has the word shocked become obsolete? It's a long time since I have heard it used.

Instead of being shocked—maybe I have degenerated—I enjoyed the picture more than I have enjoyed any picture in some time.

Mrs. Minzella M. Robinson,
5629 Ash St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

We are with Grandma Robinson about Mae West. She has our cheers every time she makes a film.

But What a Robot!

I BELIEVE I am justified in a criticism and my first and last is—Mae West. I have several objections to her: (1) She cannot act. She is like a robot; obeying her director's gesticulations and motions precisely, but forgetting that she is the one who must portray depth and feeling through her words. (2) Her type of pictures is useless. They have absolutely no moral or educational value, and to me, they are not even entertaining. (3) She is *sex personified* to be sure, but only in her actions and "wise-cracks." I always believed that a girl who was considered a flirt and a vampire must have a beautiful face and figure, lovely clothes, and a striking personality. Surely Mae West does not rate particularly high in regard to these qualities. A lot of people would perhaps consider me a prude. Well, maybe I am.

Dorothy Irons,
25 Hood Ave.,
Rumford, R. I.

And still, we agree with Grandma Robinson. We believe Mae can act.

Walking a Mile for a Ciggie

IN one scene of "Nana" between the brothers after the younger had spent the night with Nana, the boy took a "package" of cigarettes from the mantel and lit one. Now I wonder if there were packaged cigarettes so many years ago? The machine-made cigarette does not date back so many generations ago.

I find it very amusing to run across these little instances which would hardly happen. I remember some few years ago of noting high-heeled slippers upon the siren in the picture "Kismet," in which Otis Skinner played so superbly.

Bernice Hoagland,
333 Fairmount Ave.,
Jersey City, N. J.

Still, "Nana" was beautifully acted, wasn't it?

People's Academy

"When the Blue of the Night—"

BING CROSBY—gee, just the mention of his name sets me all agog. I always was an ardent admirer of Bing, but after having seen his latest picture "Going Hollywood," well, words can't express my feelings.

In my humble opinion he's *Super-clegant!* (if you know what I mean). Here's hoping his future pictures are just half as good as his former ones were.

Dottie Johnston,
300 S. Cortez St.,
New Orleans, La.

Yes, we know what you mean, Dottie. Bing has our cheers, too.

Attention, Jack Gilbert

"**I**S John Gilbert through?" I say, "No," being one of his most enthusiastic fans. I have always enjoyed his pictures because of his sparkling personality. In my estimation, John has never had a really human part to portray since "The Big Parade."

If he will only keep faith in himself and fight for better pictures, I am sure he will succeed in talkies just as he did in the silents. He fought through to the top there and he will again, talkie voice or not.

John Gilbert makes a distinct comeback in "Queen Christina," playing opposite the greatest screen personality of all time, the incomparable Garbo. After witnessing his outstanding performance in this picture, I am positive that he will retain his popularity, not for just a day, not for just a year, but *always*.

Mae Strader,
516½ So. Figueroa St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

NEW MOVIE thought that Jack Gilbert was great in "Queen Christina," too. Hope he makes a great come-back! Surely he deserves better by Lady Luck.

Thinks Ann Harding the Greatest

I HAVE been admiring Ann Harding for some time and I think she is the greatest actress on the screen. No matter what part she is given she always does it well. She was perfectly grand in "Gallant Lady." She is one of the few actresses who knows how to fix her hair the most becoming way, and yet fit the occasion. So many of the female stars like to fix their hair differently, regardless of whether it is becoming to them or not.

Ann always looks natural and to me she is much more beautiful than she would be artificial. She has a winning smile and it helps to display her wonderful personality and character.

I think Ann and Clive Brook, make a perfect team. I think that they should be highly recommended for their splendid acting together. I hope that in the future they will play more together. I am looking forward to their future pictures.

Rosie McCloud,
1227 W. University Ave.,
Gainesville, Fla.

We would like to see Ann and Clive together again, too. Two splendid players! (Please turn to page 92)



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GRIFFIN ALLWITE for All white shoes

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Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name.....
Address.....

People's Academy

(Continued from page 91)

You're Wrong, A.M.V.

I HAVE been reading NEW MOVIE, a good while and I must say I like it. I have also sent in several letters to the "People's Academy," but as they contradicted NEW MOVIE, in some of its views my letters were relegated to the waste paper basket. I notice that the letters you print are only those with which you seem to agree. But just the same I shall go on reading NEW MOVIE, because of its tremendous interest.

One more thing before I close, and before you heave this in the basket, please, please do all in your power to get that tinny music out of pictures. It often spoils an otherwise good show. Why, the music in a Mickey Mouse comedy by far outshines many so-called musicals. That's a fact. Ask some of the other suckers who have been paying good money to hear junk that we can get for nothing on our radios.

A. M. Vitale,
Box 685,
Lincoln Park, N. J.

Just to prove we're broad minded, here's your letter. We agree about Mickey Mouse, music or no music. Have you seen Mickey's new one, "Playful Pluto"?

Bring Back the Cowboys

IT is with deep regret that we learn that our real he-men screen heroes, such as Gary Cooper, Randolph Scott, and George O'Brien are deserting Western pictures for straight drama. For there's a certain glamour to the picturesque Westland with its fine horses and hard-riding cowboys. But thanks to Ken Maynard, he's still trying to preserve the old "horse opera" for us.

Here's hoping he can continue to find plot material for Western pictures for a long time to come!

R. D. Fearey,
Route No. 1, Box 645,
Berkeley, Calif.

Wonder if other fans want more horse operas? The producers think you don't. What do you say?

Can't Blame the Sun for Coming Out

I AM such an inveterate movie fan that I am willing to overlook almost any inconsistency about weather, costumes, or dialogue, but it was a little too much for me, when, in "Hold Your Man," Clark Gable stared at Jean Harlow's window, almost blinded by the snow, and within an hour or two was strolling down the street with Jean on his arm, a marriage license in his pocket, and the bright sun shining overhead.

Startling change in the weather, in such a short time!

Lucretia Money,
McComb, Miss.

What do you care about weather when Jean's around? Surprised you noticed the sun at all.

Straight from the Shoulder

I wish to comment upon Silvie Wynne's letter concerning Mary Rogers.

I think that if Miss Wynne would consider the matter impartially she would admire Miss Rogers' ambition. Judging from all papers and magazines, no "pull" was employed in obtaining Miss Rogers' role in "My Weakness." Although her father is wealthy she deserves the chance to make a name for herself as much as any other girl. The Arts do not take into consideration social or financial standing. If Miss Rogers has the talent required to entertain the motion picture public, there is no reason why she should not do so.

Pauline Wharf,
749 E. Sandusky Avenue,
Bellefontaine, Ohio.

No comment is necessary. Your words speak for themselves.

A Word for Westerns

I have been reading several articles in different magazines and newspapers that the movie producers are of the opinion that western pictures are no longer popular with the movie public.

I wish to express my opinion and say that I think the western pictures are great and I enjoy them. We have so many excellent western stars, Tom Mix, George O'Brien, Tom Keene, Tim McCoy, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, and so many others.

It seems that as long as Zane Grey and Max Brand write such delightful western stories, they should be made into pictures so that everyone who enjoys outdoor life could enjoy the pictures.

I hope the movie producers change their minds and continue giving the public the splendid western pictures.

Mable McCown,
2724 South Cherokee,
Englewood, Colorado.

You are right. The spirit of the old West should always belong to America.

More College Pictures

I've read the articles published in every NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE for the past few years.

I've a thought (think of it). It's this: I think there should be more dashing college pictures.

They are always wholesome and get lots of applause. The public enjoys such people as Dick Cromwell, Judith Allan, Bryant Washburn, Jr., Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, and others. If everyone saw "This Day and Age" and also "Too Much Harmony" they would agree with me. I hope everyone agrees that the college pictures would be better for young and old.

(Miss) Helen Skogerson,
4116 Zenith Avenue South,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Let's give three rousing cheers for our college! Do you think the producers will hear? Here's hoping.

What Does Garbo Think?

After reading oceans of letters about Greta Garbo, some praising, others denouncing, I wonder what the great star

People's Academy

herself thinks. She probably laughs at such pugnacious tirades which the fans so ardently hurl at each other.

Instead of doing that, I want to shower praise and congratulations on a star who has been steadily climbing since 1930. This is Irene Dunne, one of the finest actresses on the screen. In what other woman can you find the true, sincere characterization of any part no matter how simple or small? Who else can make you laugh and cry with such conviction that you imagine it is yourself on the screen? Surely an actress with achievements like these commands attention and deserves praise.

I never took much interest in motion pictures until I saw Irene Dunne. Since then you couldn't find one more concerned than I. Come on you Irene Dunne fans! Let's hear something from you in the future.

Miriam Berkowich,
2109-18th Street N.W.
Washington, D. C.

No words can be added to your praise of a fine actress.

More Excitement

Clark Gable, Charles Rogers and David Manners can act but when it comes to the real thing "Bill" Gargan has "It." I think, as others think, that pictures of exciting photography are really what draws the public. "Less sex and more realistic action," such as "Headline Shooter," featuring "Bill" Gargan.

I hope to see more of my favorite in my most interesting magazine, THE NEW MOVIE.

(Miss) Ruth Glynn,
1213 Devonshire Street.
Hobart, Indiana.

There are many, Ruth, who agree with you. Hence Gargan's popularity.

A Prophet Speaks

Eugene McKenzie's letter in your December issue pleased me no end.

Katharine Hepburn is unquestionably America's greatest contribution to the motion picture world... the youthful counterpart of Garbo.

She is not in any sense, though, an imitation. Hepburn is almost strikingly original, tremendously vital, brilliant, a superb actress. She understands the art of pantomime as only one other, Garbo.

She is not good looking—but, then neither is Garbo. Yet, no other actress on the screen today can play as effectively.

We also have three fine actors before us. Let me but mention the names, Fredric March, Leslie Howard, Clive Brook. And, let us not be unmindful of a very promising talent in our own Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Watch that lad! He is rising to the top steadily, and yet rapidly. Soon his name will be associated with the great names in motion pictures. See if I am not a good prognosticator!

Patricia Salvator,
111 W. 72nd Street.
New York, N. Y.

We agree with you that Hepburn is no imitation. And "Catherine the Great" proves Doug. Jr., has ability.

(Please turn to page 94)

WHO SAYS WOMEN DO ALL OF THE GOSSIPING?



There goes poor old Tom. I understand he hasn't had a decent meal since he married Margery.

She's lovely in the drawing room but a total loss when it comes to the kitchen.



Boy, oh boy, if these young wives only know what good food really means to a man!

Someone ought to tell her about *Food Men Like*. Those recipes certainly hit the spot.

NO husband is going down the street with that glum, underfed look if his wife knows about all the recipes in that popular pamphlet **FOOD MEN LIKE**. Just watch how the popovers and the fricassee of chicken, the gingerbread and the chocolate custard pudding take hold. Recipes for breakfast breads and other dishes, meats and meat substitutes, vegetables, pies and pastries, cakes, puddings and simple desserts, candies... recipes the men folks like best. And food that men like is pretty sure to be popular

with everyone else, too. Send today for **FOOD MEN LIKE**—this helpful pamphlet with delicious menus and 63 wonderful recipes. Complete for 10 cents.

RITA CALHOUN, FOOD EDITOR

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.

55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.



Honeymoon SPECIAL

Often the forerunner is a tiny detail, such as lustrously lovely, well-cared-for fingertips. F-O Nail Polish sees lovely nails through the honeymoon and all the new jobs of housework. Goes on evenly doesn't peel, lasts unbelievably long. Five charming colors to match all moods and moods. Available also in the new "Creme" type polish. Ask for F-O Cuticle Remover and F-O Polish Remover, too.

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Don't waste money on imitations! Buy genuine REALSHINE WHITE... removes spots and dirt and gives a beautiful lasting white polish to shoes, gloves, belts, purses and summer accessories. The only dressing that cleans, whitens and polishes thoroughly in one operation, yet WON'T Rub off!



Realshine
TRADE MARK REG.



REALSHINE CO. Inc.
GALVESTON - TEXAS

People's Academy

(Continued from page 93)

Of Course, and Why Not?

I had often wondered what books or magazines the stars read. I had made arrangements with a mutual friend to introduce me to my favorite actress, Marie Dressler, and I made up my mind that if the opportunity presented itself after the introduction I would ask her what she read.

When she was in New York, my friend and I called at her hotel.

We were ushered into her presence and there she sat deeply engrossed in a late copy of NEW MOVIE.

I wonder no more what the stars read.

Mrs. Elsie Vitale,
Box 685.
Lincoln Park, N. J.

We need not add to your letter except to say we heartily agree with Queen Marie.

Strong for the Musicals

I wish to say a word for the musicals. I have enjoyed them all. Each one has been a bit more glamorous than the one before. Please don't give us too many.

Let's have a few serious pictures, for example, "Magnificent Obsession," with Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery taking the leads, and the much talked about "Rosary," Ann Harding and William Powell portraying the leading characters. We have had "The White Sister" which was a success, so why not try these other stories I have suggested?

What do you say, NEW MOVIE readers?

H. Schultheis,
133 Carter Street.
Rochester, N. Y.

What do the others have to say? If they tell the producers what they want, their commands shall be obeyed.

Give Us More Comedy

I am submitting this letter to you with praises and loud huzzahs for a grand comedian who seldom gets his just reward from the critics and fans. His name is Ned Sparks and his frozen-faced antics have evoked more laughter from this correspondent's somber face than the humor of some of our supposedly "star" comedians. He added the spice needed to "Gold Diggers," "Too Much Harmony," and "Lady for a Day." Let's give credit where credit is due. What do some of the other fans think?

William S. Shilstone,
249 Speedwell Avenue.
Morristown, N. J.

It is good to receive comment on one of our favorite comedians.

A Madge Evans Fan

Recently I saw Madge Evans in the "Day of Reckoning," and now am one of her most ardent fans. Her performance was brilliant and she never looked more beautiful. Miss Evans is displaying unknown talent and if given the right roles will become one of our greatest American actresses.

Please, Mr. Producer, no more mediocre and stupid roles for Madge Evans.

Connie M. Joffe,
1011-15th St. N.E.
Canton, Ohio.

You are perfectly right! Madge has something.

The Wholesome Vision:

Golden hair that shimmers, glimmers,
Like the sun's reflection, dancing upon
the waters.

Sparkling eyes that send forth a tell-
tale inner glow
Of a beautiful soul.

Certainly after reading this eulogy there should be some explaining to be done. Present-day actresses have slightly gone blasé, most of them being highly artificial in their make-up as well as otherwise. Most producers will boost and press-agents will shout praises about some unwholesome painted baby-faced doll, while a real actress with a healthy and charming face and body will be kept in the background. I am referring to Miss Helen Vinson. You'll have to seek far and wide to find a girl as wholesome, beautiful and talented as she.

Give this girl a hand.

Miss Betty Presner,
1964 Davidson Avenue,
Bronx, N. Y.

The Three Little Pigs

Jean is three and Billy five,
Healthy and very much alive.
Always teasing to see a show.
Too often, alas, I must say "No!"
But what can I do with a gangster
real!

(Other mothers know how I feel)
Or society dramas where love runs
wild!

Such an experience for a child!

You can imagine how joyfully
I greeted Walt Disney's piggies three,
And the big, bad wolf in that charming
play!

My youngsters talk of it since the day
They sat enthralled, with delight
sublime,

And sat it all through a second time!
For these three little pigs were old,
old friends,

And they knew well how the story
ends.

If movie producers and the others
Who make such films knew how we
mothers

Just call them blessed for things like
this

Not one opportunity would they miss
Of featuring stories all children adore,
Like Mother Goose and her fairy lore,
As the silent pictures used to do,
With less of this modern hullabaloo!

Mrs. W. R. Gordon,
325 Garner Street,
State College, Pa.

An Incentive

When we do not know, we rap! It
is human nature!

And so, despite numerous protests
against the "Advertising bally-hoo of
Movie Trailers," I say a big bouquet to
them! I should never have gone to
see Mae West, Otto Kruger, Katharine
Hepburn, George Arliss, and—believe
it or not—Greta Garbo, were it not
for one of these "coming events."

I don't know why. I had nothing
against them! I just didn't think that
they would appeal to me! Well! I
was wrong!

Ruth King,
2 Hamilton Avenue,
Cranford, N. J.

First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 41)

assistants make them the lively, interesting conversation of actual human beings and John Cromwell has been able to show the life of a wealthy American family without aid of sunken bathtubs and overstuffed butlers. Ralph Bellamy as the fatheaded, amorous husband, Constance Cummings as the siren, and Kay Johnson as her disapproving sister-in-law succeeded in being flesh and blood people. Sidney Blackmer does a convincing minor bit as a competitor for the easy affections of the adventuress.

High Spots: The bridge game waiting for the return of Jim (Mr. Bellamy) and Fran (Miss Cummings). Tony (Miss Dunne) struggling to hold her two-timing husband. Jim and Fran parting with a slap, a bite and a sock in the eye.

Coming Out Party—A

Directed by John Blystone. Released by Fox

SOCIETY'S goings-on are presented in this film with more intelligence and skill than such photoplays usually get. Pictures prepared under the experienced eye of Jesse L. Lasky always have polish. In this case there are in addition good backgrounds, good dialogue and a fine cast to handle it. These cover up fairly well the defects of a rather wobbly old plot.

The story is about a poor young man (Gene Raymond) and his love affair with a multimillionaire's daughter (Frances Dee) which tangles itself up into complications on the night of her debut. If the plot is routine and rather hard to swallow in spots, there are compensations.

Chief of these is Miss Dee's portrayal of the distracted heiress, which is gentle, wistful and truly lovely. There is also Mr. Raymond's defiant young musician and a number of excellent minor performances with Nigel Bruce's fatherly Scotch butler, leading them.

Mr. Blystone's direction is smooth and elaborate. There have been a lot worse photoplays than "Coming Out Party" and, this month, not many better.

High Spots: Joy Stanhope (Miss Dee) wheedling her father (Gilbert Emery) out of cash for her debut. Troon (Mr. Bruce) demonstrating the harmonic capabilities of the bagpipes. Stags cutting in on Joy at the coming-out party ball.

George White's Scandals—C

Directed by George White. Released by Fox

THIS film edition of a famous annual stage review is really just a lot of moving picture shorts, all pasted together. There isn't enough plot to mention, or enough of anything else to dwell on long. The "Scandals" is a stage director's first, not very successful attempt to master photoplay technique.

What traces the film possesses of story are concerned with goings-on (Please turn to page 96)



Your Complexion looks like a Million Dollars And it cost only a Dime

There's nothing more beautiful than a clear, healthy complexion. Truth, you will find a 100 jar of Vi-Jon Cream as pure, soft, and smooth as the finest of creams, costing 50c to \$2.00 per jar.

Make this simple test: Buy a full size (2-ounce) jar of any Vi-Jon Cream and a "sample" of any high-grade cream. Rub the cream on your face. Compare their texture, their feel, their actual effect on your face. No difference whatever! And the Vi-Jon jar contains 3 to 6 times as much cream. Make this test. Continue your Vi-Jon.

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What's It Going To Be?

An American

BUNNY

OR

An English

MONKEY

We are not suggesting a new animal for the zoo or a toy for the children.

On the contrary, American Bunnies and English Monkeys are both delicious recipes for cheese dishes that you will want to serve often. These two recipes come from one of the best collection of cheese recipes you can find anywhere. Cheese straws . . . Roquefort canapes . . . onion cheese soup . . . rarebit . . . cheese fondu . . . broiled open

sandwich . . . frozen fruit salad with cheese . . . olive cheese mold . . . cheese filling for gingerbread . . . foreign cheese dishes.

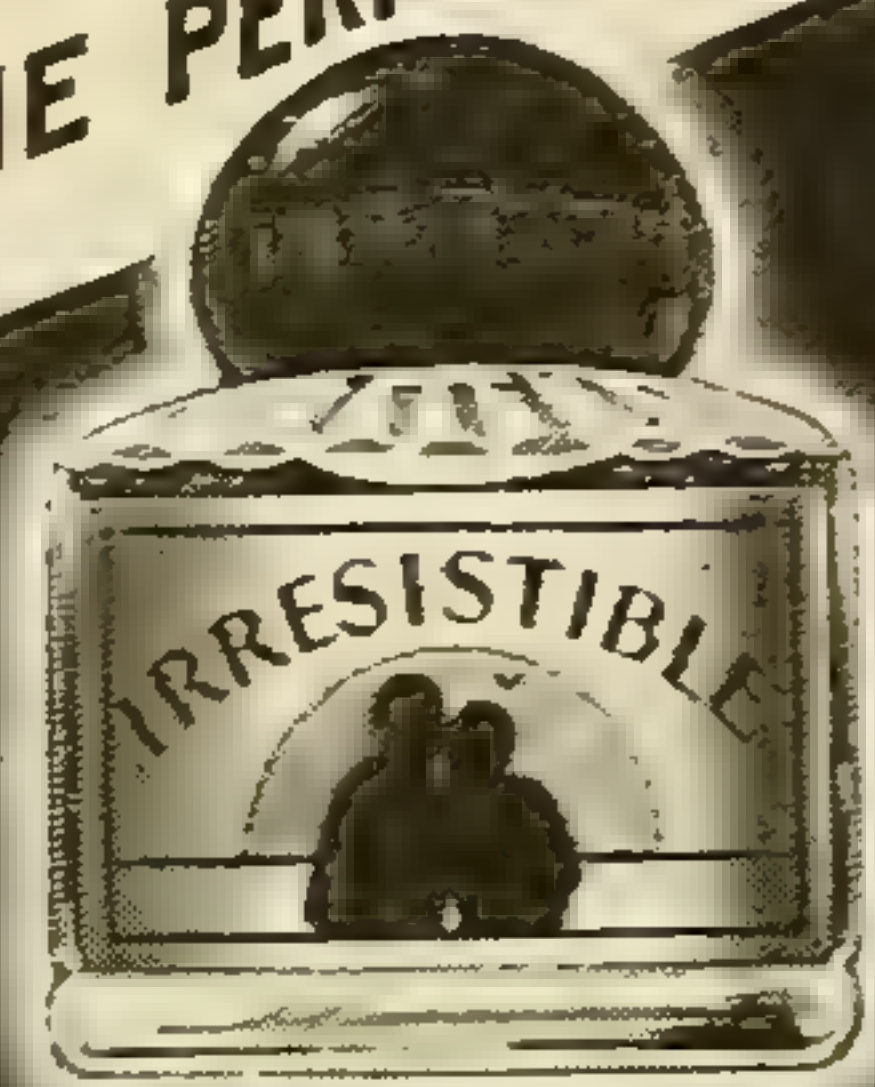
There are dozens and dozens of tempting recipes in this food circular that you'll be glad to have. To get them send 10 cents in stamps or coin for "Delicious Cheese Recipes" to

RITA CALHOUN

Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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THANK YOU—
THE HUBINGER CO., No. 791, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 95)

backstage during production of a musical comedy. Jimmy Durante, Gregory Ratoff and Cliff Edwards supply most of the humor, and Rudy Vallee as the hero is no more impressive than the average radio star, transferred to pictures.

You can miss this item without missing much.

Heat Lightning—A

Directed by Mervyn Leroy. Released by Warner

COMEDY and tragedy flourish side by side in a desert tourist camp that is background for this photoplay. Among the patrons of the two sisters who run the camp are fugitive bank robbers, a couple of Reno divorcees and a number of other travelers. Without one ingredient this would be another so-so film. Thanks to the presence of Aline MacMahon as the slatternly older sister, "Heat Lightning" is well worth seeing.

It isn't Miss MacMahon's face, with its long, tired lines and weary eyes that has brought her so far in moving pictures. The brain behind that plain visage is responsible. She is one of a few who have convinced Hollywood that ability is as important as magazine-cover features. From her undergraduate days in Barnard College on, Miss MacMahon has been acting and improving steadily. This is her first stellar role in films.

As Olga, the reformed lady with a past, who is striving to keep her younger sister (Ann Dvorak) from following in her own purple path and at the same time is striving to remain resolute in the presence of the unreformed scoundrel (Preston Foster) whom she herself loves, Miss MacMahon is impressive and appealing.

Mr. Foster is believable as the bad egg and Ruth Donnelly does an amusing bit as an acid divorcee. The rest of the cast is satisfactory but "Heat Lightning" is Miss MacMahon's picture. She deserves more.

High Spots: Olga resisting her old lover's wooing. Olga's despair over his dead body.

Keep 'Em Rolling—B

Directed by George Archainbaud. Released by RKO-Radio

YOUR correspondent is no push-over for pictures about our dumb friends. In films they usually are so much more intelligent than human beings that my loyalty to my own species is stirred. "Keep 'Em Rolling" is better than most because Rodney, the battery horse is just a horse and never steps out of character. Neither does the 16th Field Artillery which furnished color, background and many actors for this photoplay.

Most of the drama is left to the hoofs of Rodney and the hands of his rider, Benny Walsh (Walter Huston). They do their best with an excessively sentimental story and a whole artillery regiment adds glitter and excitement. It's a good safe film for any youngster.

High Spots: A battery race with galloping horses and jolting guns. The 16th Artillery marching in review past Rodney and Benny.

No More Women—C

Directed by Albert Rogell. Released by Paramount

THIS is a rehash of the old "What Price Glory" film and a photoplay about divers done by Jack Holt and Ralph Graves in the days when pictures were seen and not heard. There is little worth hearing or seeing in the result. Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe take underseas this time the fight they have been waging through many miles of celluloid. That quarrel by now has become more routine than funny. Minna Gombell plays a waterfront siren and Sally Blaine, as the heroine, can't quite make up her mind whether she is cast as an ingenue or a soubrette.

Six of a Kind—B

Directed by Leo McCarey. Released by Paramount

THIS picture is acted by some of filmdom's goofiest—Charles Ruggles, W. C. Fields, Mary Boland, Gracie Allen and George Burns. There are moments when you'll laugh till it hurts. There are many more when you'll be expected to, but won't.

A transcontinental motor trip, a bank robbery and a series of completely crazy happenings have all been stirred together in "Six of a Kind" without any regard whatever for common sense. The film would have been better if the script writer hadn't tried to be more amusing than even Messrs. Ruggles, Fields and their accomplices could be. The average person likes a certain amount of reality even in his jokes. No photoplay with the above cited actors and actresses could be a complete flop. If you should be fortunate enough to come in on "Six of a Kind" at the moment when Mary Boland falls into the Grand Canyon and can doze off thereafter until W. C. Fields begins his pool game, you'll have seen everything worth while.

The Crime Doctor—B

Directed by John Culbertson. Released by RKO-Radio

I DON'T think the author or playwright plays fair when he gets all his characters tangled in a most egregious mess and then explains that the whole thing has been just a dream or the plot of a book some character has been writing.

"The Crime Doctor" in which Otto Kruger, Karen Morley and Nils Asther have the principal roles has its complex tragedy solved by such a trick ending. At least one trustful simpleton felt, after seeing it, as though when the poker game broke up it had been announced everyone had been playing just for fun.

This is one of the murder mysteries in which none but the audience knows who killed the victim. It is well staged and directed. Mr. Asther and Miss Morley do fine, sensitive work and Mr. Kruger performed less finely with a regrettable tendency to express emotion by making faces. Judith Wood is more than satisfactory as the little so-and-so who is killed and the everlasting court room scene is well done.

High Spots: Andra (Miss Mor-

First Nights on Broadway

ley) pleading with her husband (Mr. Kruger) for her lover's life.

Death Takes a Holiday—A

Directed by Michael Leisen. Released by Paramount

AS a stage play, this was a novel idea rather bunglingly developed. Its transfer to celluloid has sharpened and intensified its significance but it still remains a sermonizing allegory rather than a drama. The film version of "Death Takes a Holiday" is ornately staged, finely cast and gloomily impressive.

The action proceeds at death march pace to the accompaniment of slow, poetic speeches about dissolution and its imperceptible sting. The acting harmonizes with its cadences. Fredric March is Death, embodied in human flesh for a brief vacation. It is largely Mr. March's flexible voice and significant acting that carry the film along. Sir Guy Standing, as Death's unwilling host, is excellent and the rest of the cast is generally good.

Evelyn Venable, who prefers extinction with Death to life without him, has an adolescent air, a childish face and a generally unsophisticated presence. She brings little more than these to aid her in a difficult part.

"Death Takes a Holiday" is intellectual and solemn entertainment—if that last isn't too frivolous a word. At all events, no one can complain in this instance about the havoc wrought by motion picture vandals. They have taken a fair stage play and have improved it.

High Spots: The Duke (Sir Guy) introducing his dread guest. The terror of the Countess (Katherine Alexander) as she identifies him who masquerades as Prince Sirki (Mr. March).

Good Dame—B

Directed by Marion Gering. Released by Paramount

THE same old carnival background that has served for Mae West's "I'm No Angel" and Clara Bow's "Hoop-la" has been drafted again for this item. The set hasn't deteriorated but the photoplays acted before it get steadily worse.

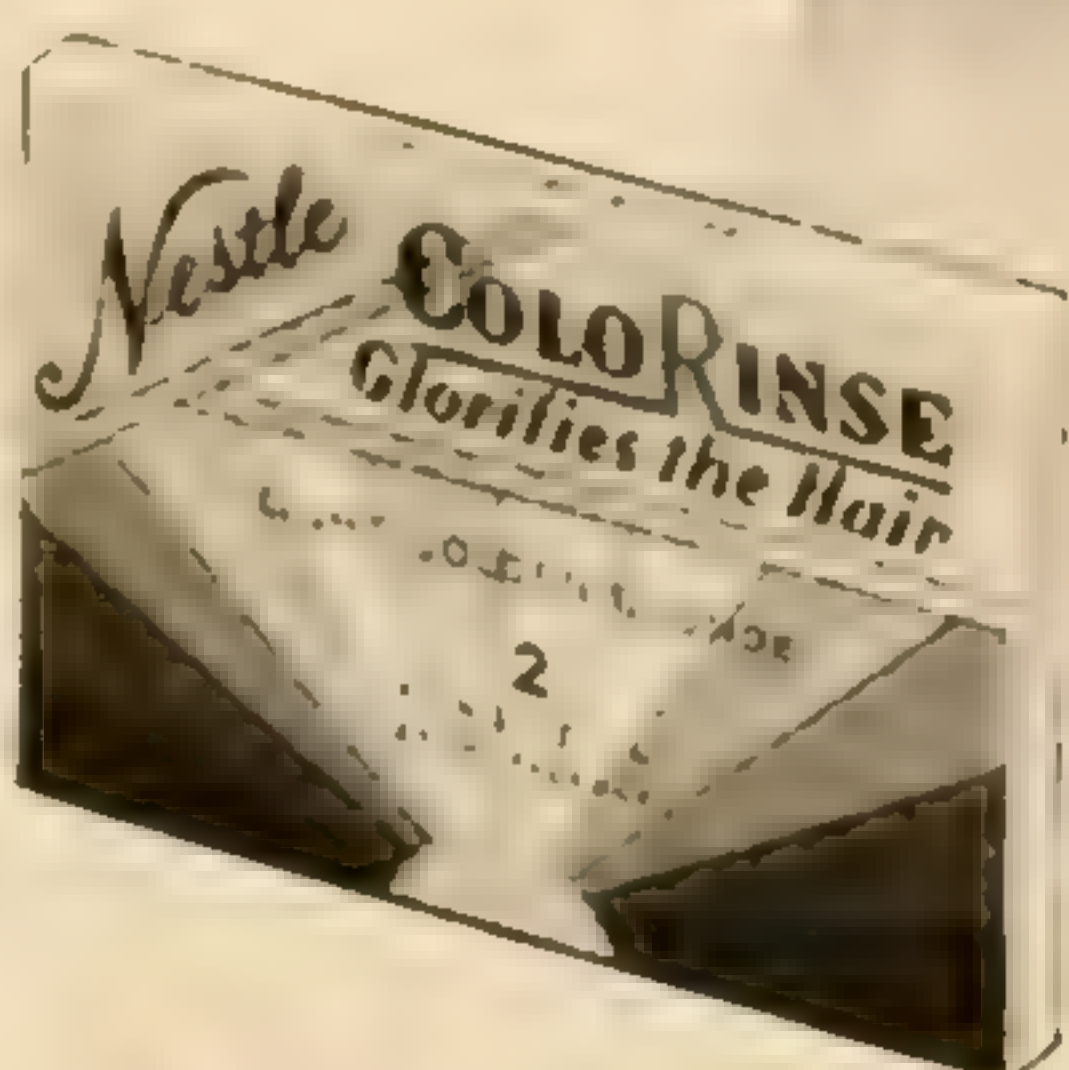
"Good Dame" is an acute case of story trouble. No less than four authors are implicated in the script. There is enough ignominy there to cover them all.

Fredric March plays the part of a rough, tough gambler with a heart of gold. Sylvia Sidney is a stranded chorine. Her heart is gold too. Thrusting excellent actors like these and the rest of the cast into so completely silly a plot is like expecting the Yankees to play baseball on a sandlot. Mr. March and Miss Sidney keep their vehicle from seeming even worse. This is all Irving and Duse could do.

Sore Spots: Mace (Mr. March) and Lillie (Miss Sidney) playing house together. Lillie and Mace raving about love before the judge who is about to give them six months each but marries them instead.

(Please turn to page 98)

Rinse the Years Away!



Keep dull, faded, lifeless hair out of your head—and out of your life! Groom your hair with ColoRinse—just add it to the shampoo wash. Instantly it transforms any appearance of drabness into hair of sparkling beauty, vibrant with natural, youthful, color sheen and softness. It's harmless—just vegetable compound, not a dye or a bleach—with 12 tints to choose from.

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TRY
THIS
ONE

CHOCOLATE WAFFLES

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons bak-
ing powder
3/4 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups milk
1/2 cup shortening
2 ounces melted
chocolate

on your next party!

To make the Chocolate Waffles above, sift the dry ingredients together. Separate eggs. Beat yolks and add milk. Stir into the dry ingredients. Melt shortening and chocolate. Add to mixture when cooled. Then add vanilla and stiffly beaten egg whites. Serve with whipped cream or ice cream.

That is one of the delicious recipes you'll find in this helpful guide, "Successful Party Refreshments." Perhaps

you'd rather serve a shrimp rarebit sandwich or fruit salad and toasted cheese puffs. But whether it's a canape and tea affair . . . or a more elaborate party calling for one and two-course menus, you'll find delightful suggestions in this party circular.

June's the party month. Be prepared to entertain successfully. Upon receipt of your letter and ten cents we will immediately send you "Successful Party Refreshments."

RITA CALHOUN

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

*Let me tell you
how to improve
Your skin,
as I did Mine*



It is so embarrassing to have your skin clouded with blackheads, coarsened by clogged pores or roughened by pimply spots and blotches. Cosmetics will not hide them, and you feel conscious of unspoken criticism, ill at ease, unable to appear at your best.

Why endure this mental distress—and perhaps physical discomfort—when the Resinol treatment provides a safe, simple way to help nature relieve complexion ills and make the skin clearer and smoother?

Bathe first with Resinol Soap. You will find it ideally refreshing and cleansing, and, because, it has no excess of free alkali, it can be used safely on sensitive, tender skin—where harsher soap might irritate. Then apply Resinol Ointment to the sore pimply spots. Its special Resinol medication is particularly effective in giving quick relief and promoting healing. Try this treatment a week and watch your skin improve.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Keep them always on hand.

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OF BETTER
WALL PAPER
CLEANER
FOR A DIME

This can sold
exclusively in
the 5¢ and 10¢
to \$1 stores.



First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 97)

No Greater Glory—B

Directed by Frank Borzage. Released by Columbia

TO some of you, this drama which is acted by an almost completely juvenile cast may be a lacerating fable directed against the insanity of all war. To others, it may be just another "Our Gang" comedy, with the comedy left conspicuously out. In either event, I think you'll agree that in tackling this picture Frank Borzage, the director, assumed handicaps that no one in filmdom could rise completely above.

In the first place, boys of from eight to thirteen are rarely polished actors in tragedy and most of the actors in "No Greater Glory" are between these ages. In the second, boys in this land are not as unhumorously addicted to militarism as the supposedly Hungarian youths in this film appear to be.

These facts make for unreality and a little tediousness. The earnest anti-war message of the film, which is taken from a Molnar novel, saves it from being a complete washout but can't rescue it entirely. You'll probably cry over "No Greater Glory" but I don't think that fact makes it a good photoplay.

Gambling Lady—C

Directed by Archie Mayo. Released by Warner

IF there has been a sillier photoplay story written in the last seven months, I was lucky for once and missed it. The plot of this piece, on which a lot of good actors, including Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea and Pat O'Brien, have been thrown away, is the sort of thing that is brought forward as an exhibit by the intellectual who writes on "What's Wrong with the Movies."

"Gambling Lady" is about a gambler's daughter who lives in a town apparently run by a gambler's syndicate and who, after serving as a queen of the gaming tables, married a man of wealth and social rank only to have him weaned away temporarily by a high-born adventuress. Miss Stanwyck is the gamblerette, Mr. McCrea is the hero and Claire Dodd is the lady who vamps him with the headlong rush of a man sliding into second base. There's no use dwelling on this number. I imagine those concerned will be as glad to forget it as I shall be.

Sore Spots: The gambling syndicate holding a directors' meeting. Miss Stanwyck's prospective father-in-law (C. Aubrey Smith) cutting cards with her to see whether she'll marry his son. Miss Stanwyck playing blackjack with her rival at an exclusive social affair and trimming the rival of all her jewelry and her garters.

Bottoms Up

Directed by James Butler. Released by Fox

A LITTLE of almost everything has gone into this film and, putting it all together, you get mildly funny entertainment and a feeling of confusion.

"Bottoms Up" is about a girl (Pat Paterson) who breaks into the movies with the help of three crooks (Spencer Tracy, Herbert Mundin and Sid Silvers) and—believe it or not—makes a crash hit. Miss Paterson, a recent discovery, has a nice voice and an unimpressive appearance. Harry Green, as the distracted movie magnate, is more comic than any of Miss Paterson's accomplices. John Boles sings acceptably as a dissipated screen idol.

When all is said and done, "Bottoms Up" turns out to be one of the pictures in which little is done and much is said.

High Spot: The song number "Waiting at the Gate."

Sore Spot: The failure to decide whether the company was shooting a musical comedy, a crook drama, a satire on the cinema racket or a success story.

Come on Marines

Directed by Henry Hathaway. Released by Paramount

THE marines have landed again but in this item they never get the situation completely in hand. Here is one of the disappointing films that start with a bang and end with a sputter. It is well cast and well staged and as long as it deals with typical marine existence, it is good hardboiled comedy. After Richard Arlen and his platoon of leathernecks set out to rescue a bandit-beleagured flock of shipwrecked junior leaguers with few clothes and fewer inhibitions, the plot goes musical comedy with no music and little real comedy to excuse it.

The cast does its best to save a picture that is wrecked by a bad story. Mr. Arlen gives his usual good performance as a marine sergeant. Roscoe Karns is amusing as a backsliding leatherneck and Monte Blue, screen idol of other years, returns after what apparently has been a fattening-up period.

Sore Spot: The sergeant breaking up a necking party between men of his command and the rescued girls by spanking them all with a shingle.

Hold That Girl

Directed by Hamilton McFadden. Released by Fox

IN this comedy, the characters do most of the laughing. "Hold That Girl" deals, once again, with the violent adventures of a girl reporter. It has speed but too little of everything else a good picture needs.

Claire Trevor plays a durable, if not very interesting newspaperwoman who is nearly murdered by a maniac, is wooed by a racketeer, is arraigned for indecent exposure in a fan dance, is audience at a gang killing, is put on the spot herself and, finally, is married by a detective (James Dunn). This is a routine picture with only the pace it sets to recommend it.

Sore Spots: Tony's (Miss Trevor's) detective lover forcing her to do her fan dance in court. . . . Gangsters plotting Tony's murder in train announcer tones, though they know she is in the next room.

Hollywood Pays Its Debt

(Continued from page 55)

Carmel. There is little doubt that she will return to Broadway as soon as her contract expires. The Ann Harding who will go back will be a tremendous box-office star whose popularity has been made by the Hollywood machine. Movie fans who have never patronized the legitimate theater will flock to see her—and thus in one small way Hollywood will have repaid some of its tremendous debt to Broadway.

Helen Hayes, in the midst of a spectacular Hollywood vogue, has completely deserted the studio for the stage. A few months ago Miss Hayes viewed the deplorable situation in New York and realized that unless something drastic was done immediately the spoken drama was finished for at least a generation. Courageously she announced to the world, and to Hollywood in particular, that she was returning to Broadway to do her bit for the theater.

Hollywood smiled disdainfully at Miss Hayes' decision. A publicity stunt, the cynics said—a magnificent gesture wrapped in cellophane. Others slapped back at her with the retort that she was disagreeably ungrateful.

With taunts burning in her ears, she boarded a train for Manhattan; a play script of Maxwell Anderson's "Mary of Scotland" in her hands. In a few weeks she was in rehearsal. Her triumph in the role is already a record of modern theatrical history.

Just as Hollywood robbed Broadway, so now the Theatre Guild looted Hollywood of one of its outstanding stars. Helen Hayes is back behind the footlights—back in her element—home again; face to face with an audience whose applause she can hear, whose reactions she can feel. Only an actress who has tramped across the boards can know what that means.

Inspired by Miss Hayes' denunciation of Broadway's renegades Katharine Hepburn returned to star in "The Lake." Commercially, if not histrionically, her decision was considered even more important than that of Miss Hayes, for Hepburn's status in Hollywood was already on a par with Garbo's. At the moment it was the next best thing to Garbo herself consenting to play Broadway in the flesh. A scoop for the theater.

Within seven weeks "The Lake" had opened and closed. Instead of winning new laurels for its popular star the metropolitan critics gave it the cold shoulder.

However the reception given Miriam Hopkins was not only warmer but more considerate, in view of the fact that her play, "Jezebel," met the same fate as "The Lake." The red carpets were laid out for Walter Huston, too, to welcome him back in the starring role of Sinclair Lewis' dramatization of "Dodsworth."

Nancy Carroll's play, "Shady Lady," was short-lived, suffering a harsh beating from the scribblers. It found its way to the storehouse before the paint was even dry on the scenery. Like Hepburn and Hopkins, Miss Carroll was brought to Broadway at a tremendous salary because it was be-

(Please turn to page 100)

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Hollywood Pays Its Debt

(Continued from page 99)

lieved her name would be a big draw. The results however have been most discouraging, and Broadway managers are becoming skeptical as to the drawing power of so-called big picture names.

Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith, both big names two years ago, went to New York to do plays, with the ultimate idea of making a comeback in pictures via Broadway. Neither had had any stage training, being essentially celluloid artists. Miss Moore, trying out a new play, took it first to several of the larger key cities. Miss Griffith took to the road in Lynn Fontanne's role in "Design for Living." When it came time for them to show themselves to the critics that haunt Times Square they decided with the wisdom accredited to sages that it would be like leaping from the frying pan into the fire to attempt to face a row of first-night reviewers who have swords for tongues. So both returned to Hollywood.

These two instances are used to prove conclusively that whereas a screen performer cannot change his medium of expression without risking failure, a stage actor can switch to pictures with his chances for success more than double to one.

A stage player transferring his talents to the screen has every advantage over the Hollywood actor who ventures before the footlights. In both cases a difficult, trying period of readjustment is necessary. No matter how bad a stage star may be before the camera there is always the possibility of correcting mistakes by retakes before the picture is released to the public. A picture star facing a Broadway audience and a group of acid-tongued newspaper critics, either fails or succeeds on the opening night.

Even ex-legitimate performers returning to the stage after a sojourn in the films find it difficult to alter the Hollywood technique they have acquired in the interval. Speaking lines into a microphone has taught them to soften their tones, to lessen the range of their voices. The result is that once they are back before an audience they find themselves playing to the first three rows.

Such players as Ina Claire, Douglass Montgomery, Paul Muni, Olga Baclanova, Pauline Frederick, Kay Johnson,

Otto Kruger, Joseph Schildkraut, Lyda Roberti, Lillian Gish, Irving Pichel, Hal Skelly, Frances Fuller, and others of more and less reputation, make it their business to alternate between stage and screen. Thus they are enabled to maintain a happy balance; retaining the technique of one and the mechanisms of the other.

In rare instances a few screen players have overcome the obstacles of making a Broadway debut. Jean Arthur is a Hollywood ingenue who has gone successfully from one play into another, topping her lukewarm furor in the talkies. Lois Moran also has won greater success in the new field of endeavor.

Lillian Gish, discovered by D. W. Griffith, made her name in the flickering flickers. For years she rode the crest of the waves of Hollywood success. When the tide of popularity receded she went back to the theater in which she had once played minor roles. Today she is being hailed as the modern Duse of the spoken word. Broadway has already seen her in "Uncle Vanya," as well as "Nine Pine Street." Her new play is "The Joyous Season," written originally for Maude Adams' return to the stage. In the interval Miss Gish has made a picture, "His Double Life." Lillian's sister, Dorothy, has turned definitely to the stage.

Hollywood names shine from the electric lights on practically every block of Times Square this season; twinkling bait for movie enthusiasts. One finds Walter Huston in "Dodsworth," Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews in "Her Master's Voice," Conrad Nagel in "The First Apple," Melvyn Douglas in "No More Ladies," Laurence Olivier in "The Green Bay Tree," Lillian Gish in "The Joyous Season," Dorothy Gish in "By Your Leave," Pauline Frederick in "Her Majesty, the Queen," Helen Hayes in "Mary of Scotland," Hal Skelly in "Queer People," and Mary Pickford making personal appearances in a tab version of "Church Mouse" prior to doing a play herself.

Margaret Sullavan has a contract to star in a play for Jed Harris later in the season. Other picture names rumored to be Broadway bound are Sylvia Sydney, Phillips, Holmes, Gloria Stuart, and Edmund Lowe.

Wages of Cinema

(Continued from page 51)

attitude which the system forces upon the author is the excuse for the system itself.

WHENEVER the studio pays a big salary to a writer or a director it does so only because that writer or director has previously demonstrated exceptional ability in his profession.

No artist receives "big money" in motion pictures until he has proved his claim to it; a condition which, alas, does not always apply to the executive branch of the industry.

There must be something amiss when creative artists are engaged for enor-

mous fees and then forced to work without real authority, subject to meddling and interference from bright young men with little cultural or creative background, but a passionate yearning for artistic authority.

The situation has been well summed up by a prominent dramatist who remarked plaintively:

"We leave our comfortable homes in the East, abandon the work we were doing, spend long, hot days in stuffy offices, have our work thrown back at us to be done again, frequently work all night, gradually go crazy under the strain—and for what?—a fortune."

Wages of Cinema

From the very beginning the psychological development of motion pictures has been measured by the gradually growing importance of the writer's work in creating those values which make box-office success.

In considering the origin and growth and literary and dramatic quality in screen-plays three major phases stand out in distinct progression.

First there was the era of the director who completely dominated story, cast and interpretation. His word was law and his gesture royal.

Then, with the advent of sound, came a period of confusion in which authority was mixed for a time but which ultimately led to the era of the executive who grasped the imperial scepter and held both director and writer in thrall.

WE are now on the eve of a third phase in which the writer's position will be nearly as authoritative as it is in the theater. I say "nearly" because the manuscript of a photoplay can never be as complete a work in itself as is the manuscript of a stage play: too much depends on the handling of the camera and the technical camera-continuity.

Dramatic values on the screen are dependent to a great extent upon the director's sense of distance, angle and grouping. In the theater the distance of the characters from the audience remains constant and always fairly remote—a condition which forms the basic difference between stage technic and that of the screen.

But in whatever proportion authority may be divided between writer and director it is quite evident that what is needed for future progress is the development of the writer's responsibility for the picture. That the present condition exists is not at all the writer's fault.

When picture companies were first organized the writer was not included as an essential element. He was an afterthought, called into the game long after the director had established himself as king.

My own entrance into the fascinating world of the studios was as an author, not as a director. In those days "The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company" had several directors but no writers.

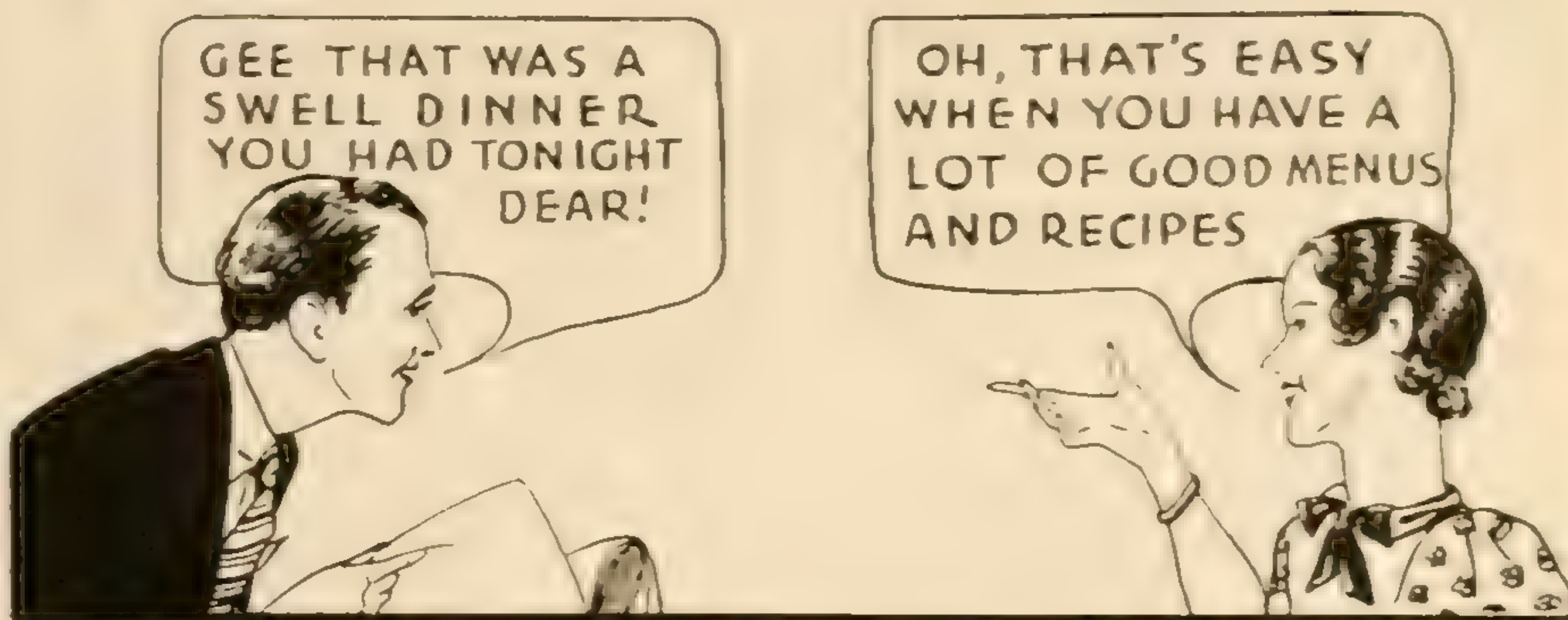
The company consisted of Jesse L. Lasky, President, my brother, who had entire charge of production, and Sam Goldwyn, who attended to all the finances.

These gentlemen, being young and eager to do new and unheard of things, thought it would be an interesting experiment to see if a trained dramatist might not be of use in the infant art. To this end I was sent for and at once became enthusiastic over the possibilities I saw beyond the immediate crudeness of the craft.

At that time the whole scenario department was the office stenographer who typed rough scripts at the director's dictation.

In fact so simple was the process that one director then known as the dean of his profession, used to boast that he could read a new novel, dictating notes to his stenographer the while, and when he had finished the book he had his picture scenario all ready to shoot: a far cry from the countless re-

(Please turn to page 102)



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Wages of Cinema

(Continued from page 101)

writings by hordes of authors, which are characteristic of today's methods.

So jealous was the director of his prerogatives during this period that, some time later, when a timid little thirty dollar a week scenario writer dared to write the detail of a picture's climax, the director blew up and had her brought into the royal presence.

"What the hell do you mean by telling me what to do?" he stormed. "I'm the director and I know my business; all you've got to write is 'Lovers Meeting, Fadeout,' I'll do the rest."

AS the company grew and it became impossible for me to write all the scenarios needed, I brought other writers into the fold so that gradually we became a "Scenario Department" and many were the evening meetings at which we threshed out ways and means of putting a story upon the screen; detail after detail of technical method was discussed, adopted, tried and then discarded as better ways were found to get the same effect. Development was so rapid at this period that the whole accepted technic of picture writing changed materially every four months.

A student of the history of picture technic may learn much from the various changes of form in the sub-titles or captions flashed upon the screen.

Originally there were no sub-titles at all or at most one or two. As screen-writing developed and scenes became more complex and delicate in shading, writers were forced to flash upon the screen the words a character was actually saying, or the meaning of the scene was lost. At one time, indeed, there was danger that the footage devoted to titles would dwarf that given to the picture.

This use of printed dialogue was accompanied by an urge toward poetic quality in the sub-titles used between sequences either to mark the passage of time or to explain the psychology of a character.

Early in the game it was considered good screen-writing to use the shortest titles possible and writers sat up nights trying to find new ways of saying "Dawn," "That night," "Later," "Meanwhile" and similar "time lapse titles" as they were called.

As the desire for more poetic expression swept over the craft these evolved into "Came the dawn," "Gentle night falls softly," "After weary hours" and "While Mary dreamed."

It was discovered also at this time that any startling coincidence or improbability could be laid to "Fate" and many were the titles which laid squarely upon the broad shoulders of Kismet happenings which could hardly have occurred without this supernatural collaboration.

Of these "Fate takes a hand" was the formula, and several hundred ways of saying just that single thought had to be devised.

Once launched, "poetic prose" tended to take the bit in its teeth and bolt. Screen language became more and more flowery to a point that where a few years earlier we would have been quite content to use the simple title "Temptation," we now found it advisable to say "Passion, that furious taskmaster, strikes without warning and leaves the

mark of his lash livid across the soul."

The first recognition of literature as an element of motion pictures was marked about this period by the appearance of a special class of screen writers. "Title writers" they were called.

Their function was to take the assembled film and rewrite both sub-titles and spoken titles so that actors viewing the finished picture often found themselves expressing different words, different thoughts, even, from those they had actually played when the scenes were shot. This, of course, frequently led to startling changes of characterization and also of motivation.

The period is chiefly interesting as marking the beginning of loss of integrity; the dawn of the "too many cooks" era. But the importance of the writer as a necessary element in the creation of a picture was beginning to be more and more evident.

As a result, came the first great hegira of authors to Hollywood. They came in droves and, largely with tongue in cheek, would expect to dash off a ten thousand dollar story in four days or so in the belief that it was "good enough for the movies."

Most of these made brief visits only. The few who really took the job seriously worked hard and stayed longer. Only a few of these, however, were able to bridge the gap between the story as told in words and the story as told in silent picture.

The others could not "think picture;" they were used to writing scenes which depended entirely upon conversation and which upon the screen were static, draggy and little else than flashed titles. The attitude of a celebrated author was frequently that of a great concert pianist who, never having played the violin, condescends to give lessons to a music hall fiddler; the fact that one was a greater artist hardly compensated for his ignorance of the instrument involved.

SCREEN writers and directors had by now spent years trying to apply to motion pictures some of the basic principles of drama. They had gone through the work of discovering that various shades of thought, delicate touches of character, could be made clear upon the screen if enough trouble were taken, but the progression of the story had to be visual, not verbal. This was a great stumbling block to many who were brilliant writers in other fields.

As an example, I remember a very successful picture whose story was by a well-known novelist. In his screen treatment the author had written: "Not by accident they found themselves that evening in her husband's hunting lodge."

It took the director and his scenario writer two reels of picture to express those three little words, "Not by accident."

On the other hand, certain authors, used to the restrictions of the theater, became infatuated with the fluidity of the new medium. They thought, because the picture *could* change its locale every minute, that it was the thing to do.

An episode started with two men and a girl having tea on the lawn. In the

Wages of Cinema

course of the scene the girl shot an arrow which struck high up in the trunk of a tree. The men, still continuing their conversation, both climbed for the arrow. Having reached it they played a portion of the scene up in the air; then returned with the arrow to the girl; and the episode finished where it began and where it could all have been played with greater dramatic effect. The author's only motive in the arrow business was to provide movement and change of background.

AT one time during this period I was to produce a certain picture story written for the screen by one of the foremost dramatists of the day. The outline of the work was complete and, in my judgment, extremely good, but it had been written only as rough notes. Most of the story existed simply as it had been told to me verbally. As the author was new to pictures, I arranged for my scenario writer to work with him on the camera-continuity while I took a hurried trip East.

On my return the script was complete, and to my horror had lost every quality for which we had bought the story. My scenario writer was in despair; she had been over-awed by the importance of the dramatist and had felt bound to follow his ideas of screen treatment.

He had quite unconsciously murdered his own story, and in striving for what he thought was screen value he had left out all the lovely, tender, human and romantic values which were there as he first told the tale. He would never have made this mistake had he been writing for the stage. I finally persuaded him to write a detailed outline in prose so that those who were familiar with picture technic could preserve the very qualities of his work which he himself had destroyed.

This experience may seem to deny the contention that an author should really write his picture and be solely responsible for its story values. As a matter of fact it does not. It merely means that an author must master the medium in which he is working.

He should either become a trained screen-writer, as many have today, or he should write in the medium he knows; the medium in which he can express himself fully and without restraint. It is quite possible that many good plays have been lost and many bad pictures created by urging dramatists to desert the theater and write directly for the screen before they were ready to use the different technic required.

Development of the talking picture has done much to help this situation. While there is still a great amount of screen technic which should be acquired by the writer the fact remains that a talking picture is much more closely related to a stage play than ever a silent picture was; frequently too closely related as witness the early talkies, which abandoned motion picture craft and photographed long conversations which filled the spectator's ears indeed, but had a strong tendency to close his eyes.

This fault of the early talkies was due in small degree to terrible limitations suddenly imposed upon director, actor and cameraman by the clumsiness and inflexibility of the new instruments they had to use.

It is a fine tribute to the technicians of the industry that, within a few short years, they have restored to the director absolute freedom of character movement and a fluid camera; and to the cameraman even a better chance than before to make his pictures veritable paintings.

Nowadays, the importance of the talking picture cannot be dismissed lightly. It is the accepted dramatic literature of the vast majority and, because it has all the drama's power of spoken thought, it is more than ever necessary that the author take his rightful place in the scheme.

He has been at a disadvantage since pictures were born; in the early days because he had to write neither language nor character; he merely wrote construction; and today, because production methods growing out of the writer's subordinate position in the past, minimize the importance of his work by scrambling it with the work of others.

How different is the picture when the writer is really qualified to protect his work. One of the greatest successes in the history of pictures was made with the writer in charge, even the director not having authority to make changes without the author's consent. This procedure has been followed more than once with good results but a real difficulty is that there are not enough good writers qualified to divide production responsibility with the director.

Necessity is probably so often a mother because she knows no law, and necessity is already beginning to point out the solution. More and more writers are learning screen expression as their native language; some theater directors are learning the limitations and the possibilities of photodrama; many screen directors are learning how to handle the spoken work effectively.

It must be noted however that a very great proportion of all the outstanding work of the past year has been made under the direction of men trained for years in motion picture studios.

AS we estimate the present studio product it is evident that more good pictures are being made today than ever before. Why, then, are the picture companies in such dire distress?

If it is not the fault of the writers, the directors or the actors, whose fault is it? I suppose we must blame old man Depression; but he would have struck less sharply had the country not had twice as many theater seats to fill as it was able to do even during good times. Of course the public is much more sensitive to true dramatic values than it was four years ago.

It is the custom today to debunk everything and the artificial traditions of the old theater, both stage and screen, are now outworn and outmoded; consequently a picture, to succeed, must be relatively better than in the old days. To bring this about in more than a few exceptional cases, production methods must be changed radically.

It begins to look as if motion picture companies would have to finance themselves directly out of their earnings. This is what they did when they were growing large and powerful, making pictures the public wanted and spending only money they had earned.

The doom of the old motion picture (Please turn to page 104)

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Wages of Cinema

(Continued from page 103)

industry was written the first day a motion picture stock was listed on Wall Street. For years after that event the companies ran on credits, laying by no surplus for hard times; millions of dollars in earnings being accompanied by ever-increasing obligations.

Money was easy for a time, but with easy money there set in a certain degeneration; too many important men in the industry were thinking of stocks rather than of pictures; financial domination of the industry was the important thing.

In the new industry which is bound to rise at once from the ashes of the old there will be a different point of view as to the making of the product. All signs point to centralization of the machinery of manufacture and diversification of the opportunity to use it. Overhead will be condensed as the use of a given machine is expanded. There will be half as many studios, twice as many producers.

Theaters will again be independently operated with freedom of release for every film. There will be real competition; not between groups of pictures, but between individual pictures, each one against the field.

Thus the soul, the individuality of each picture will be too important to be created by factory methods.

The old system is doomed. As high an authority as Jesse L. Lasky says that authors will hereafter write their manuscripts on their own time, as in

the theater, and will take a percentage of the profits or gross instead of salaries. If this is true, then indeed a new era is at hand. If the depression has brought this about it may save the future art of the screen.

The old system has made mercenaries of creative artists in spite of themselves. In depriving the writer of his true feeling of artistic responsibility it has left nothing to be gained but money. In giving both writer and director too little time to do a good job it has forced them to travel the easiest way.

If the writer and director, under the new system are to be paid according to the success of their work, both will be compelled at once to assume proper authority in order to protect themselves.

It is the writers' problem more than the directors'. As long as the studio could pay so handsomely authors were willing to accept "the wages of sin." As a result of the new deal, the author will demand literary respectability as compensation for the lower wages which he receives.

If the bread and butter depend upon box-office receipts, he will not waive that professional responsibility which is his by right.

If the studio is no longer willing to pay "the price of dishonor" the author will insist once more that he is pure as the driven snow; he will defend his literary virtue with his life.

Seeing Sights in Skreenland

(Continued from page 54)

until you begin doing so. When my Ant Suzi pumote me to Hon. Will H. Haze, why there I were, by golly! I strid 4th through Hollywood at front of Japanese precession, making my feet very wide.

"Hum!" I expunge like Hon. Geo. F. Ogre when feeling most swollen. "Do you humbble & backwooden Japanese wish see the Sights of Hollywood?"

"Yes—do!" holla 4 Japanese twins in unicorn like chorus gels.

"Well, then," I narrate, "folla me to Polo Field where I shall show you Sight No. 1."

So there we was at Polo Field with horses playing football. Up they jounce and down they jilt while 24000000000\$ worth of actors knock at each other with krokay mallots. Pretty soonly up come a pretty English looking Polo with jocky pants and a awfully London Hell Met on his head.

"Could he be Prince of Whales or something?" require Ant Suzi from excitement.

"He could, but he do not," I manage. "You watch see."

JUST then Hon. Ball get big hitt so he squirm through air ¼ mile while Hon. Polo with English horse-pants smack him again sidewise awfully cruel.

Then what happens? Oh!

Hon. Horse Pants stop riding of suddenly and decry, "Well, boys, I gas it time to wrote my dailey editoriial. Secretary! Gol-ding my sacred somberario,

where are my Secretary went?"

Then upcome sweetish yong lady with stenografer apression.

"Gimme my gum!" corrode Hon. Polo. She do. He chew. "Now take dictation-writing. N.Y.Times, dear sir, some folks thinks polo are built for dudes. Ain't so. I got twice as many bursted legs as I done when I roped cow-girls on Ziegfelt Ranch. Polo are like Frank Roosevelt. You never can tell what he going to do until game starts. Way Frank are acting make me sure that Uncle Teddy were a Democrat after all."

"What shall I sign it, if anything?" require Hon. Secretary.

"Will Rogers, as usually," report he, and go golluping away.

"Well, I are willing to be dam," yall Ant Suzi Obi.

"So many do," I nudge. "Now folla me, Japanese relationships, and I will show you more Sights of Hollywood."

Pretty soonly, while walking down Bullyvard I point out a pink-faced ottomobile with sign on rear bump, "Just Divorced."

But what nextly?

With equalized speed I saw a pink-faced ottomobile coming from opp direction with signal on its tail, "Just Married."

"What a phenomenal!" ollicute Ant Suzi. "& who you think were in the divorced car, spedding so rapidly?"

"Ronald Colman, perhapsly," I negotiate. "Who know what?"

"Yes, but who in that married car,

Seeing Sights in Skreenland

coming right back?" she ask it. "Oh, Ronald Colman, perhapsly. Or perhapsly somebody else. Sometimes Hon. Traffick move so fastly on this Bullyvard, going & coming, that you can not tell Who. Even for all I knew those pink-cheeked car cantain Hon. Ann Harding & Hon. Harry Ballistrade, seeing a lawyer at one (1) end of Hollywood and a clergy at other. Time March On, by golly. But Oh!!! Believe it or don't! Throw your eyes at Stage 14, over yonderly, & see what comes out!"

"OUT of there come a very thin King. He got crown, he got spectre, he got robe. While he walk, reading Jollywood Jottings from Los Angls Times, he took cigar from crown and litt him with the end of his royal spectre.

"Hushes!" hissy Ant Suzi Obi. "Poor man, I say so! Let us elope away—maybe he go more crazed pretty soonly. Have he got no keeper?"

"Of surely yes," I narrate. "He are kept by Warner Bros."

"Do they give loose Kings like those a name or just a number?" require 4 Japanese twins together like college yall.

"He got a name," I dement. "Lessee it I could remember it. O yes, mam. He are called Geo. Arless, something like that."

"Do he really think he are a King?" suggest Cousin Nogi.

"He know darnly well he are," I flume. "He were King in 'A Royal Thursday Off' and he were so close-up to being a King in that Jewish play 'Dish-Really' that Queen Victoria nearly jump out of the picture. Now this Arless gentleman have got life con-track being a Royal Pussonage."

"Awfully few Kings in Europe are kep on so long like that," divulge Cousin Nogi.

"But who are that shorty gentleman just arriving up to King Arless? The one with silk-top hat and pants like Hon. Jas Walker (retired)?"

"That are Mrs. Ma-lean Deitrick," I report. "Custume she are wearing are called German Kimono."

"Goody!" stickle Ant Suzi Obi. "So glad I went to Hollywood instid of California."

"Nextly, if you don't mine," I acknowledge, "we will pay shortish visit to Hollywood Famous Jewelry Collexion."

Therefore we sonter hurrily acrost to Ballyboo Beach where we stood among sand, looking at it.

"If you see yonder bather over there," I collapse, "you will observe it."

"Can't see nothing or less," decry Ant Suzi, "because sun are in my eyes till I are dazed."

"Foolish madam," I manipulate, "that are not the Sun. That are the Jewel Collexion. By common personalities like you & I it are called Mae West."

"May welches?" deprive 4 Japanese twins.

"West," I corrode.

"I should say it were North by the ice on it," yal 4 Japanese twins.

"Here are 5 pair baked eyeglasses, invented by a Beverley Hill druggery for pupposes of looking at Mae West," I explan, while all put them on.

"O C!" holla Ant Suzi Obi. "Her

bathing-suit seem all blazes. & look at her pants! Are they on Fire?"

"No, simpul Japanese," I say. "They are bilt of solid rubies."

"But how can she set down, if possible?" report 4 twins.

"Hon. Mae West are so famus she do not need to set down," I support. "But sometime she lay down, just to be diffrent. For instancely, at night she sleep in pijammers made from diamonds."

"O horrus!" decompose Ant Suzi Obi. "Sippose she should burst off a diamond or 2 while rolling over in bed."

"That would not cut ice with Mae," I dib.

"Perhapsly not, perhapsly not," say that Japanese old woman. "But I should think ice would cut Mae. Now tell me these. Why you think she go round all wrapped up in bright shiners like she do?"

"She are by nature a very scared & timid lady," I tell. "Once when she were a quite youngly child she wander away from Parent & can't be found pretty soonly. Since that date she all time afraid of being lost. One day Hon. Thos A. Edison tell her a way. 'Lite yrself up,' he dictate. So now she shall be found annywheres, even in fog. When airplane pileots air-wing down Coast in heavy wether they decry, 'Point on Mae West & you can't go wrong.'"

"O yay?" holla 4 twins simontaneously.

"NOW I should adore to see some annimle moveys!" peruse my Ant.

"Lissen, ladyship," I holla. "Since I been chased & bit by ½ the lions, apes, bambooms & turkeys in that Zoo Murder rehussel, please don't less do it."

"We wish see annimmles," cheer up 4 twins.

"Tell you, then," I snork, wishing they go back Japan and stop, "over in Lott there are a opera singer name of Nozzle Durante. He got a traned kangarool name of Carnara because he can hitt you with such a large number of gloves."

"How splandid!" holla all. There fore we elope over to Lott, and surely enough, there were Hon. Nozzle stood-ing up & holding his box-gloves be-front of the place where his face is most famus. & there were Carnara, with 2 box-gloves on hands & 2 on feet.

"O Sir Nozzle, if please!" I holla. "Would you be so kind to let Hon. Carnara nock out 4 Japanese twins what come here for pleasure."

"My life are D Voted to giving pleasure," collapse Hon. Nozzle. "4 Twins will now stand in row while my petty kangarool work from left to right. All reddy? Gong! Sick them, Carnara."

THEN O what amazement! Air Twere suddenly full of up-cuts, box-gloves, smashes & drops. Nextly I knew those 4 twins weer nocked to grass, by golly. Yes, that were pretty flat you could not tell them from the nice way to get ridd of my relationship. But what nextly? Hon. Carnara, looking like a very swollen kind of rabbit, hop-jump at Ant Suzi Obi, who could hop-jump quicker as he could, by gracious. When he lep she lep first, (Please turn to page 106)

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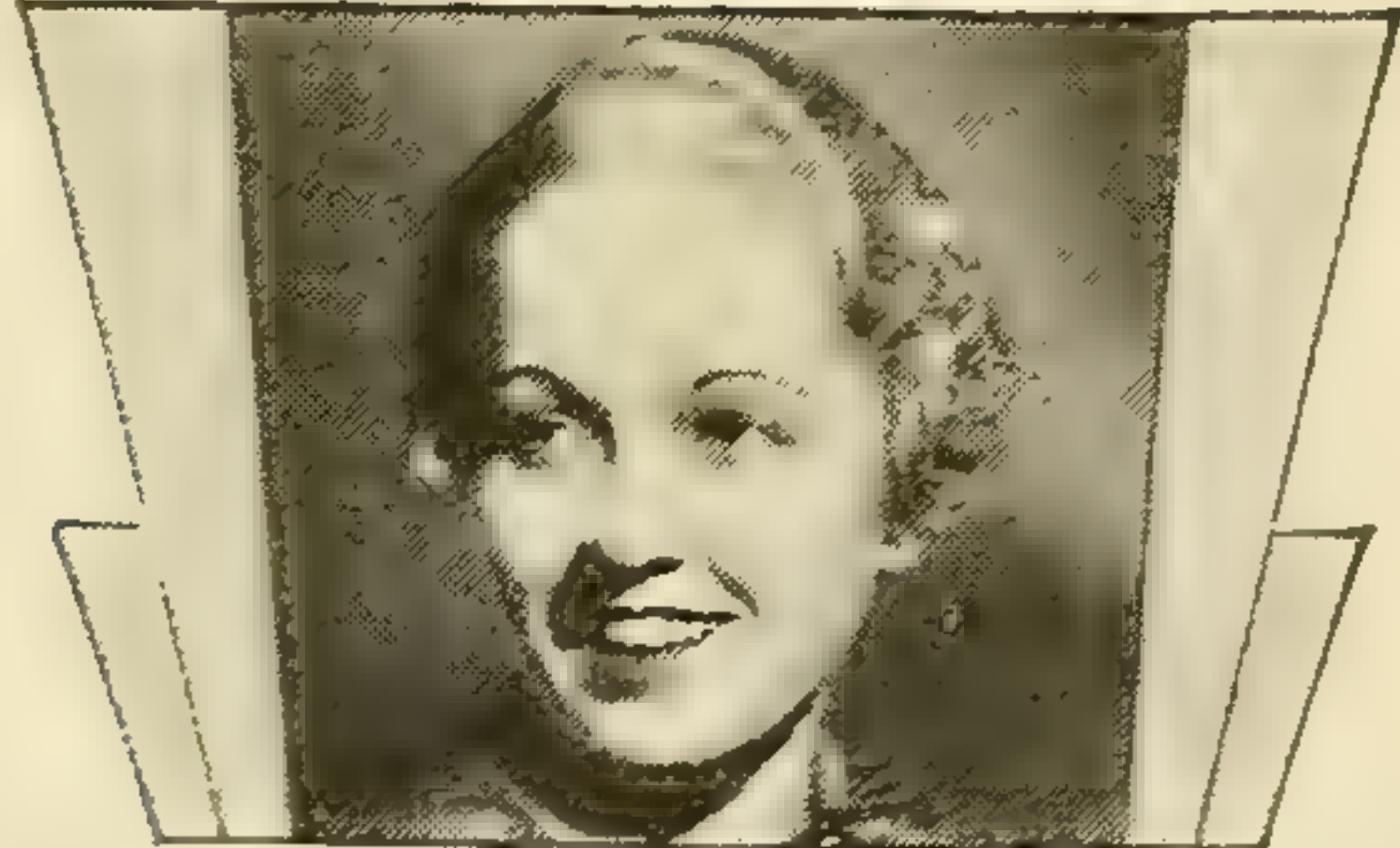
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Seeing Sights in Skreenland

(Continued from page 105)

making Olympiac game all over Lott. All of a suddenly, with tense rapidity, she croll through hole in fence & disappear in Gen. Direction of Japan. Hon. Carnara stopped there, feeling unhappy because he missed such a sweet nock-out.

HE stood ½ moment, thinking maybe he would kick down fence, just to be extra, when I see his maddish eyes stroll around & look at me in such a way! When I see that, Mr. Editor, I just could not wait for him. My feet was like roller skats, they go so quick. I could hear a lot of shoes behind me, and when I look around there were Cousin Nogi, Ant Suzi Obi & 4 twins, eloping in same Gen. Direction like I was. I find a very to-high telgram pole and skinned to upside of it; with similar ackrobaticks come Nogi, my Ant & 4 twins where we all hanged together, looking calm but nervus.

"We are saved away from dangerous death," say Cousin Nogi.

"Perhapsly one thing, perhapsly another," I chiddle, and look downside below us.

O SHOCKS! What a spectacular I saw. There were Hon. Geo F. Ogre in his ride-pants & no boots. Rages fill his hair, and when he threw his hands he look just like a kettle full of hot poison. Too bad he step on cacti-bush with bare sox.

"Togo," he holla, "what you do with my Rev. Boots when you run away with that disgustly yellow pick-Nick?"

"O Sire," I devuldge, "they were quite contented when I drop them in backyard behind garbage-pale."

"I promus you something if you come down," he decrop.

"What you offer?" I require ambly.

"To kill you," he negotiate, then hubble away over cacti-bush to find Hon. Boots where I put them so careful away.

"Cousin Togo," require 4 twins together, "are he also one of those Sights of Hollywood you so kind to show us?"

For reply I merely screw down my teeth and remane on top of Pole, feeling very stuck up.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly—

HASHIMURA TOGO.

New Films in the Making

(Continued from page 17)

and makes her his prisoner. Which isn't too hard to take, any way you look at it.

This gives Marion a chance to go into her "black face" act and fool everybody but you and me again.

But what of the stalwart Gary, who has come to love our little Nell? It's the old question of Love versus Duty. While Gary's agonizing over the futility of it all, author Robert W. Chambers has it all figured out, 'way ahead of him.

Richard Boleslavsky directs this romance of the Civil War.

UNCERTAIN LADY

Universal

who resents the fact that her husband (Edward Everett Horton) is making goo-goo eyes, and meaning 'em, at another woman, Renee Gadd.

Whether it is Genevieve or Renee who fits the title role, "Uncertain Lady" is one of those things you're going to have to figure out for yourselves.

The play, by Harry Segall, is followed with more or less attention to detail, and Karl Freund directs the Manhattan cocktail of light infidelity, wifely intrigue and comedy relief.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK

20th Century

the way all good mysteries should,

Getting back to 1934 and the good old eternal triangle, Universal presents the strange phenomenon of a wife (Genevieve Tobin)

with our hero, an intrepid explorer, being visited at midnight, by a beautiful girl in distress, Loretta Young.

Of course the author, H. C. McNeile, is more or less responsible for the untangling of the plot, but, it is nice to believe that the handsome Ronnie figured it all out by himself.

DOCTOR MONICA

Warners

Kay Francis is deeply in love with her husband, Warren William, who is doing some serious side-stepping with Jean Muir. The story is based on the Polish play of the same name, by Marja Morozowicz Szczepkowska.

Director William Keighley handles the delicate business of clandestine love and "little accidents" with a smoothness that should slip nicely by Mr. Hays.

HAPPY FAMILY

Warners

Aline MacMahon has a highly developed "mother complex." The family comes first in everything. And if you think those kids don't take advantage of her unselfishness, well, you don't know kids.

Hugh Herbert, as Pop, is the biggest kid in the lot. Allan Jenkins, the elder son, is a good-for-nothing lawyer who doesn't make enough to buy his own smokes.

When Uncle Newt (Guy Kibbee) moves in on them, eats the family out of house and home, and finally dies of indigestion right in the middle of everything, it is quite the last straw for poor Mom.

From there on, it's some fun. We bet Al Green had a grand time directing this one.

New Films in the Making

THE KEY

This is another romantic triangle, taken from the play by R. Gore-Browne and J. L. Hardy.

Warners

It's all about the British Secret Service and, with Edna Best and Colin Clive playing Mister and Missus, you'll be combing broad a's out of your top hair for days to come. William Powell is the third of the triangle.

CIRCUS CLOWN

Son of an old circus man, Joe E. Brown longs for life under the Big Top.

Warners

In his father's back yard, he practices trapeze and aerial acrobatics, determined that if he gets half a chance the circus world will be startled at his prowess.

At last, a circus comes to town and Joe follows it out perfectly satisfied to play Papa to gorillas and lions until his Big Chance shall arrive. He finally comes into his own, with the back-yard aerial practice standing him in good stead.

Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, erstwhile composers of the songs you like a lot, collaborated on the story.

Ray Enright directs a colossal cast, including Patricia Ellis, Dorothy Burgess, Gordon Westcott, Donald Dilloway, Poodles Hanneford, Alfredo Cordona, and others.

20TH CENTURY

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur got together on this story of a

Columbia

passe producer, and, unless something slips, it should be a honey.

The action takes place on the "20th Century," leaving Chicago, and thereby hangs the tale.

John Barrymore is the producer who has seen better days and, on the same train, Carole Lombard, famous theatrical star and John's erstwhile mistress, travels toward New York, accompanied by Ralph Forbes, her b.f. of the moment.

John needs a big name to indorse his forthcoming play and to gain his end, he resorts to strategy.

Howard Hawks directs Barrymore's return to light comedy and, as we said before, it should be a honey.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD

The story, by Lincoln Quarberg and Lieutenant

Universal

Commander Frank Wead, was obviously built for the irrepressible Lee Tracy, and has to do with the exciting adventures of a news hound, bent on beating his contemporaries to any "scoop," no matter how far flung.

It is beautiful hokum, with one exciting sequence after another, and, in spite of annoying interference, you just know that Tracy beats his rival to the scoop and gets the girl for a final close-up.

Edward Sedgewick directs the production punches of this fast-moving, laughable vehicle.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE

With Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez working in the same picture, the result is bound to be "Strictly Dynamite."

RKO

In this, Jimmy is a low-brow, big-shot radio comedian looking for new gags with which to clutter up the defenseless ether. William Gargan, his agent, induces him to proposition Norman Foster, be-spectacled, middle-west boy who has come to New York to write the great American poem.

Lupe, the Schnozzola's fire-cracker girl friend, goes on the make for our literary hero, and, with success swelling the head as well as the bank roll, Norman is just a push-over.

Elliott Nugent directs this story of life in a radio station, by Robert Colwell and Bob Simon.

STINGAREE

RKO

Richard Dix and Irene Dunne are together again in this tale of a dashing bandit and a beautiful lady with a beautiful voice,

written by E. W. Hornung.

When Dix, a big, bad bandit, enters an Australian home to rob it, he sees Irene Dunne and, right away, his heart does a nip-up that can mean but one thing . . . lahve.

Stingaree, as they call him, kidnaps Irene and carries her off to his hide-out.

She learns to love him and, inspired by this love, becomes a great concert and opera singer.

In trying to help her, Dix is captured and imprisoned. But you can't keep a movie hero down for long and Director William Wellman knows it.

So, making his escape, Dix kidnaps the Governor of Australia, steps into the official boots for a final peek at Irene, and then, just to be original, kidnaps her all over again!

Mary Boland, Henry Stephenson, Conway Tearle and others contribute nobly to the cause.

DOVER ROAD

RKO

This story is a frothy bit of nonsense, all about a man (Clive Brook)

who, having come out the little end of two unhappy marriages, decides to appoint himself ambassador and general straightener-out of other peoples matrimonial brainstorms.

Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen and Alan Mowbray are four of the matrimonially inclined with whom our hero meddles.

J. Walter Ruben directs with the light touch that is so necessary to a picture of this calibre.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

Warners

Returning to heavy drama, W. Somerset Maugham's story "Of Human Bondage," gives John Cromwell something

to get his directorial teeth into.

Leslie Howard, lame, sensitive young artist-medical student, loves a no-good trollop, Bette Davis . . . why, he knows not.

He realizes that this unrequited love is absurd . . . knows that she laughs at his suffering . . . comes from other men's arms to his . . . and still, he is powerless to escape from this cruel, inexplorable bondage.

Kay Johnson, who loves and understands him, waits quietly, hoping against hope that he will awake from this tragic nightmare and come to her at last.

(Please turn to page 108)



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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

New Films in the Making

(Continued from page 107)

But, when Leslie takes Bette back after she has had a child out of wedlock by his best friend, Reginald Denny, Kay gives up and marries another man who loves her as she loves Leslie.

Nor does this strange man find peace and escape from his human bondage until Bette is dead and irrevocably lost to him.

TOO MANY WOMEN

Fox

Vera Caspary must have written this with Warner Baxter in mind, for the handsome Warner slips easily into the role of a rather devastating author of romantic novels.

Pursued by sentimental females of all ages, Baxter finds it a bit difficult to keep them all happy.

James Flood handles the direction.

THE WORLD IS OURS

Fox

Kathleen Norris' latest story to be screened is another case of misplaced affections, with dozens of complications before things are squared around and everybody smiling happily into the fade-out.

The foursome of Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell, Ginger Rogers, and Jimmy Dunn is directed by John Blystone.

FREE GOLD

Fox

Lester Cole and Henry Johnson wrote this story in which John Boles plays the part of a happy-go-lucky young engineer, fired from his job for speeding in Reno.

Getting quite that-a-way about Claire Trevor, an entertainer at the Reno thirst-quenching palace, John pursues the lady ardently. But, because she is married to Monroe Owsley, just a summer who steals money from defenseless wimmen, Claire repulses our handsome hero.

Monroe goes a little too far with his crooked work and she tells him that's all there is, there isn't any more, and, taking their car, she heads in the direction of Red Rock.

John fixes her car so that she'll do very little traveling for a week or so and, within a short time, Claire wakes up to a realization of the sterling qualities of this handsome gentleman.

There is a cloudburst which very conveniently drowns the excess hus-

band, and, after some exciting flood scenes, director George Marshall eases John and Claire into the part we've been waiting for, where the hero takes the beautiful gal into his strong arms for a clinch against the fading sun.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY

Warners

Charlie Ruggles is drunk again in this story by Elmer Davis.

As a spineless reporter on the staff of a nearly defunct highbrow weekly, Charlie allows himself to be brow-beaten daily by the over-bearing owner of the rag.

Eugene Pallette, an old school friend, gets into town, tells Charlie to get a couple of girls and they'll go out and paint the town several shades of lavender.

Timidly, Charlie asks Ann Dvorak to go along and when (loving him all the time) she accepts, poor Charlie is startled nearly out of his wits.

Crashing an exclusive cafe and gambling club, the boys get hilariously tight and break the bank, under the impression that they're playing for pennies.

Director Edward Ludwig gives the comical Charlie his head for what will be probably the giggliest production we've seen in months.

BLACK CAT

Universal

Shades of Frankenstein and Dracula! Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi are at it again, this time combining their evil efforts to frighten little children and send strong men diving under beds.

Karloff heads a crazy cult of Satanism, capturing beautiful girls for his unwilling, unwed brides and putting them to death in a blood-curdling manner when their period of usefulness is past.

The gloomy castle is fairly crawling with black cats, slinking figures, and "hants" of 57 varieties.

David Manners and his new bride, Jacqueline Wells, are thrown, by force of circumstances, into these terrifying surroundings, and Karloff gruesomely prepares to sacrifice the girl to the fiendish demon he worships. But wait and see this gruesome picture for yourself!

I don't have to tell you that Edgar Allen Poe concocted this weird tale. And Edgar Ulmer directed the goose-pimply proceedings.

DELICIOUS FRUIT DISHES

This month's food circulars are devoted to the various kinds of fruit most popular in this country. They give recipes for making delicious deserts, salads, appetizers and other dishes as well as suggestions for using the fruits, and important facts to remember about them. Here are the circulars.

1. Oranges
2. Pineapples
3. Bananas
4. Apples and other core fruit
5. Peaches, plums and other stone fruit
6. Berries
7. Melons
8. Grapes

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Food Editor, care of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

Leave Them Laughing

(Continued from page 52)

finances could induce those fellows to part with that bill.

Marlene Dietrich, Bill Powell and Kay Francis are three stars who never vary the habit of giving gold pieces to the crew when the last scene is shot. They'll have to change this now, I guess, but something else just as acceptable will take its place.

Jean Harlow and Jack Gilbert always give money to the men, and perfume to the women, who assist on their productions. Jack is especially kind in remembering any small favor which one does for him. He has given dozens of bottles of expensive perfume to women working in various departments of the studio who have performed some slight kindness for him.

CLARA BOW and Joan Crawford are two stars who get more actual, personal joy out of giving to people than almost any other act they perform.

Reams could be written about Clara's headstrong generosity. In her earlier days of stardom, she tried to get individual presents for every member of her company at the finish of every picture. All sorts of gorgeous things were selected by Clara herself. Gold watches, cigarette cases and holders, beaded bags! And when her imagination failed her, she slipped in a \$20 gold piece.

When the gift was presented, Clara stood by like a small child and waited for it to be opened, then and there. She couldn't bear the suspense of wondering whether they would like it or not. Unless they were enthusiastic, her day was spoiled.

Rex tries to watch their finances a little now. Clara does not have the opportunity to be quite so extravagant as formerly. When "Call Her Savage" was completed, she invited every member of the crew to her home for dinner and a party. And what a party! Every member of the union felt he was just as welcome there as the director.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S thoughtfulness and generosity toward everyone working with her makes her an idol around the M-G-M studio.

Joan has known poverty, plenty of it. It has made her sympathetic and understanding. She makes gifts of money only to those who, she feels, would prefer it above all else. Otherwise, she goes to great lengths to learn individual needs, or preferences.

At various times, she has distributed gold pencils, gold pens, cigarette case and bags, always initialed. She has given a wrist watch to everyone working with her, at some time or another if they did not already possess one.

The same cutter has worked on Joan's pictures for years, and Joan always remembers him. When "Let's Lynton" was completed, she wanted to do something nice for him but was at a loss to make a selection. She asked him pointblank if he had a preference.

His answer pleased Joan. He said, "An autographed photograph of you." Joan bought a beautiful silver frame and the picture inside it reads, "Bill Levanway, the best cutter in business. With appreciation — Joan Crawford."

Her hairdresser on that picture received a lovely satin bed comfort.

learned that the girl kept house and thought the comfort would be a serviceable thing for her.

To her director, Clarence Brown, she invented something he cherishes greatly and uses daily. It is a tiny watch set in a twenty dollar gold piece. He can drop it into his pocket and does not have to bother with a wrist watch.

CONSTANCE BENNETT and Richard Dix are two stars who do not distribute gifts at the finish of a picture. They reserve their presents for the holiday season, but both are lavish in their expenditures for company gifts at that time.

As an example, Constance finished "Our Betters" about two weeks before last Christmas. She had measurements taken of every member of her crew, and each one received a beautiful leather coat on Christmas Day, tailored to his individual size.

The tailor who turned them out is still talking about it.

Marion Davies knows no limit when it comes to helping people in need, but Marion is sensitive, and exceedingly thoughtful of other people's feelings. In order that no one will be slighted, she follows an invariable rule with her working staff.

At the completion of every picture, each member of the crew receives a check for \$50 and a personal note of appreciation from Marion for his cooperation on the production.

STANWYCK is very shy

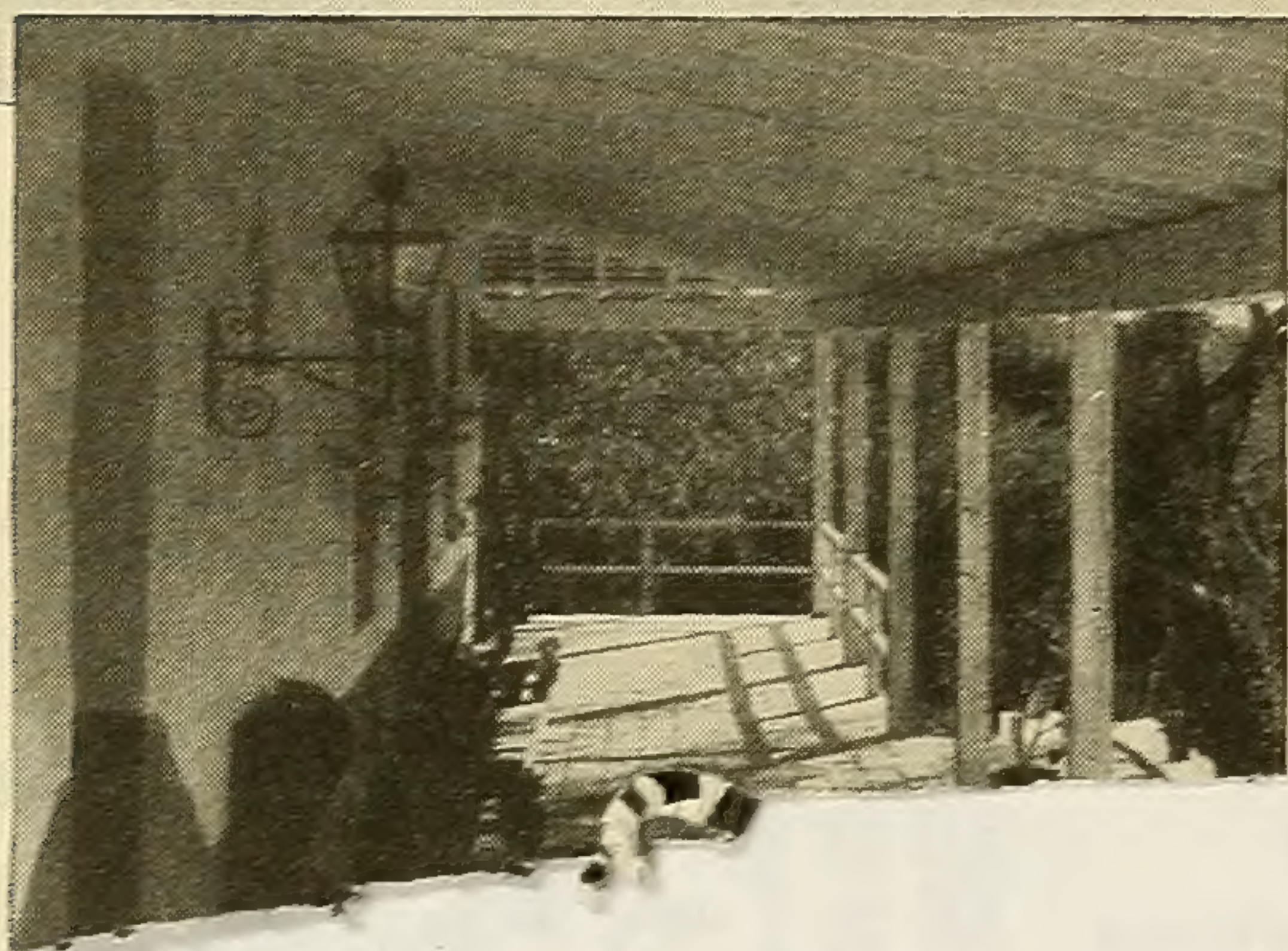
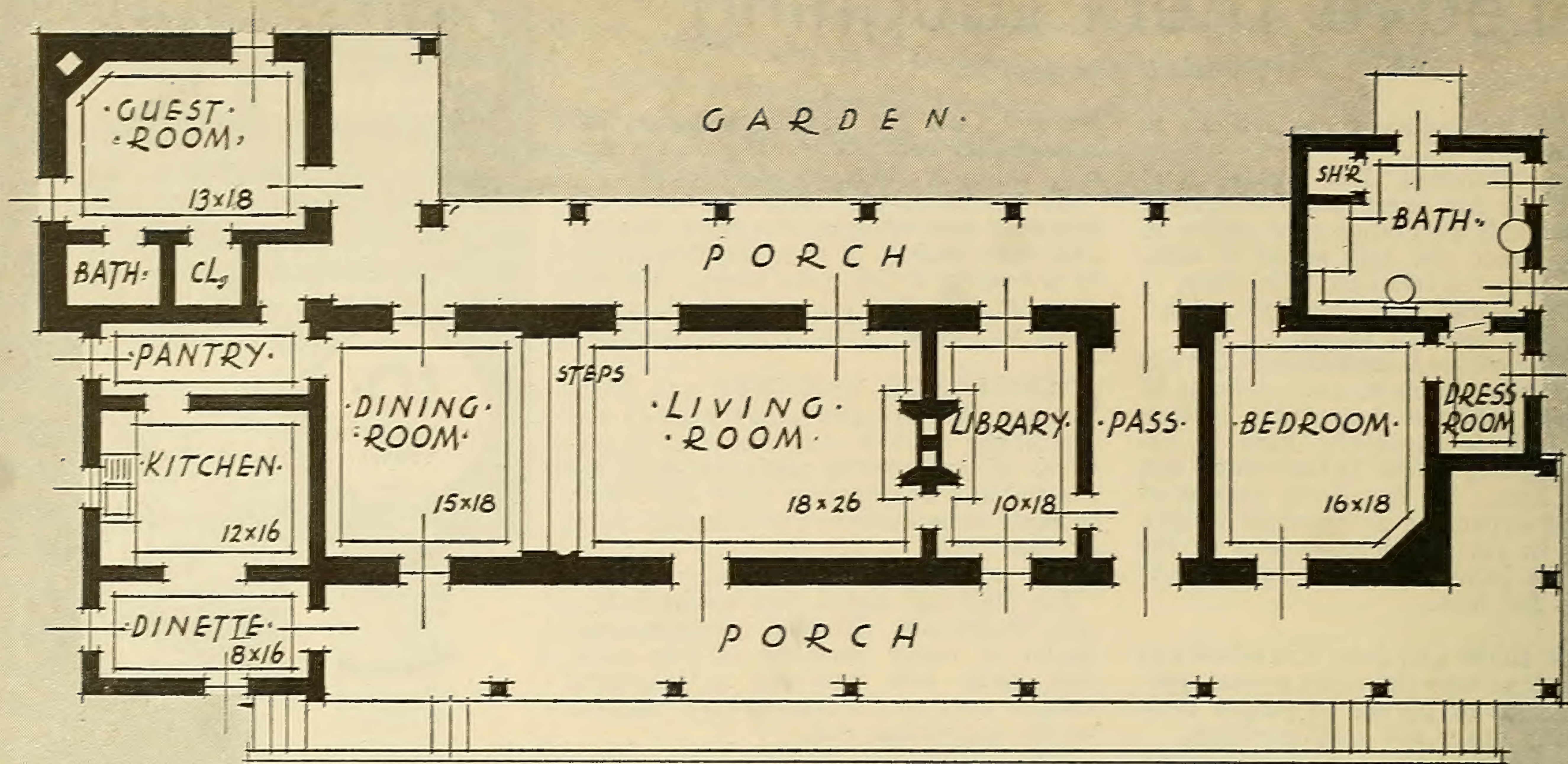
WHITE SHOES Cleaned Easily!

For kid, cloth or buckskin use ColorShine All-Purpose White Cleaner in Tube. Wonderful results. Easy to use. Will not rub off. Only 10¢ at Woolworth stores. 12 kinds of ColorShine for all colors and kinds of shoes. Try it!



PUZZLED About Food? We'll be glad to help you out. Send your question, with a stamped envelope, to Food Editor, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FOODS

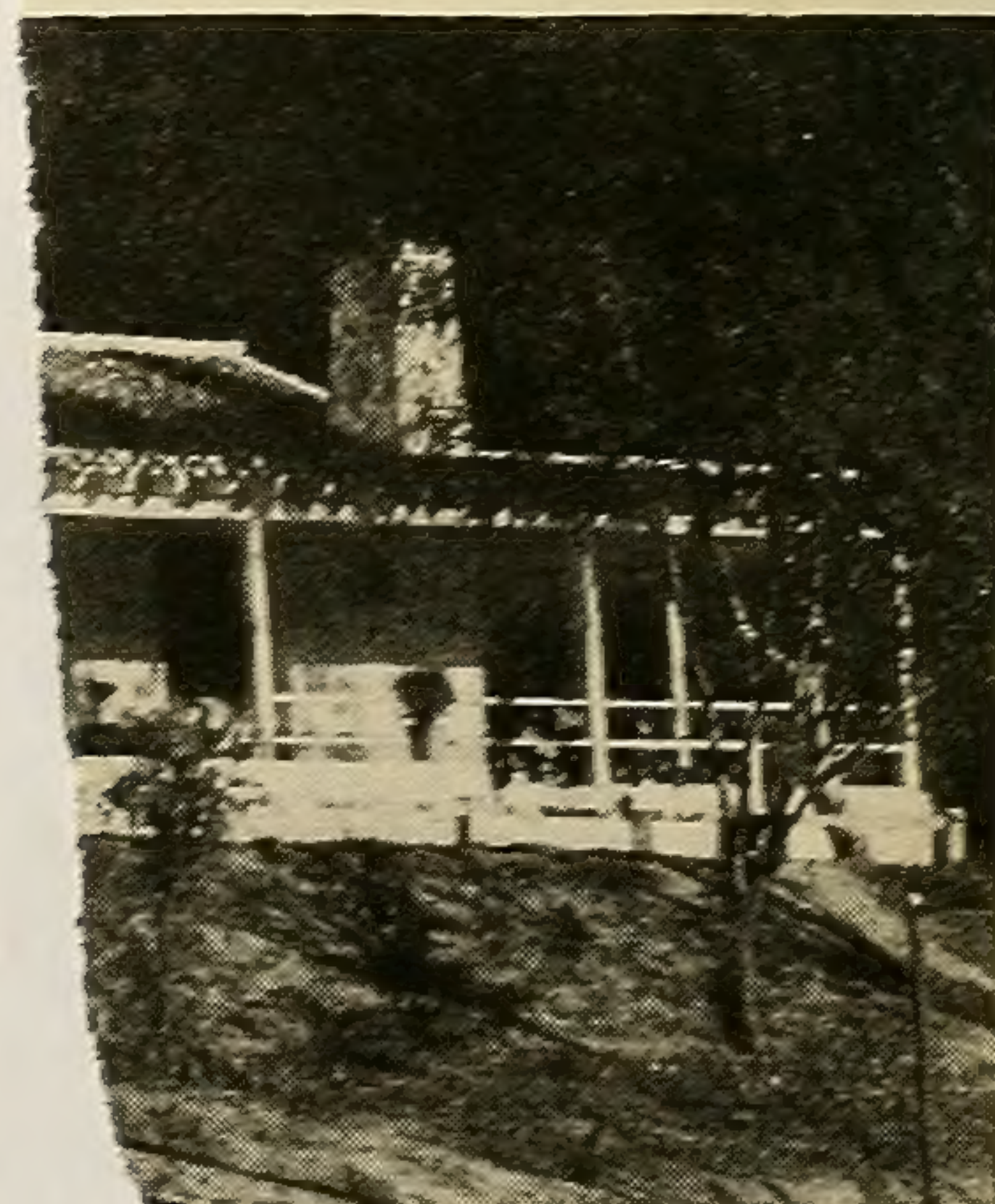


Robert Armstrong's HOME

ly Hills home of Robert Armstrong, is a reproduction of an Spanish ranch house. It is low and almost completely sur-
rable-looking verandas.

s of the interior of the house
oom with steps leading up to
small, cosy library and the
its connecting dressing-room
room and bath are in a sepa-
end of the house.

uch as this seems made for the
ls, it would adapt itself to
It is not a large house, but
s laid out gives it an appear-
ness.



Movie Magazine, June, 1934

W. F. HALL PRINTING CO.

WHAT AGE WOMEN ARE WEARING the New Bright Cutex Nails?

SUB-DEBUTANTE

Miss Nathalie
Brown

who will make her debut next season, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Rhineland Brown. She says: "When mother saw that all the girls in my set were tinting their nails, she let me do it, too."

CORAL nails are lovely with white, pink, beige, gray, blue, brown, green frocks.

GARNET is smart with brown, black, white, beige, gray, orange frocks.



**"CORAL, CARDINAL, RUBY
—WE WEAR THEM ALL"**

Prominent Grandmothers
to Sub-Débutantes say

IF you have a prim mother who thinks you're too young to wear tinted nails . . . or a snooty daughter who thinks you're too old! . . . —just make her take a good look at the next 10 "nice people" you meet.

16 or 60—you're almost as conspicuous in plain nails today as if you had on one of the short skirts of 1927!

And honestly—variety in finger nails *does* suit every age. You can be daring at the Junior Prom in white satin and red Ruby nails. Or preside with dignity at the next Woman's Party meeting in brown velvet with delicate Rose finger nails!

7 PERFECT SHADES

Cutex has 7 authentic shades—developed by the World's Manicure Authority. Each one has lasting lustre—never fades or streaks.

So step right up to the counter—you don't need to give your age—and stock up on *all* the lovely Cutex shades to give every gown in your wardrobe its right color accent.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN
New York • Montreal • London • Paris

*Generous bottle of Cutex
Liquid Polish and new Color
Wheel giving correct shade of
polish for every gown, only 10¢*

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 4T6
191 Hudson Street • New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ for new Cutex Color Wheel and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish in shade I have checked: ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby ☐ Natural

YOUNG MATRON

Mrs. Tilton
Holmsen

who divides her time gaily between Paris and Newport, says: "There is a Cutex shade suitable for every color gown and every age. I am particularly fond of black for town wear with bright Cardinal nail polish."

CARDINAL contrasts excitingly with black, white, pastel, gray, beige, blue gowns.

ROSE is charming with pastel, green, black and brown gowns.



GRANDMOTHER

Mrs. Courtlandt
Richardson

one of New York's charming older matrons, noted for her chic, says: "My daughters and I wear the same colors and adore working out clever combinations of gown and nail tint. I like to wear white in the evening with deep Ruby Cutex Polish."

RUBY is such a real red red, you can wear it with any frock.

NATURAL is best with bright costumes—red, green, purple, orange.

Costumes from Jay-Thorpe



CUTEX Liquid Polish



LUCKIES ARE ALL-WAYS KIND TO YOUR THROAT
 "it's toasted"

Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves



NOT the top leaves—they're under-developed—
 they are harsh!

They Taste Better

NOT the bottom leaves—they're inferior in
 quality—coarse and sandy!